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*NCF
(1651)
MILTO

* NOFIGS

Engraved by W. Humphreys, from a Print by Faithorne.

Cum sole, et Lunâ semper Aratus erit

Jo: Milton
1631

London: William Pickering. Ap. 23. 1851.

THE WORKS OF

John Milton

IN VERSE AND PROSE

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS

WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR BY

THE REV. JOHN MITFORD

VOL. I.

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1851

TILDEN LIBRARY
1895

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE preſent Edition of the Poetical and Proſe Works of Milton has been carefully printed from the Author's copies; the orthography ſo peculiar in the writings of Milton has been ſcrupulouſly preſerved: and if an authority were required for cloſely following the text of an author, it is only neceſſary to quote the words of the Rev. John Keble; who, in the preface to Hooker, ſays, "however both in this queſtion (punctuation) and ſtill more in that of ſpelling, the Editor acknowledges that he ſhould himſelf prefer an exact reprint of the original, excepting, of courſe, palpable errors of the preſs. In one reſpect eſpecially, i. e. as a ſpecimen of language, ancient books loſe very much of their value by the neglect of ancient orthography."

The moſt authentic likeneſs of Milton appeared with his Hiſtory of Britain, which was printed in 1670; it was drawn "from the life," when he was 62 years old, by William Faithorne, and engraved alſo by him: the portrait which faces the title page of this volume is engraved by William Humphreys, and is a faithful copy from that by Faithorne; the line under the portrait and the name are fac-ſimiles of Milton's handwriting, from

a copy of Aratus' Phænomena, now in the Britiſh Muſeum.

The copyright of Paradiſe Loſt was ſold to Samuel Symmons for five pounds; who was to pay a further five pounds when the firſt impreſſion, which was to conſiſt of thirteen hundred copies ſhould be ſold and retailed off; and other five pounds at the end of the ſecond impreſſion; and five pounds more at the end of the third impreſſion. The original agreement, dated 27 April, 1667, is now in the collection of Samuel Rogers, Eſq. It was once in the poſſeſſion of the Publiſher of this Edition, and was ſold by him for one hundred guineas. A fac-ſimile of this agreement, with Milton's autograph and ſeal, appears at p. clxxxix of this volume.

For the elaborate pedigree of the family of Milton, which precedes the Life, the publiſher is indebted to the kindneſs of Sir Charles Young, Garter King at Arms.

The Life is formed on that which appeared by the ſame writer in the Aldine edition of the Poetical Works of Milton, 1831, with ſome additions and alterations.

May 1, 1851.

POETICAL WORKS.

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JOHN MILTON, (a) of Bread Street, London, S[illegible] ing the Communion of the Church of Rome. [illegible] Co. Bucks. Afterwards lived with his younge[illegible] in the chancel of St. [illegible]

[illegible] D PHILLIPS, [illegible] rewsbury.

MARY, eldest da. of Richard Powell of Forest Hill near Shotover, aforesaid, a Justice of the Peace. Mar. 1643: died in childbed circa 1652.

JOHN MILTON (c) the Poet, Born 9th, and baptized at Allhallows, Bread St. London, 20 Dec. 1608. Admitted of Christ's College Cambridge, 12 Feb. 1624-5. B.A., 1628-9. M.A., 1632. Latin Sec. to Cromwell and the Parliament till Car. II. Died 8 Nov. 1674 (d) in Artillery walk, Bunhill Row. Buried 12th of the same month in the chancel of St. Giles's Cripplegate. Will (nuncupat.) dated 20 July 1674. Adm. to Elizabeth his Relict, 25 Feb. 1674-5.

CATHERINE, da. of Capt. Woodcock of Hackney. Died in childbed. Buried at St. Marg. Westminster, 10 Feb. 1657. Mar. at St. Mar. Aldermanbury, London, 12 Nov. 1656. s. p. s.

(e) [illegible] of S[illegible] co. [illegible] dat[illegible] ver[illegible] 172[illegible] Pa[illegible] she[illegible] bet[illegible] wi[illegible] dat[illegible] pro[illegible] 172[illegible]

[illegible] EDWARD PHILLIPS, of the Crown Office. He is sometimes called secondary in the Crown Office but there is no such Office.

JOHN MILTON, b. 16 Mar. 1650 in Scotland Yard. d. an infant.

ANNE b. 29 July 1646: unmar. 1674: mar. a Master Builder: died in childbed with her first child, 3 weeks after Mrs. Foster.

MARY, b. 25 Oct. 1648: living 1679: died unmarried.

ABRAHAM CLARKE, of Spitalfields, Weaver, mar. before 1675.

DEBORAH, b. 2 May 1652, died 24 Aug. 1727. æt. 76.

[illegible] HN [illegible] 8. [illegible]

Other children d. infants (An infant da[illegible] died 1625, se[illegible] Milton's Stanzas on her death.)

CALEB CLARKE, married at Fort St. George, in the East Indies. Parish Clerk at Madras 1717, and buried at Madras, Oct. 26, 1719.

MARY.

T[illegible] t[illegible] a[illegible]

ABRAHAM, bapt. June 2, 1703, mar. Anna, —— Sept. 1725.

MARY, b. 17 March, 1706, buried Dec. 15, 1706.

ISAAC CLARKE, bapt. 13 Feb. 1711.

ANN, bapt. 1691; wife of — Savell, 1728.

MARY, registered 2 April 1727.

WILLIAM MOORE, of Byfleet, co. Surrey jure uxoris: died 7 Jan. 1760.

MARY CORY [illegible] mar. betwee[illegible] 1759. Adm[illegible]

[illegible] sq. b. 1716, took [illegible] 1742. Became a [illegible] r Francis Dash- [illegible] 6 Dec. 1793.

ELIZABETH: a minor 1768.

WILLIAM MOORE, under 21, 1768, sold all his estates.

RICHARD MOORE, of the Palace Hampton Court, Esq. 2nd. but only surviving son, b. 30 Oct. and bapt. at Byfleet, 30 Dec. 1767.

CHARL[illegible] of Jame[illegible] Ealing [illegible] sex, E[illegible] Ealing.

SARAH, mar. Rev[illegible] John Walcot, [illegible] 22 Mar. 1834.

JOHN FITZMOORE, now John Fitzmore Halsey Clerk, M. A. Vicar of Ivinhoe, co. Bucks. Born at Clifton, near Bristol, 6 Jan. and bapt. at Christchurch, Hants, 3 June, 1795. Took the surname and arms of Halsey in addition by Royal Sign Manual, dated 13 Jan. 1821.

SARAH, only surviving [illegible] heir of Thomas Halsey [illegible] Gaddesden Place, Co. H[illegible] widow of Joseph Thompso[illegible] also of Great Gaddesdon, [illegible] to her second husband, 6 [illegible]

MARY JANE, b[illegible] at Deans Orc[illegible] ard, 25 April, [illegible] and bapt. the[illegible] 2 June, 1799.

(a) A student of Ch. *Ch. Oxon. Chalmers.*

(b) 1610 Feb. 1626. Buried Mrs. Ellen Jefferys the mother of the wife of John Milton, *Scrivener. Allhallows Regr.*

(c) In 1656 Milton was living in St. Margaret's Westminster, and his 2nd wife when he married her was of the parish of St. Mary Aldermanbury. G.M. 1840 V. 1. 598.

(d) [illegible] V[illegible] 2, [illegible] to [illegible]

In St. Giles' Cripplegate Regr. 1635 Sept. 30, the dau. of Hen. Milton, Gent. buried.

The Life of Milton.

By John Mitford.

JOHN MILTON, *magnum et venerabile nomen*, the ſon of John Milton and Sarah Caſtor, a woman of incomparable virtue and goodneſs, and exemplary for her liberality to the poor, was born[1] in London, on the 9th of December, 1608. To uſe his own words—"Londini ſum natus, genere honeſto, Patre, viro integerrimo, matre probatiſſima, et eleemoſyne per viciniam potiſſimum nota."[2] His father was an eminent ſcrivener, and lived at the ſign of the Spread Eagle[3] (the armorial

---

[1] Baptized the xx Dec. 1608, according to the Regiſter of Allhallows, Bread Street. Named *John*, as his father and grandfather had been before him.

[2] v. *Defenſionem ſecundam*. His mother was buried in the Church of Horton, Bucks. The houſe where Milton lived in that village was pulled down a few years ſince. In the garden of the preſent houſe is an old decayed apple tree ſaid to be of the poet's planting.

[3] This houſe wherein he was born, and which ſtrangers uſed to viſit before the fire, was part of his eſtate as long as he lived. v. *Toland's Life*, p. 148, On his mother's family. See *Birch's Life of Milton*, p. 11. The family of the Caſtors originally derived from Wales, as Philips tells us; but Wood aſſerts that ſhe was of the ancient family of the Bradſhaws, and a ſtill later account informs us that ſhe was a Haughton, of Haughton Tower, in Lancaſhire, as appeared by her own arms, &c. Both Toland and Philips date Milton's birth in 1606, but erroneouſly,

enſign of the family) in Bread Street.[4] He was educated at Chriſt Church, Oxford, embraced the doctrines of the reformed church, and in conſequence was diſinherited by his father, who was a bigoted papiſt. The profeſſion, however, which he choſe was ſo ſucceſsful, as to enable him to give his children a liberal education;[5] and to allow him to paſs his latter years in the leiſure and tranquillity of a country life.

The grandfather of the poet was keeper of the foreſt of Shotover, in Oxfordſhire, and his family had been long ſettled at Milton,[6] in that neighbourhood.[7] They took, however, the unfortunate ſide in civil wars, their eſtate was ſequeſtrated, and their rank and opulence conſequently deſtroyed.

Milton's father was a perſon of a ſuperior and accompliſhed mind, and was greatly diſtinguiſhed for his muſical talents; indeed, in ſcience, he is ſaid to have been equal

---

for the inſcription under his print in the Logic ſays that in 1671, he was 63 years of age. Milton's armorial bearings were argent, an eagle diſplayed with two heads gules, legged and beaked ſable. A ſmall ſilver ſeal, with theſe arms, with which he was accuſtomed to ſeal his letters, came into the hands of Mr. Thomas Payne, Bookſeller, on the death of Foſter, the huſband of Milton's grand-daughter, which was ſold to Mr. Thomas Hollis in 1761, who left his eſtate at the Hyde, near Ingateſtone, in Eſſex, to Thomas Brand, Eſq., who took the name of Hollis; the latter left the ſame property to the late Dr. Diſney, who was the laſt poſſeſſor of the ſeal.

[4] See *Guillim's Heraldry*, p. 210.

[5] He died about 1647, and was buried in Cripplegate Church. See T. Warton's note on Carmen ad Patrem, ver. 66, p. 523, ed. ſecond. Aubrey ſays he read without ſpectacles at 84.

[6] There have been ſome doubts about the ſituation of the village of Milton. See *Life by Newton*, p. 1. See *Todd's Life*, p. 2, and the note. *Wood's Faſti Oxon.* vol. i, art. 262.

[7] John and Chriſtopher, ſons of John Milton, of Halton, of Chriſt Church, Oxford, as 'tis ſaid, ſon of John Milton, of Halton, near to Forſhill, ranger or ſubranger of Shotover; his anceſtors lived at Milton, near to Halton. v. *Guillim's Heraldry*.

to the very firſt muſicians of the age.[8] He ſaw the early promiſes of genius in his ſon, and encouraged them by a careful and liberal education. Milton was at firſt placed under the domeſtic tuition of Thomas Young, a learned puritan miniſter, and native of Eſſex; to whom he was in after life much attached, and to whom his fourth elegy, and the firſt of his Latin Epiſtles, are inſcribed. A portrait of him, by Cornelius Janſen,[9] when only ten years old, ſhows the affection of the parents for their handſome and accompliſhed child, who even at that early age was forming the firſt flower of his youthful genius; and whoſe vernal promiſe was ripening faſt into works of finiſhed and exquiſite beauty.

Young[10] quitted England in 1623, and it is probable

---

[8] On a work called "*A Sixefold Politician, together with a Sixefold Precept of Policy*, 1609," attributed to him, ſee *Mr. I. P. Collier's Poetical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 305, Philips ſays, 'That as I have been told and I take it by our author himſelf, that his father compoſed an Il Domine of forty parts, for which he was rewarded with a gold medal and chain, by a Poliſh prince, to whom he preſented it, and that ſome of his ſongs are to be ſeen in old *Witby's Set of Airs*, beſides ſome compoſitions of his in *Ravenſcroft's Pſalms*, v. p. xli. *Milton's Poetical Works*, ed. Pickering, 1826. Some beautiful lines in Milton's Poem 'ad Patrem' allude to his father's ſkill in muſic.

> 'Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
> Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
> Dividuumque deum genitorque, puerque tenemus.'

See *Burney's Hiſt. of Muſic*, vol. iii. p. 134. In a little book which I poſſeſs, *the Pſalms, by W. Slayter*, 12mo. 1643, one of the tunes is by J. Milton. See alſo *Todd's Milton*, vol. i. p. 4, and vi. p. 337, and *Aubrey Letters*, vol. iii. p. 439, and *Hunter on Shakeſpeare's Tempeſt*, p. 56.

[9] This picture was in the poſſeſſion of T. Hollis, Eſq., and is engraven by Cipriani, in his Memoirs, p. 96, it repreſents the youthful poet in a richly worked collar, and ſtriped jacket. It was purchaſed by Mr. Hollis at C. Stanhope's ſale, who bought it for twenty guineas of the executors of Milton's widow. The picture of Milton when about twenty, was in the poſſeſſion of the Right Honourable Arthur Onſlow.

[10] In Mr. Fellowes's tranſlation of Milton's Letters printed in *Dr.*

that in the ſame year, Milton was admitted into St. Paul's School, under the care of Alexander Gil.[11] His unwearied love of ſtudy had already commenced; 'Ab anno,'

Symmons's edition, 1806, Why is the direction of Milton's Letters to Young tranſlated to Thomas Jure? For an account of T. Young ſee *Todd's Milton*, vol. vi. p. 199, 207. Young returned to England in or before the year 1628; he was afterwards maſter of Jeſus Col. Camb. and Vicar of Stow Market, in Suffolk. Milton, in his Elegy, ver. 83, ſays to him:

'Te tamen interea belli circumſonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto *ſolus inopſque* ſolo.'

[11] See an account of Al. Gil, in *Wood's Ath. Oxon:* vol. ii. p. 22, and *T. Warton's Milton*, p. 419. He died Nov. 17, 1635, and is not to be confuſed with the ſon of the ſame name, who ſucceeded him in 1635, and was expelled in 1640, having for five years diſgraced the ſchool by his cruelty and crimes; he had been uſher to his father. "He was, ſays Gifford, a bad poet and a worſe man." v. *B. Jonſon's Works*, vol. vi. p. 123, and *D'Iſraeli's Comm. on Charles the Firſt*, vol. ii. p. 330. A. Wood ſays that A. Gil was fined £2,000 for drinking *Felton's* health. I poſſeſs a copy of *Gil's Parerga, ſive Poetici Conatus*, 12mo. 1632, that belonged to Is. Caſaubon. A. Gil the younger muſt have been a decided royaliſt, for he has ſeveral poems addreſſed to the royal family, and to the biſhops. He has an epiſtle, as Milton has, to his Father, p. 14. There is a line reſembling one in Milton's verſes to Chriſtina. ('Chriſtina arctoi Lucida ſtella poli!')

'Pene ſub arctoi ſidere regna poli!'

In Milton's third Elegy, ver. 9, are theſe lines, which puzzled the commentators till Sir D. Dalrymple explained them to T. Warton.

'Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratriſque verendi
Intempeſtivis oſſa cremata rogis.'

In his Tillii Epitaphium, p. 91, Gil mentions who theſe brothers in arms were.

'Quem nec *Mansfeltus*, quem nec *Brunonius* heros
Arma nec annorum quem domuere decem;'

i. e. Mansfelt and the Duke of Brunſwick. Gil ſpeaks of himſelf in the Preface; 'Hactenus vitam egi neſcio qua ſiderum inclementiâ, hominum et fortunæ injuriis perpetuo colluctantem.'

he ſays, 'ætatis duodecimo vix unquam ante mediam noctem à lucubrationibus cubitum diſcederem;' and Aubrey adds, 'that when Milton went to ſchool, he ſtudied very hard, and ſate up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock, and his father ordered the maid to ſitt up for him.' In a letter to his preceptor, dated not long after his time, he ſays—'Hæc ſcripſi Londini, inter urbana diverticula, non *libris, ut ſoleo circumſeptus.*'

Thus early and deep were laid the foundation of his future fame. His ſtudies were in a great meaſure poetical. Humphrey Lownes, the printer, who lived in the ſame ſtreet, ſupplied him with Spenſer and Sylveſter's tranſlation of Du Bartas: his admiration of the former is known to all; the attention which he paid to the more obſcure, and now almoſt forgotten poet, was pointed out more fully than before, by my late ingenious friend Mr. Charles Dunſter, in a little work which he called Milton's Early Reading, or the Prima Stamina of Paradiſe Loſt.[12]

Aubrey ſays, Milton was a poet when only ten years old. Thoſe who are intereſted in watching the early dawning of genius as it opens on the youthful mind; and in comparing the different periods in which great talents have diſplayed both the promiſe, and the direction of their future power; will not be diſpleaſed at my recalling to their memory the paſſage in that elegant biography of Cowley, which Sprat addreſſed to their mutual friend Martin Clifford, and in which he mentions the age when

---

[12] That Milton read and borrowed from Sylveſter in his *early poems*, no one who reads Mr. Dunſter's book can reaſonably doubt. Sylveſter had the jewels, and Milton ſet them beautifully. See what Mr. Campbell ſays on Milton's obligations to Sylveſter, in his *Specimens of the Britiſh Poets*, vol. i. p. 182, &c. Du Bartas's fame is now in full bloſſom in Germany, and has received the praiſe of Goethe himſelf. He is conſidered at Dreſden and at Weimar as one of the greateſt poets that ever appeared, and ſo once he was eſteemed in England—"Who is there,

Cowley firſt became inſpired by the muſe, and the book that excited his youthful imagination. There is a ſingular coincidence between thoſe two great contemporaries, in the dates aſſigned by their reſpective biographers. 'Vix dum *decennis*,' ſays Sprat, 'Poeta factus eſt.' We ſhall be leſs ſurpriſed to hear that Spenſer was alike the object of their early admiration, 'legendo *Spenſero* noſtro, Scriptore ſane illuſtri, et vel adultis difficili.' Happy had it been for Cowley's fame, had he not early wandered away from the inſtructor of his youth; and left for Epic, and Pindaric flights, that which even now delights, and muſt for ever pleaſe, his moral ſong, the voice of nature and of truth, the language of the heart.

In 1623 Milton produced his tranſlations of the 114th and 136th Pſalms;[13] and in his ſeventeenth[14] year he was ſent from St. Paul's ſchool, and admitted a penſioner at Chriſt's College, Cambridge, on the 12th of February,

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ſays Mr. Wordſworth, that can now endure to read the *Creation of Dubartas*, yet all Europe once reſounded with his praiſe; he was careſſed by Kings, and when his Poems were tranſlated into our language, the *Fairy Queen* faded before it."

[13] Birch has given the dates of the appearance of Milton's earlieſt poems:

1623. Pſalms.
1624. Latin Ode on the Death of the Lord Chancellor.
1627. The 7th of Latin Elegies.
1628. Philoſophical Verſes.
1629. On Chriſt's Nativity.
1630. On Shakeſpeare.

The earlieſt PRINTED writing of Milton, 1632, ſays Mr. Hunter, are the lines on Shakeſpeare. See *Notes on Shakeſpeare*, p. 336. On theſe lines ſee *Hurd's Cowley*, i. 168: "Milton, in his younger days, fell into this deluſion, affecting harſh numbers, and uncouth expreſſion. See his Poem on Shakeſpeare; but the vigour of his genius or perhaps his courſe of Life, enabled him to break through the ſnare—exemplar vitiis imitabile."

[14] Anthony Wood and Toland aſſert that he was ſent to Cambridge in his fifteenth year, but erroneouſly. See *Birch's Life*, p. 3.

1624.[15] He was there early diſtinguiſhed for the elegance of his verſification, and his unuſual ſkill in the Latin tongue. A well known paſſage in his firſt Elegy certainly betrays ſome diſpleaſure which he felt, or alludes to ſome indignities which he ſuffered from the ſeverity of Collegiate diſcipline: this was probably occaſioned by the freedom of his cenſures on the eſtabliſhed ſyſtem of education,[16] and his reluctance to conform to it. In his Reaſon of Church Government, he ſays, 'their honeſt and ingenuous nature coming to the Univerſities to ſtore themſelves with good and ſolid learning, are there unfortunately fed with nothing elſe but the ſcragged and thorny lectures of monkiſh and miſerable ſophiſtry; were ſent home again with ſuch a ſcholaſtical bur in their throats, as hath ſtopped and hindered all true and generous philoſophy from entering; cracked their voices for ever with metaphyſical gargariſms, hath made them admire a ſort of formal outſide men, prelatically addicted, whoſe unchaſtened and over wrought minds were never yet initiated, nor ſubdued under the true love of moral or religious virtue, which two are the beſt, and greateſt points of learning: but either ſlightly trained up in a kind of hypo-

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[15] He was admitted Penſionarius minor, under Mr. William Chappell, afterwards provoſt of Trinity College, Dublin, and Dean of Caſſels, and at laſt biſhop of Cork, to whom among others, the celebrated treatiſe of the *Whole Duty of Man* has been imputed. See *Birch's Life*, p. 111. Henry More calls Chappell a learned, vigilant, ſkilful, pious, and prudent *Tutor*. v. *Biog. Britannica. note. Lightfoot.* Milton took his firſt degree in Jan. 1628-9, and that of Maſter of Arts, in 1632. See *Symmons's Pref. to Life*, p. 5—7. He was transferred from Mr. Chappell, (though contrary to the rules of the college), to Mr. Tovell. (Tovey) v. *Aubrey Lett.* iii. p. 445, he was admitted A. M. at Oxford, in 1635, v. *Wood's Faſti*, i. p. 262.

[16] The author of 'A modeſt confutation againſt a ſlanderous and ſcurrilous libel' firſt charged him with being vomited out of the univerſity, after an inordinate and riotous youth ſpent there, and the author of

critical and hackney courſe of literature to get their living by, and dazzle the ignorant, or elſe fondly over ſtudied in uſeleſs controverſies, except thoſe which they uſe, with all the ſpacious and deluſive ſubtlety they are able, to defend their prelatical Sparta.'—And in his Apology for Smectymnus, he ſays,—'That ſuburb wherein I dwell ſhall be in my accounts a more honourable place, than his Univerſity; which as in the time of her better health, and *mine own younger judgment, I never greatly admired*, ſo now much leſs;[17]—and in his third letter to his friend and tutor Alexander Gil, he expreſſes the ſame opinion, concerning the ſuperficial and ſmattering learning of the Univerſity and of the manner in which the clergy engage with raw, and untutored judgments in the ſtudy of theology, patching together a ſermon with pilfered ſcraps, without any acquaintance with criticiſm or philoſophy; again, in his Animadverſions on the Remonſtrant's Defence, he ſays,—"What ſhould I tell you how the univerſities that men look ſhould be the fountains of learning and knowledge, have been poiſoned and choked under your governance?"

Milton's natural genius, cultivated by the care of thoſe excellent ſcholars, who had conducted his education, and enriched by his own indefatigable ſtudy, had doubtleſs made great advances in thoſe branches of knowledge at

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'*Regii Sanguinis Clamor*,' repeated the calumny. 'Aiunt hominem Cantabrigienſi academia ob flagitia pulſum, dedecus, et patriam fugiſſe et in Italiam commigraſſe.' 'The former tract,' Milton ſays in his Apology for Smectymnus, 'was reported to be written by the ſon of Biſhop Hall.'

[17] See his tractate on *Education*, where he ſpeaks againſt the prepoſterous exaction of compoſing Themes and Orations, and the ill habit they got of wretched barbarizing againſt the Greek and Latin idioms,—'and then having really left grammatical flats and ſhallows, to be preſented with the moſt intellectual abſtractions of logic and metaphyſics, to be toſſed and turmoiled in the fathomleſs deeps of contro-

once congenial to his mind, and conducive to its improvement; and he might feel unwilling to be diverted from them, into the barren and unprofitable purſuits, which the old ſyſtem of collegiate education too often required;[18]

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verſy, to be deluded with ragged notions and brabblements, to be dragged to an aſinine feaſt of ſow-thiſtles and brambles.'—With theſe opinions, when called upon by the college for Latin themes on logical and metaphyſical ſubjects (ſee his Proluſiones) cannot we eaſily conceive the rebellion or diſcontent, the out-breaks and flaſhes of his fiery mind?

[18] The following paſſage in Milton's Proluſiones has been overlooked, which throws ſome light on the ſubject of his diſcuſſion with the college, and his renewed union. (v. p. 115.) He diſliked ſome parts of their ſtudies, probably their logical and metaphyſical Theſes (ſpecimens of which may be ſeen in *Cleaveland's Works*, p. 132), and expreſſed his opinion too freely, or perhaps did not perform the taſks that were required. I feel convinced that the whole ground of offence, ſo much diſputed, is to be found in this point.

'Tum nec mediocriter me pellexit, et invitavit ad has partes ſubeundas veſtra, (vos qui ejuſdem eſtis mecum Collegii) in me *nuperrime comperta facilitas*, cum enim ante præteritos menſes, aliquam multos oratorio apud vos munere perfunctures eſſem, putaremque lucubrationes meas qualeſcunque etiam ingratas propèmodum futuras, et mitiores habituras judices Æacum et Minoa, quam e vobis fere quemlibet, ſane præter opinionem meam, præter meam ſi quid, erat ſpeculæ, non vulgari ſicuti ego accepi, imo ipſe ſenſi *omnium plauſu* exceptæ ſunt *immo eorum qui in me alias propter ſtudiorum diſſidia eſſent prorſus infenſo, et inimico animo;* generoſum utique ſimultatis exercendæ genus, et regio pectore non indignum, ſiquidem cum ipſa amicitia plerumque multa inculpate facta detorquere ſoleat, *tunc profectio acris et infeſta inimicitia errata forſitan multa, et haud pauca sine dubio indiſerte dicta, leniter et clementius quam meum erat meritum interpretari non gravabatur.* Jam ſemel unico hoc exemplo vel ipſa demens ira mentis compos fuiſſe videbatur, et hoc facto furoris infamiam abluiſſe. At vero ſummopere oblector, et mirum in modum voluptate perfundor, cum videam *tantâ doctiſſimorum hominum frequentiâ circumfuſum me, et undique ſtipatum,*' &c. Conſult alſo on this ſubject *Glanville's Ne plus ultra*, p. 119, and on *Ariſtotle*, p. 78, and *Epiſtolæ obſcurorum virorum*, p. 108, ed. 1757, and on the *ſcholaſtic* ſtudies then in vogue, and the ſubtleties of the Dialectic Art, *Knox's Life by Macrie*, p. 7. Even ſo late as the time of Swift, it is ſaid in his Life, that he paſſed his time in reading books of hiſtory

that which he diſliked or deſpiſed, his love of freedom on all ſubjects, and in every ſituation forbade him to conceal. It is probable that he underwent a temporary ruſtication.

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and poetry, inſtead of *Keckerman*, and other old treatiſes on logic, a branch of learning then in high eſtimation, and held eſſentially neceſſary for taking a degree. See alſo Prof. Powell's remarks on this ſubject in his *Natural Philoſophy*, p. 108; on the ſtrictures paſſed on the Univerſities of Europe in early times, and which were not much better in later; but he adds, in regard to Oxford, the *ſcholaſtic* forms were in a great meaſure broken up under the reign of Cromwell, but the old ſyſtem was re-eſtabliſhed with the return of the Stuarts, p. 264.

It is curious that more than a century ſubſequent, we find another eminent ſcholar, almoſt repeating the ſame complaints on the continued exiſtence of the ſame ſyſtem, keeping ſo far behind the advanced ſpirit of the age.

"Sir W. Jones's active imagination had anticipated the forms and regulations of the *Univerſity* rather incorrectly; and the facilities provided them for learning did not coincide with his firſt haſty expectations. He had calculated on a Sumner or an Aſkew in every Maſter of Arts, and on an order of literature in the ſtudents generally equal to his own. But his diſappointment was not entirely owing to extravagant expectations. The Public Lectures were really below the ſtandard of his attainments, and in fact were conſidered as merely formal. He *complained*, that inſtead of having his underſtanding intereſted by a ſyſtematic exhibition of the principles of elegant arts and uſeful knowledge, he was compelled to hear dull comment on *artificial Ethics and Logic*, expreſſed in ſuch barbarous Latin, that he profeſſed to recogniſe in it no more meaning than in Arabic, of which he had but juſt touched the ſurface. The only logic then in faſhion was that of the ſchools. An anecdote is preſerved in one of Jones's Memorandums of a Fellow of a College, who, while he aſſiſted to read *Locke* with his pupils, carefully ſuppreſſed every paſſage in which that great metaphyſician derides the ſcholaſtic logic." v. *Life prefixed to Poems*, p. 27. On the ſubject, "That from the Univerſities and the Church in any country, no improvement in philoſophy can be expected," ſee *Hallam's Hiſt. of Literature*, vol. iii. p. 138. In the Memoir of Barrow, prefixed to *Hughes's edition*, is a ſketch of ſtudies purſued at Cantab. from the 12th to the 17th century. No alteration in the ſtatutes as far as related to *ſtudy* was made after the time of Henry the Eighth or Edward the Sixth. See do. vol. iv. p. 110.

This however is certain,—that all miſunderſtanding was removed, and that he ſoon acquired the kindneſs and reſpect of the ſociety with which he lived: he ſays,—"It hath given me an apt occaſion to acknowledge publicly with all grateful mind that more than ordinary favour and reſpect, which I found above any of my equals at the hands of theſe courteous and learned men, the fellows of the college wherein I ſpent ſome years; who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is ſignified many ways, how much better it would content them, if I would ſtay, as by many letters full of kindneſs, and loving reſpect, both before that time and long after, I was aſſured of their ſingular good affection towards me:" —and in another place he ſpeaks of himſelf as

'Procul omni flagitio, *bonis omnibus* probatus.'

In 1628 he wrote ſome lines on the ſubject, 'Naturam non pati ſenium,' as an Academical exerciſe, to oblige one of the fellows of the college; and T. Warton ſays of it, 'that it is replete with fanciful and ingenious alluſions, it has alſo a vigour of expreſſion, a dignity of ſentiment, and elevation of thought rarely found in very young writers.' This praiſe is juſt: but its Latinity is not ſo flowing, or elegant, as that of his later poems. To this account, as the ſubject is of much intereſt, I now add the reſult of a fuller inquiry which I ſubſequently gave to it:—

"The firſt point in Milton's life, which has been the ſubject of debate, is his ſuppoſed quarrel with the authorities of his college at Cambridge, and the ignominious conſequences conjectured to have reſulted from it. I think, however, that the concluſions which Johnſon firſt invidiouſly advanced, have been rejected; and that the truth has been gradually brought to light. To any

offences againſt College diſcipline, connected with laxity of moral conduct, it would be unjuſt, indeed abſurd, to look; and it would ſhow a total ignorance of Milton's character—in all that reſpects purity of life, conſiſtent from youth to age.[19] Certainly he entered the academic bowers, rich in every youthful and virtuous accompliſhment, nurſed by his parents and preceptors in all pure and lofty contemplations, and filled with the moſt honourable ambition. He had been educated under two perſons, both of ſound and elegant literature, and one of them of poetical talent; from them he had imbibed an early and correct taſte for the beauties of ancient literature; and his progreſs in ſuch ſtudies had already marked the conſtancy of his application, and the congeniality of his mind. Aubrey ſays he ſtudied very hard in ſchool; and his taſte and knowledge were at that time more than uſually perfected. When he entered at Cambridge, he found a very different ſyſtem of education purſued. The old ſcholaſtic ſtudies of the Church were ſtill in vogue; the antiquated logic and barren metaphyſics of the ſchoolmen, employed the attention of the ſtudents; and Milton, no doubt either neglected to perform ſuch ungrateful taſks, or added ſuch expoſtulation to his refuſal, as was reſented by his ſuperiors. Of this I feel quite certain, that this was the point of his offence, and this was all; for in a very ſhort time he not only regained the favour of his tutors, but ſtood high in their eſtimation. In one paſſage quoted

[19] See *Coleridge's Literary Remains*, vol. i. p. 168, Lecture x. "There are ſome perſons (obſerves a divine, a contemporary of Milton) of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and the good ſpirit inhabiting them carries them on in an even conſtancy through innocency into virtue, &c. Their Chriſtianity bearing equal date with their manhood, and reaſon and religion, like warp and woof, running together, make up one web of a wiſe and exemplary life," &c. This beautiful paſſage, Mr. Coleridge juſtly applies to Milton.

in the *Aldine Edition of Milton*, he directly mentions the cause of his disgrace, and of its removal—'Omnium plausu exceptæ sunt inimicorum qui in me alias propter *studiorum dissidia*, essent prorsus infenso et inimico animo.' This is surely, in the absence of any evidence of irregular conduct, or of any other cause, conclusive as to the point;[20] but as some of our readers may be so fortunate as not to be familiar with those 'brabblements,' and have never mumbled the 'sowthistles' which grew in the fields of Cam; it will be as well to inform them of what kind they were in the days of our Bard, which occupied the thoughts of the students,[21] who now imbibe, from the same fountain, then so tainted and dry, the pure and living streams of sound knowledge, whether filled with the philosophy of Whewell, the eloquence of Sedgwick, or the learning of Thirlwall.

"Some few years subsequent to Milton's residence, the biographer of a brother poet, who had been appointed tutor of Peterhouse about 1640, writes thus: 'Though he found himself tied down by the practice of the schools, to the drudgery of teaching his pupils *the tedious and heavy system of Duns Scotus, and Averroes*, and the rest of the subtle philosophers of that date, yet by the pertinent reflections he used, and the art of disentangling their minds from the perplexities of that metaphysical jargon, and leading them to the substantial knowledge of the duties of religion, humanity,' &c.[22] Now, some of these College

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[20] See proofs in *Aldine Edition of Milton*, p. vi. to p. x.

[21] It is curious to find, more than a century after, the sister University attacked for presenting these same dry bones of an exhausted logic to the students, in the place of wholesome nutriment; so slow do great bodies move in the march of improvement. See *Amhurst's Terræ Filius*, p. 5 et passim.

[22] See *Life of Dr. Joseph Beaumont*, p. xi. 4to., the author of *Psyche*, &c. *Cleaveland's Works*, p. 132. See also *Burigny, Vie d'Erasme*,

diſputations, 'theſe frivolous ſubtleties and barren diſputations,' are before us, and while we contemplate their grim and hungry aſpects, we cannot wonder at Milton's reluctance to leave his delightful purſuits, and quit the poetry and philoſophy of Greece for ſuch dry and uninviting diſquiſitions. At this time he was compoſing ſome of the moſt beautiful and finiſhed of his Latin poems: he had written in his native language with elegance, and the Allegro and Penſeroſo appeared ſhortly after. Here they are! the favourite themes of the tutors of Corpus and Chriſti. 'Angeli cognoſcunt Singularia. Ignorato motu, tollitur cognitio Materiæ. Intellectus eſt nobilior Voluntate. Viſio fit per receptionem Speçierum.' Such are ſome of the titles. The themes themſelves are too long to give, and but little amuſement they would afford to thoſe not breeding up for *Seraphic* doctors; but thus one began: 'En in fronte difficultatem! quo ruo neſcius? Egone ut Alexandrum huic nodo me præbeam? Nihil minus, ſed quod faciunt Pueruli nempe irritis magis an ridiculis dicam conatibus, tortilem virgulam in obturantem ferunt molem, ut in quicquid eſt duriuſculi, quod pedes turbat,' &c. We may fairly preſume, knowing as we now do the original cauſe of diſpute, and the ſubſequent and ſpeedy reconciliation, that theſe uncongenial and uſeleſs exerciſes were not rigidly required of the youthful poet; that his talents and acquirements were reſpected; for H. More ſays, that Milton's tutor was

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vol. i. p. 14, and the Preface to *Du Cange's Gloſſarium*, and the Diſſertation prefixed to *Rob. Stephens's Latin Theſaurus*, for an account of the barbarous authors, and method of education, which then prevailed. Milton's own ſyſtem of education bears great ſimilarity to that of Eraſmus, as given in his *Tractatus de Educatione Puerorum*, and might have been formed from it; and both are, under neceſſary modifications, the foundation of the preſent ſyſtem, and the commencement of it in the ſchools of Europe.

learned, vigilant, ſkilful, pious, and prudent. Milton ſays, 'that the fellows of his college wiſhed him to remain among them, and that he was "procul omni flagitio, bonis omnibus probatus."' There is a poem of Milton's which will throw light on this ſubject. He had to perform a *vacation exerciſe;* it was, as uſual, a metaphyſical one—Ens is repreſented as father of the Predicaments, his Ten Sons, whereof the eldeſt ſtood for *Subſtance* with his Canons, which Ens thus ſpeaking explains. *Quantity* and *Quality* ſpake in proſe, then *Relation* was called by his name.—Now from theſe dry bones what unwonted fires ſprang up! Muſt not the tutors of his college have been gratified, in witneſſing their now obedient pupil, not only performing his allotted though ungrateful taſk, but creating a ſoul under the ribs of Death; and over this chopped logic, ſprinkling the faireſt waters of the Pierian ſpring.[23] Such an exerciſe as this, thus performed, muſt have charmed away all previous miſunderſtanding; and often as 'Relation had been called by his name'—in the ſchools, we may be aſſured he never before anſwered in ſuch a noble invocation, and ſuch ſtrains of majeſtic eloquence, as

> Rivers ariſe!—whether thou be the ſon
> Of utmoſt Tweed, or Ouſe, or gulphie Don,
> Or Trent, who like ſome earthborn giant ſpreads
> His thirty arms along the indented meads, &c.

"A youth of nineteen, who could write ſuch lines as

> 'How he before the Thunderous throne doth lie,
> Liſtening to what unſhorn Apollo ſings
> To th' touch of golden wires,'

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[23] "It were to be deſired, that in our Univerſities, Ariſtotle's Analytics, Topics, Phyſicks and Metaphyſics, be ſuppreſt, not only as vain, but diſpoſing to Contention and Diſcord." See *Roger Coke's Detection*, p. 665. See alſo p. 22, which paſſages ſhow the prevailing ſtudies of the time.

could not but be in the highest estimation in the Muse's seat.

"This is the view of the subject which the editor of the former Aldine edition first took, which Sir Egerton Brydges supports, and from which Mr. St. John does not dissent. Whether to use Mistress Powell's expression, Milton's *choleric temper* expressed itself thus early; or whether he brought to the precincts of the parent church any partial prejudices imbibed from his tutor 'Young,' and expressed them with his usual energy and warmth; certainly the verses in which he alludes to the subject, appear to point rather to his *studies* than to his conduct, as the cause of offence—'Ceteraque *ingenio* non subeunda meo.'"

As a removal of all doubt on this subject is important, meeting us as the charge does on the authority of a great name, I shall here transcribe some further notice of it made by me, subsequent to the publication of the life of Milton, prefixed to the first Aldine edition of his poems.

Milton was designed by his parents for the profession of the church; but during his residence at the University, he changed his intention.[24] Dr. Newton considers that he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the church; but Johnson seems to think that his objections lay not so much against subscription to the articles, but related to canonical obedience. His own account is as follows:[25] "By the intention of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child to the service of the church, and in mine own resolutions. Till coming to

[24] See his *Letter to a Friend* in *Birch's Life*, p. vi., printed from Trinity MSS.

[25] See *Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy*. *Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 150.

ſome maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the church, that he who would take orders muſt ſubſcribe Slave, and take an oath withal, which unleſs he took with a conſcience that he would reliſh, he muſt either perjure or ſplit his faith; I thought better to prefer a blameleſs ſilence before the ſacred office of ſpeaking, bought and begun with ſervitude and forſwearing."[26]

In whatever line his objections lay, his youthful deciſions ſeem to have been but little controlled by the exerciſe of parental authority; for in the beautiful lines which he addreſſes to his father, in the Latin language, he ſays,

'—— Neque enim, Pater, ire jubebas,
Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi,
Nec rapis ad leges, male cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia Ripæ,
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum?'

In 1632 he left the Univerſity, and retired to his father's houſe at Horton,[27] in Buckinghamſhire, making

[26] On his intention of going into the *Law*. See *Hunter on Shakſpeare*, p. 337.

[27] This houſe at Horton was pulled down about fourteen years ago. See *Symons's Life*, p. 93. Milton's father had ſome country houſe beſides this, nearer to London, of which we have had no notice. Milton's letter to A. Gill, is dated 'E noſtro Suburbano,' Dec. 4, 1634. And ſee his Elegy i. ver. 50.

'Nos quoque locus habet vicinâ conſitus ulmo,
Atque *Suburbani* nobilis umbra loci.'

and in Proluſiones (p. 136) he ſays, 'Teſtor ipſe lucos, et flumina, et *dilectas villarum ulmos*, ſub quibus æſtate proxime præterita (ſi dearum arcana eloqui liceat), ſummam cum muſis gratiam habuiſſe me jucunda

occaſional viſits to London to meet his friends, to buy books, or to learn ſomething new in mathematics or muſic. Here he reſided five years, paſſing his time in regular and ſevere ſtudy; for he is ſaid to have read over all the Greek and Latin writers: Johnſon ſays, 'that this account muſt be received with limitations; but five years well employed would leave few of the ancient authors unperuſed: I think Wyttenbach has mentioned his having read through Athenæus in fourteen days; and Joſeph Scaliger has left on record the ſhort time in which he finiſhed both the Homeric Poems. What then might not Milton's enthuſiaſtic purſuit of knowledge, and his unwearied induſtry perform? He ſays of himſelf at this time,

'Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri.'

In this ſtudious retirement, and under the ſhelter of his paternal roof, it is believed that he wrote his Arcades, Comus, L'Allegro,[28] Il Penſeroſo, and Lycidas.[29] In the neighbourhood of Horton, the Counteſs Dowager of Derby reſided, and the Arcades was performed by her grandchildren at their ſeat, called Harefield Place.[30] Was ever

memoria recolo, ubi et ego inter rura, et ſemotos ſaltus velut occulto ævo creſcere mihi potuiſſe viſus ſum.'

[28] Dr. Ireland remarks "a ſimilarity between the cadences, as well as in the meaſure and ſolemnity of thoughts, of the Penſeroſo, and the ſpeech of Paulo, in *Maſſinger's Maid of Honor*." See Gifford's ed. vol. iii. p. 107.

[29] 'Milton was a *courtier*, when he wrote the Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle, and ſtill more a *courtier* when he wrote the Arcades.' See *C. Lamb's Elia*, vol. ii. p. 138.

[30] Milton was not the only great poet who has celebrated the Counteſs Dowager of Derby. She was alſo the patroneſs of *Spenſer*. The Prayer Book of this Counteſs, is the poetry of her times. See *Brydges' Life of Milton*, p. 62. For this celebrated Lady, ſays Mr. Gifford, alſo appears greatly to have delighted in that elegant and ſplendid exhibition. Milton wrote his *Arcades*, the ſongs of which are a mere cento from our author's Maſques, of which, certainly, it is a very humble imitation. v. *Jonſon's*

lady on her return to the hall of her anceſtors, crowned with ſuch poetic garlands, or greeted by a welcome ſo elegant as this? Some of his letters to Charles Deodati give us intereſting particulars of his ſtudies and habits of life.—'You well know (he ſays) that I am naturally ſlow in writing, and averſe to write. It is alſo in my favour, that your method of ſtudy is ſuch as to admit of frequent interruptions, in which you viſit your friends, write letters, or go abroad, but it is my way to ſuffer no impediment, no love of eaſe, no avocation whatever, to chill the ardor, to break the continuity, or divert the completion of my literary purſuits;'—in a ſubſequent letter, the honourable ambition of his youthful mind opens itſelf without reſerve to his familiar friend.—'Hear me,' he writes, 'my Deodati, and ſuffer me, for a moment, to ſpeak without bluſhing in a more lofty ſtrain. Do you aſk what I am meditating? by the help of heaven, an immortality of fame, but what am I doing? πτεροφύω. I am letting my wings grow and preparing to fly, but my Pegaſus has not yet feathers enough to ſoar aloft in the fields of air. . . . . You ſhall likewiſe have ſome information reſpecting my ſtudies. I went through the peruſal of the Greek authors to the time when they ceaſed to be Greeks. I was long employed in unravelling the obſcure hiſtory of the Italians under the Lombards, the Franks, and Germans, to the time when they received their liberty from Rodolphus, King of Germany.'

To B. Bonmatthaei he writes of his proficiency in the richeſt and moſt melodious of modern tongues. 'I who certainly have not merely wetted the tip of my lips in the

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Works, v. vii. p. 18. See alſo p. 78 and p. 89. "The *Arcades*, with the exception of three trifling ſongs, is made up of the ſpeech of the genius" (in the Barriers). "Milton is indebted for ſomething more than a hero *(Favonius)* to this beautiful ſpeech," (in the Viſion of Delight), p. 306.

ſtream of theſe languages, but, in proportion to my years, have ſwallowed the moſt copious draughts, can yet ſometimes retire with avidity and delight to feaſt on Dante, Petrarch, and many others; nor has Athens itſelf been able to confine me to the tranſparent wave of its Iliſſus, nor ancient Rome to the banks of its Tiber, ſo as to prevent my viſiting with delight the ſtream of the Arno, and the hills of Fæſolæ.'[31]

The Maſque of Comus[32] was preſented at Ludlow, in 1634, then the reſidence of the Lord Preſident of Wales, and was acted by the Earl of Bridgewater's ſons,[33] and his young daughter the Lady Alice Egerton. The ſtory

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[31] "Milton ſeems to have been a ſolitary exception in the records of that day, of an eminent Engliſh ſcholar, being imbued with a reliſh for Italian Letters." See *Preſcott's Miſcellanies*, p. 532. But ſee Mr. Gifford's Note in his edition of *B. Jonſon*, vol. vi. p. 491. "The Italian writers, of whom he *(Milton)* probably knew nothing at the time, he is ſuſpected of copying them from line to line, and from word to word."

[32] The original manuſcript of Comus is in Trin. Coll. Library; it was found among other papers that once belonged to Sir Henry Newton Puckering, a benefactor to the library, and was printed at London in 1637, 4to. Oldys ſays it was often bound up with the firſt edit. of *Randolph's Poems*. Warton ſays, 'It was with great difficulty and reluctance that Milton firſt appeared as an author.' Some account of Sir N. Puckering may be read in *Warton's Milton*, p. 578, and the original various readings to the Lycidas, Comus, and ſmaller poems from the Manuſcript, p. 578 to 590. On a few variations not noticed by Warton, ſee *Claſſ. Journal*, No. xxiii. p. 211. There is one rather curious:

'While all the ſtarry rounds, and arches blue
Reſound, and echo Hallelu!'

a manuſcript copy of Comus is alſo in the Bridgewater library, at Aſhridge, (See *Todd's Comus*, p. 165) before it was corrected.

[33] Milton loſt the friendſhip of the Bridgewater family by his *Defenſio*. In a copy of it in Lord Stafford's library, the Earl (who performed the part of the firſt brother) wrote 'Liber igne, autor furcâ digniſſimi.' On this account Lawes' dedication is ſuppoſed to have been withdrawn from the ſubſequent editions. See *Todd's Comus*, p. 2.

is ſaid to have been founded on a circumſtance that took place in the family of the Earl not long before; and Milton wrote his Maſque at the requeſt of Henry Lawes, the celebrated muſician.[34] Dr. Johnſon obſerves that the fiction is derived from Homer's Circe, but later inveſtigations have diſcovered a cloſer reſemblance in the Comus of Erycius Puteanus, and the Old Wives' Tale of George Peele.[35] It is one of the moſt beautiful and, with the exception of a few paſſages, one of the moſt finiſhed Poems in our language.[36] It has the ſweetneſs of Fletcher, with a richer ſtructure of verſification, more foreign idioms, more learned alluſions, and a higher reach of fancy. It does not riſe into all the wildneſs of the romantic fable, only becauſe it is guarded and ſubdued by a chaſte and elegant judgment. Sir Henry Wotton was

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[34] "We are reminded of the brotherly love between Milton and H. Lawes, ſo celebrated in the beautiful Lycidas." See *Mr. Ward's De Clifford*, v. i. p. 17.

[35] See *G. Peele's Works* by the Rev. A. Dyce, vol. i. p. 204. ed. 1829. If. Reed firſt directed attention to this play, then almoſt unknown. For extracts from Puteanus, ſee *Todd's* ed. of *Comus*, p. 57. 62. The *Comus of Puteanus* was republiſhed at Oxford in 1634, the year in which Milton's Comus was written. There is a curious reading in the firſt edition of Comus not noticed by the Commentators. Line 214 ſtands thus in the common editions.

'Thou *hovering* Angel girt with golden wings.'

In the firſt ed. 'Thou flitting Angel,' &c.

[36] It is to the credit of Milton's taſte that he has borrowed largely from this entertainment (*The Pirates*): his obligations to Jonſon are indeed inceſſant. v. *Gifford's Jonſon*, vol. vi. p. 491. "The Commentators on Milton, after ſpending twenty or thirty pages in conjectures on the origin of Milton's Comus, without the ſlighteſt reference to Jonſon, condeſcend in the courſe of their ſubſequent annotations, to obſerve that *Jonſon's Maſque of Pleaſure*, might perhaps afford ſome hint to Milton. Perhaps it might, and ſo I ſuſpect might ſome others." Ibid, vol. vii. p. 314.

peculiarly delighted in the lyrical parts, with what he quaintly, but not incorrectly calls—'a certain doric delicacy in the ſongs and odes.' And Warburton ſpeaks of the bright vein of its poetry, intermixed with a ſoftneſs of deſcription.[37] [38] T. Warton obſerves 'that Comus is a ſuite of ſpeeches not intereſting by diſcrimination of character, not conveying variety of incidents, nor gradually exciting curioſity; but perpetually attracting attention by ſublime ſentiment, and fanciful imagery of the richeſt vein, by an exuberance of picturesque deſcription, poetical alluſion, and ornamental expreſſion.'[39] It is indeed a beautiful Pageant of Fancy.

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[37] On the ſyſtem of 'orthography' adopted by Milton in this and his other poems, conſult *Capel Loft's Preface to Par. Loſt*, 4to. 1792, and *Todd's Preface to Comus*, p. viii. and *Richardſon's Life*, p. cxxx.

[38] "Muſical Echoes prevailed upon the Italian ſtage at this period; this was probably not unknown to Milton, although he had not then viſited Italy; and hence it may be preſumed, the *Song of Sweet Echo* in *Comus*." See *Walker's Memoir of Taſſoni*, p. 229.

[39] It has been aſked where an illuſtration muſt be ſought for the expreſſion, ver. 252,

> 'At every fall, ſmoothing the raven down
> Of darkneſs till it ſmiled:'

and the entire ſilence of the commentators has been remarked. I ſhall, therefore, point out the following paſſage in *Heywood's Love's Miſtreſſe*. Act. iii. ſc. 1. But this play of Heywood's was printed ſubſequently to Comus.

PSYCHE.

> 'Time's eldeſt daughter, Night, mother of Eaſe,
> Thou gentle nurſe, that with ſweet lullabies
> Care-waking hearts to gentle ſlumber charm'ſt!
> Thou *ſmooth* cheek'd negro, Night, the black eyed Queen.
> That rid'ſt about the world on the *ſoft backs*
> *Of downy Ravens ſleeke and ſable plumes*,
> And from thy chariot *ſilent darkneſſe* flings,
> In which man, beaſt, and bird enveloped,
> Takes their repoſe and reſt.'

In November, 1637, he wrote Lycidas, an elegy occaſioned by the death of a young and very accompliſhed perſon, Mr. King, who was the friend of Milton, and a great favourite at Cambridge. Milton's Poem was publiſhed at the end of a ſmall volume of Elegies, with which the Univerſity honoured the memory of their ſtudent. Some of the ſongs of LYCIDAS I have read, for

——— 'He knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhyme!'

they are, for the moſt part, complimentary effuſions on the birth of the children of Charles the Firſt; but I have diſcovered nothing that I could extract with advantage.[40] The beautiful monody of Lycidas ſhows an intimate acquaintance with the Italian metres, and to one poem, the Alcon[41] of Balth. Caſtiglione, it is more peculiarly indebted for ſome of its imagery. It diſcovers alſo Milton's familiarity with our elder poets; and ſupported by the authority of Mantuan in his Bucolics, and his 'Maſter Spenſer,'[42] in ſimilar alluſions, it has mixed up with

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[40] Edward King, of Chriſt's Coll. Camb. ſon of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. He was drowned on the paſſage from Cheſter to Ireland. See *Birch's Life*, p. xvii. for an account of the collection in which Milton's Poems were publiſhed. The names of T. Farnaby, H. More, J. Beaumont, Cleaveland, W. Hall, and J. Pearſon are in the liſt of contributors. The ſhipwreck of Mr. King took place on the 10th of Aug. 1637; it appears that he might have eſcaped with ſome others in the boat; for an account of his poetry, ſee *Warton's Milton*, p. 39, ſecond ed.

[41] See *Claſſ. Journal*, No. lxiii. p. 356, by G. N. Ogle. Tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe in the ed. of Caſtiglione by Boyer. 4to. 1727.

[42] There is among Spenſer's Poems a Paſtoral Æglogue on Sir P. Sydney's death, by L. B. which Milton had read when he wrote Lycidas. v. *Todd's Spenſer*, vol. viii. p. 76. Mr. Herbert remarks—"Many *blank* lines occur in his Works (Guidi), as in the Lycidas of Milton." v. *Mr. W. Herbert's Works*, vol. ii. p. 10.—"The Lycidas and S. Agoniſtes of Milton has rhyme in a *ſcattered irregular* manner,

its paſtoral beauties a ſtern, and early avowal of his hoſtility to the church.[43] The ſhort, but exquiſitely beautiful poem called 'the Arcades,' was, as I have previouſly ſaid, compoſed about this time; Milton wrote only the poetical part, the remainder probably conſiſted of proſe and machinery.

Having completed his circle of ſtudy in the retirement

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which is a very pleaſing ſtructure for a poem of length; it gives a connexion of parts, with the context artificial return of the ſtanza or couplet." v. *Jackſon's Four Ages*, p. 312.

[43] Mr. Peck thinks that the manner in which Milton has diſperſed his rhymes in Lycidas, is an attempt, *though ſecretly*, to give a poetical image or draught of the mathematical canon of muſic: he informs us how to make this out, 'by *drawing a bow line from rhyme to rhyme*, he conſiders the whole poem as a leſſon of muſic conſiſting of ſuch a number of bars. The rhymes are the ſeveral chords in the bar: the odd diſperſion of the rhymes may be compared to the beautiful way of ſprinkling the keys of an organ. He ſays, Dryden imagined the rhymes fell ſo, becauſe Miſter Milton could not help it. I think they lie ſo, becauſe Mr. Milton deſigned it. v. New Memoirs, 4to. p. 32. Mr. Peck has favoured us with ſtage directions for Paradiſe Loſt, as—Enter Adam, with his arms acroſs. Adam pauſes. Thunder and lightning. Eve approaches him. *Adam kicks at her*. Eve embraces his legs. Eve is ready to faint, &c. He conſiders Paradiſe Loſt as partly formed out of *Guſman d' Alfarache*, the *Spaniſh Rogue*. He ſays Mr. Fenton was a good judge *when he took time to conſider things*, p. 83; he has compoſed an epitaph for Mr. Milton, out of *Val. Maximus*, p. 101. He ſays, 'His tip, and whiſkers (an eſſay towards a beard), were of a thick, lightiſh colour, p. 103; that his eyes were black at twenty-ſix, but blue at ſixty. He is ſatisfied that Milton could take an organ to pieces, and clean it, and put it together without help, p. 111; this he deduces from Par. Loſt, 1. 709; he thinks 'ducks and nods' in Comus a ſneer at the country people. He mentions Eve's inſtituting a religious order of young women, who were to continue virgins, 196; he ſpeaks of Milton's great intimacy with Mrs. Thompſon, p. 274. He conſiders King Charles the Firſt a *very proper perſon* for Milton to preſent a poem to, by order of the Houſe of Commons, p. 284. The Biography of Milton reads very differently through the medium of the laborious Mr. Todd, and the lepid Miſter Peck.

of the country, Milton became anxious to enjoy the learned ſociety, and the refined amuſements of town. 'Excipit hinc feſſum ſinuoſi pompa Theatri.' He writes to Deodati, I will tell you ſeriouſly what I deſign.—'To take chambers in one of the inns of court, where I may have the benefit of a pleaſant and ſhady walk, and where with a few aſſociates I may enjoy more comfort, when I chooſe to ſtay at home, and have a more elegant ſociety when I chooſe to go abroad: in my preſent ſituation you know in what obſcurity I am buried, and to what inconveniences I am expoſed.'—His ſeventh Elegy diſcovers that theſe ſhady[44] and ſuburban walks were enlivened by forms that made no light impreſſion even on a ſcholar's heart.

Et modo qua noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe Quirites,
  Et modo villarum proxima rura placent;
Turba frequens, facieque ſimillima turba dearum
  Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus,
  Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis agor.
Unam forte aliis ſuper eminuiſſe notabam,
  Principium noſtri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
  Sic regina deûm conſpicienda fuit.
Interea miſero, quæ jam mihi ſola placebat
  Ablata eſt, oculis non reditura meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,
  Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.

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[44] In the time of Milton's youth, the faſhionable places of walking in London were Hyde Park, and Gray's Inn Walks. See *Warton's Quotations from Sir A. Cokaine's Poems*, p. 470. In his Proluſiones, p. 113, he mentions the pleaſures of *London*; 'Cum ex eâ urbe, quæ caput urbium eſt, huc nuper me reciperem, Academici, deliciarum omnium, quibus is locus ſupra modum affluit, uſque ad ſaginam, prope dixerim, ſatur; ſperabam mihi iterum aliquando otium illud Literarium, quo ego vitæ genere etiam cœleſtes animas gaudere opinor; eratque penitus in animo jam tandem abdere me in Literas et jucundiſſimæ Philoſophiæ

Theſe plans of life were ſuddenly changed by his mother's death in 1637,[45] (who was buried in Horton Church,) and he then obtained his father's permiſſion to go abroad. He left England in 1638, having previouſly obtained ſome directions for his travels from Sir Henry Wotton;[46] and as a preſiding maxim of prudence, and means of ſafety, amid civil broils, and ſpiritual diſſenſions, he was deſired to recollect the following ſentence, which that experienced ſtateſman had himſelf received from old Alberti Scipione at Sienna, a Roman courtier, who lived in times of danger, and had alſo impreſſed on other travellers.—'I penſieri ſtretti, ed il viſo ſciolto.'[47]

On his arrival at Paris, by the favour of Lord Scudamore, he was preſented to Grotius, then reſiding at the French court, as ambaſſador from the celebrated queen of Sweden. Philips ſays, 'that Grotius took the viſit kindly, and gave him entertainment ſuitable to his worth, and the high commendations he had heard of him.' After a reſidence of a few days, he proceeded directly to Nice, and embarked for Genoa,* from thence he paſſed

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perdius et per nox aſſidere, ita ſemper aſſolet laboris et voluptatis viciſſitudo amovere ſatietatis tædium,' &c.

[45] Mr. Godwin ſays, 'There is great confuſion among all the biographers of Milton, reſpecting the period of his travels, and this confuſion originates with Milton himſelf.' See his *Life by Philips*, p. 357.

[46] See *Wotton's Remains*, p. 342.

[47] 'Boccha Chiuſa, occhi aperti.' The wiſeſt of men, ſays, &c. v. *J. Hall's Eſſays*, p. 93. 12mo. 1646.

* SONNET.

Riſe, Genoa, riſe in beauty from the ſea,
Old Doria's blood is flowing in thy veins!
Riſe, peerleſs in thy beauty! what remains
Of thy old glory is enough for me.
Flow then, ye emerald waters, bright and free!
And breathe, ye orange groves, along her plains;

through Leghorn and Pisa in his way to Florence. Milton had studied the language and literature of Italy with peculiar diligence and success; and at Florence he found himself honourably received by the most enlightened persons,[48] as well as by the learned academicians. He formed a friendship with Gaddi, Carlo Dati,[49] Frescobaldi, Clementelli, and other ingenious scholars, whose names are well known in the literary history of the times. Dati presented him with an encomiastic inscription in Latin, and Francini with an Italian ode. A manuscript entitled, La 'Tina,' by Antonio Malatesti,[50] was also de-

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Ye fountains, sparkle through her marble fanes:
And hang aloft, thou rich and purple sky,
Hang up thy gorgeous canopy: thou Sun!
Shine on her marble palaces that gleam
Like silver in thy never-dying beam:
Think of the years of glory she has won;
She must not sink before her race is run,
Nor her long age of conquest seem a dream.

Genoa, April 1822. J. M.

[48] See his verses to his friend, Giov. Salsilli, 10.

Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini *Milto*
Diebus hisce qui suum linguens nidum,
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.

See also his Epit. Damonis, ver. 137.

Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomine sagos
Et *Datis*, et *Francinus*, erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

[49] On Carlo Dati, see *Walker's Memoirs of Italian Tragedy*, p. 200, 4to. Fabroni has written the life of C. Dati in the xvi. vol. of *Vitæ Italorum*, p. 15—36; where he mentions among others, Milton's testimony to Dati's character.

[50] The full title of this work is 'La Tina, Equivoci Rusticali di Antonio Malatesti, exposti nella sua villa de Taiano il Septembre dell' anno 1637. Sonnetti Cinquante, dedicate all' Ill° Signore, e Padrone off^no il

dicated to him while he was at Florence, by its author. His visit to the great and injured Galileo must not pass unnoticed. Most of the biographers of Milton have have asserted that our poet visited the philosopher in prison; but the superior information of Mr. Walker has proved that Galileo was never a prisoner in the inquisition at Florence, but was confined at Rome, and at Sienna.[51] After his liberation he went to his villa at Arcetri, where it is probable that Milton saw him.

From Florence he passed to Sienna, and then to Rome, where he resided two months, experiencing the civilities, and partaking the hospitality of the learned and the great. L. Holstenius, a laborious and eminent scholar, was at that time keeper of the Vatican Library; he introduced Milton to Cardinal Barberini,[52] who was 'the

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Signor Giovanni Milton nobil' Inghilese. This manuscript was discovered by Mr. Brand on a book-stall, it was sent as a present to the Academia della Crusca, but came back to England, and was sold by Evans the auctioneer, in Pall Mall. See *Todd's Life*, p. 34. Mr. Hollis searched unsuccessfully the Laurentian Library for six Italian sonnets of Milton, addressed to his friend Chimentelli; for other Italian and Latin compositions, and for his marble bust, said to be at Florence. v. *Warton's Milton*, p. 333. *Hollis's Memoirs*, p. 167. 491.

[51] See *Walker's Memoir of Tassoni*, p. 238. After quoting a letter from Galileo to his friend Vicenzo Renieri, he says, "I shall offer no apology for the length of this interesting epistle, as it seems to settle a long disputed point in regard to the imprisonment of Galileo. It shews that he was *only confined under an arrest*, beneath the hospitable roofs of his friends in Florence, Rome, and Sienna; but *never thrown into any of the prisons belonging to the* Inquisition. Yet it has been thought that he was pining in the damp and gloom of a dungeon, when Milton visited him in 1639, and Voltaire asserts that he was *mis en prison*. It is probable that Milton found him in his villa at Arcetri; he was then thin, and borne down, as Grotius describes him, with age, persecutions, and infirmities, but he was perfectly free from all personal restrictions." See *Prof. Powell on Natural Philosophy*, p. 176: "He was *not configned to a dungeon* but lodged in the apartments of some of its officers."

[52] '*Cardinal* Barberini;' but see *Walker's Memoir of Italian Tra-*

peculiar guardian, or patron of the Engliſh;' and who, at a muſical entertainment waited for our youthful poet at the door, and preſented him with reſpect to the company.[53] Milton ſpeaks of the Cardinal as one 'Cujus magnæ virtutes, rectique ſtudium ad provocandas item omnes artes liberales egregie comparatum, ſemper mihi ob oculos verſatur.' Salſelli and Selvaggi[54] praiſed him in ſome common place verſes, (yet the beſt, I ſuppoſe, which they could give); and wherever he went, admiration and eſteem accompanied him.

From Rome he paſſed on to Naples, in company with a hermit, to whom he owed his introduction to Manſo, Marquis of Villa, a nobleman of diſtinguiſhed rank and fortune (who had ſupported a military character with high reputation,) of unblemiſhed morals, a polite ſcholar, and known to poſterity as the friend, the patron, and

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gedy, p. 144. Barberini was elected Pope in 1623. "The cardinal to whom Milton was introduced was probably Franciſco Barberini, one of the nephews of Urban, who was not only a lover of muſic, but like his uncle, an admirer and patron of literary merit, and therefore likely to feel the attractions of ſuch talents as Milton was endowed with. As Doni, Teſti, and Bracciolini were retainers of the Barberini family, when Milton was at Rome, they were probably perſonally known to him. Had he therefore kept a detailed account of his travels, it might be expected to throw much light on a brilliant period in the literary hiſtory of modern Italy."

[53] It was at the concerts of Barberini, that Milton heard Leonora Baroni ſing: who with her mother, Adriana of Mantua, was eſteemed the firſt ſinger in the world. Milton has celebrated her in three Latin epigrams. It was the faſhion for all ingenious ſtrangers who viſited Rome to leave ſome verſes in her praiſe. Pietro della Valle who wrote in 1640, on the Muſes of his Time, ſpeaks of the fanciful and maſterly ſtyle in which Leonora touched the Arch lute to her own accompaniments, v. *Warton's Milton*, p. 479.

[54] Malone thinks that Dryden's lines under Milton's picture were an enlargement of Selvaggi's diſtich. See *Scott's Dryden*, vol. xi. p. 160.

the biographer of Taſſo.[55] To him Milton addreſſed a beautiful Latin poem, in which he expreſſes his hope, if he could find ſuch a friend and patron as Manſo, of celebrating in verſe the exploits of King Arthur and his Knights.

> Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges
> *Arturumque* etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
> Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ
> Magnanimos heroas, et O modo ſpiritus adſit
> Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte Phalanges.

Dr. Johnſon very juſtly ſays, that this poem muſt have raiſed a high opinion of Engliſh elegance and literature among the ſcholars of Italy.

From Naples he intended to viſit Sicily and Greece; but he now heard of the commencement of the quarrel between the king and the parliament: and he thought it his duty to haſten home where his countrymen were contending for their rights, rather than to purſue the enjoyments of more extended travel. 'Turpe enim exiſtimabam, dum mei cives de libertate dimicarent, me animi cauſâ, otioſe peregrinari.' He returned by way of Rome, though ſome merchants had informed him of the enmity of the Jeſuits on account of his freedom of converſation; and Manſo was withheld from ſhowing him ſome favours by the opinions which Milton had too openly expreſſed

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[55] Taſſo mentions Manſo in the twentieth book of his *Gieruſal. Liberata*, among other princes of Italy.

> 'Fra Cavalieri Magnanimi e corteſe
> Reſplende il Manſo.'———

He addreſſed to him five ſonnets. Manſo was alſo the patron of Marino; and was the biographer of both theſe illuſtrious poets. Mr. Walker, when at Naples, endeavoured to diſcover the villa where Manſo received the viſits of Milton and Taſſo. See *Hiſt. Mem.* 1799. App. p. xxvi. xxxi.

on religious queſtions. Sir Henry Wotton's advice (a "Delphian Oracle, for ſo I have found it") though neglected, was now ſeen to be prudent and wiſe; but we may conceive, that in thoſe times, it was difficult to withhold opinions on ſubjects ſo much agitated, affecting the temporal intereſts of ſome, and awakening the ſpiritual alarm of others. The ſchiſm between the churches was comparatively freſh; the Church of Rome reluctantly beheld a great and growing kingdom reſcued from her avarice and power.[56] In the freedom of opinion, and by the diſcuſſion of rights, ſhe ſaw her ſafety endangered, or her ſplendour diminiſhed. She had foſtered for her protection a body of men the moſt politic, and deep in worldly wiſdom, whoſe exiſtence depended on her proſperity: we ſhall not therefore be ſurpriſed if a young and zealous Proteſtant, who could not well endure the eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment of his own country, ſimple and moderate as it was, ſhould give offence when expreſſing his feelings in the inmoſt boſom of the Papal Church, in the verge of the Vatican, and under the very chair of St. Peter himſelf. He ſays, ſpeaking of his conduct whilſt in Italy,[57] 'I laid it down as a rule for myſelf, never to begin a converſation on religion in theſe parts, but if interrogated concerning my faith, whatever might be the conſequence, to diſſemble nothing. If any one attacked me, I defended in the moſt open manner, as before, the orthodox faith for nearly two months more, in the city even of the ſovereign Pontiff.'[58]

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[56] Dum Cathedram, venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni.'
Miltoni Sylv. Quint. Nov. v. 94.

[57] See *Second Defence of the People*, p. 384, ed. Burnet.

[58] In the *Horæ Subceſivæ*, 1620, of Lord Chandos, (or of the Earl of Devonſhire's eldeſt ſon), remarks are made on this ſubject, p. 206, on

In an album of a Neapolitan nobleman, Camillo Cerdogni, residing at Genoa from 1608 to 1640, among other inscriptions of Englishmen as well as of foreigners, is the following of Milton, written in his own strong clear hand.

"If virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoope to her."

Cælum non animum muto, qui trans mare curro.
Jan. 10, 1639. *Joannes Miltonius, Anglus.*

Presuming that the distich from Comus, as well as the Latin verse from Horace, applies to himself, and that they bear reference to the same subject, we may suppose that subject to be his *religion* which he here affirms to be unalterable, and that if it were attacked, Heaven would lend its support to those who defended it. This autograph is not only an interesting memorial of the Poet, but a confirmation of his decision and resolution in matters connected with the religion of the reformed Church, if we have rightly interpreted the intent of the lines. In the same volume is the autograph of Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Lord Strafford, both then in the brilliant morning of their lives: both pursuing in youthful emula-

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a Discourse of *Rome*. "I do not thinke it unnecessary to say something of the safety and *danger* for an *Englishman* to travell thither. . . . It is true that for some Persons there can be no place in the world so dangerous for them to come in as this; and they are such, as have been noted either to have been Persecutors of them, violently addicted against them, or *such has have opposed* them by public disputation, or writing in manner of controversie; for that it is certain, if they be found, they shall be either brought into the Inquisition or forced to be reconciled to their Church; and yet I do not think it is impossible for any of this sort to make a voyage thither, and never be surprised. But then they must neither publish their purpose nor time, &c." "——If a man in his going thither, converse with Italians and discuss or dispute his religion, he is sure, unless he fly, to be complained on, and brought within the Inquisition," &c.

tion the arts of peace; both wandering in the enchanted Land of Song, enriching their minds with all the ancient or modern muſe could beſtow; one as yet guiltleſs of trampling on the liberties of his afflicted country, and one who had not then earned the noble pre-eminence of ſtanding forth as the unbought champion of her injured rights. Perhaps the following paſſage may be conſidered as a juſt commentary on the Poetry:—"In all the places in which vice meets with ſo little diſcouragement, and is protected with ſo little ſhame, I never once turned from the path of integrity and virtue, and perpetually reflected that though my conduct might eſcape the notice of men, it could not elude the inſpection of God."

Milton ſtaid about two months at Rome, and purſued his journey without moleſtation to Florence. He then viſited Lucca, and ſpent a month at Venice. There he ſhipped for England the collection of books and muſic[59] which he had formed, and travelled to Geneva, which, Johnſon obſerves, he probably conſidered as the metropolis of orthodoxy.

At Geneva he became acquainted with John Deodati,[60] and Frederick Spanheim, the father of the eminently

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[59] As regards Milton's attention to painting, Mr. Walker ſays, "Several of the immortal works of Guido, Raffaelle, and M. Angelo, may be traced in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, and he inſtances 708-719 of the third book, taken from Raffaelle in the Vatican, called *La Biblia de Raffaelle.*" v. *Mem. of Italian Tragedy*, p. 166. But Mr. Coleridge ſays, on the other hand, "It is very remarkable, that in no part of his writings does Milton take any notice of the great painters of Italy, nor indeed of painting as an art, while every other page breathes his love and taſte for muſic. Yet in one paſſage in *P. Loſt* he has certainly copied the *freſco* of the Creation in the Siſtine Chapel at Rome." v. *P. L.* vii. 263. v. *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 83.

[60] See ſome account of this Giov. Deodati, of his preaching at Venice in a trooper's dreſs, and converting a Venetian courteſan, in *Warton's Milton*, p. 548. He was uncle of 'Charles,' mentioned below.

learned ſcholar and antiquary, whom Milton ſubſequently knew. He now paſſed through France, and returned home after an abſence of fifteen months. Of his habitual purity of morals, and ſanctity of character, when abroad, he has himſelf informed us in the words I lately quoted. 'Deum hic rurſus teſtem in vocem, me his omnibus in locis ubi tum multa licent, ab omni flagitio ac Probro, integrum atque intactum vixiſſe, illud perpetuo cogitantem, ſi hominum latere oculos poſſem, Dei certe non poſſe.'

On his return he heard of the death of Charles Deodati,[62] and he has recorded the affection which he felt for his friend, in the *Epithalamium Damonis*.

> Nec dum aderat Thyrſis, paſtorem ſcilicet illum
> Dulcis amor muſæ Thuſcâ retinebat in urbe
> Aſt ubi mens expleta domum, pecoriſque relicti
> Cura vocat, ſimul aſſuetâ ſeditque ſub ulmo,
> Tum vero amiſſum, tum denique ſentit amicum.[63]

Some paſſages in this poem are borrowed from the *Aminta* of Taſſo; a few more lines, alluding to his recent travels, I ſhall quote.

> Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras,
> Ire per aerëas rupes, alpemque nivoſam!
> Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidiſſe ſepultam?
> (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viſeret olim,
> Tityrus ipſe ſuas, et oves et rura reliquit?)

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[62] C. Deodati was a native of England, but of an Italian family, which came originally from Lucca; but in its laſt generation eſtabliſhed at Geneva. His father, Theodore, came early in life to England, married a lady of family and fortune, and practiſed as a phyſician. The ſon was bred to the ſame profeſſion, and ſettled in Cheſhire. See ſome further account in *Todd's Milton*, vol. vi. p. 173. 360. The two Greek letters of Deodati, poſſeſſed by Toland, are now in the Britiſh Muſeum, (MS. Add. No. 5017. f. 71,) and will be found in the Appendix to this Memoir.

[63] v. *Ep. Damonis*, ver. 12.

Ut te tam dulci poſſem caruiſſe ſodale
Poſſem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot ſylvas, tot ſaxa tibi, fluvioſque ſonantes.
Ah certe extremum licuiſſet tangere dextram,
Et bene compoſitos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixiſſe "vale, noſtri memor, ibis ad aſtra."

* * * * *

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!'

In theſe verſes[64] he repeats his deſign of writing an epic poem on ſome part of the ancient Britiſh hiſtory. Dr. Johnſon has obſerved that this 'poem is written with the common but childiſh imitation of paſtoral life.'[65] As it is not however intended deeply to move the ſources of our ſympathy, or to come acroſs a ſtrong and recent ſorrow,[66] but to expreſs, as in *Lycidas*, in a pleaſing and gentle manner, the poet's affection and regret; the paſtoral veil, in imitation of ancient poetry, and of later Italian models, is not inelegantly aſſumed. Beſides, as Warton obſerves, 'the common topics are recommended by a novelty of elegant expreſſion; ſome paſſages wander far beyond the bounds of bucolic ſong, and are in his own original ſtyle of the more ſublime poetry.' He might ſpeak of its purpoſe as he does in his *Proluſions* (p. 91) *of the Province of Hiſtory*; 'Nunc inquietos animi tumultus ſedet et componit, nunc delibatum gaudio reddit, mox

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[64] See ver. 161—167.

[65] As regards the imitation of *Paſtoral* Life, numerous are the high authorities that Milton could give, as *Buchanani Sylvæ, Deſid. Tortæi, Deſid. Lutitiæ, Danheusii Thyrſis, Bucolica in Obitum Scaligeri Thuani*, &c.

[66] 'Methinks, ſaid Sancho, *the thoughts that give way to verſes, are not very troubleſome.* Therefore *verſify* as much as you liſt, and I'll *ſleep* as much as I can.' *Don Quixote*, vol. iv. p. 212. (Shelton's Tranſl.)

evocat lacrymas, ſed mites eas, et quæ mœſtæ neſcio quid voluptatis ſecum afferat.'

Milton's return to England took place about the time of Charles's ſecond expedition againſt the Scots, in which his forces were defeated by General Leſly, in the month of Auguſt, 1639, and therefore not long before the meeting of the long parliament. In a Bible, once in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Blackburn, and which is ſuppoſed to have been the companion of Milton's travels, are ſome manuſcript remarks, dated Canterbury, 1639, among which is a quotation from 1 Maccabees xiv. 16: 'Now when it was heard at Rome, and as far as Sparta, that Jonathan was dead, they were very ſorry.'

When that day of death ſhall come,
Then ſhall nightly ſhades prevaile.
Soon ſhall love and muſic faile;
Soon the freſh turfe's tender blade
Shall flouriſh on my ſleeping ſhade.

Of the authenticity of theſe remarks, and of the book having been the property of Milton, reaſonable doubts have been entertained; but I conſider it my duty not to paſs over in ſilence a circumſtance which has been recorded and credited by the moſt induſtrious and inquiſitive among the biographers of the Poet.[67] [68]

He now hired a lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet-ſtreet, at the houſe of one Ruſſel, a tailor, and undertook the education of his two nephews, John and Edward Philips.[69] Finding his rooms inconvenient, and

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[67] See *Todd's Life* (firſt edit.) p. 39, *Gent. Mag.* July, Sept. Oct. 1792, Feb. 1790, March, 1803, p. 190, and Hawkins's Note in *Newton's Life*, p. ciii.

[68] In this Bible are two little drawings of a profile, with Milton's name annexed, and one of them inſcribed—Myſelf, 1640.

[69] Their mother had married again, therefore Milton might feel it his duty to take theſe boys under his care. They lived with him about five

not large enough for his books, he ſoon removed into a handſome garden-houſe in Alderſgate-ſtreet, free from the noiſe and diſturbance of paſſengers,[70] and received ſome of his friends' ſons to be inſtructed and educated by him. His father was ſtill living, the allowance which he received was ſmall, and he ſupplied its deficiences by a reſpectable employment. The expenſe of his travels, to which he has alluded in one of his tracts, probably rendered it neceſſary for him to abſtain from preſſing more deeply on the limited reſources of his father. 'My life,' he ſays, 'has not been unexpenſive, in learning and voyaging about.' The *Aubrey Letters* mention that Milton went to the univerſity at his own charges only, but in his Latin Epiſtle to his father, ver. 77, he ſays;

> *Tuo pater optime ſumptu*
> Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
> Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant,
> Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis
> *Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores.*
>
> • • • • •
>
> Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe licebit, &c.

The ſyſtem of education which he adopted was deep

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or ſix years. Mr. Godwin thinks *John Philips's Scarronides* (1664) was written in an exceſſive ſpirit of ſpite and malignity againſt Milton, v. *Life of Philips*, p. 148. As long as he lived he never relaxed in his unnatural animoſity againſt his uncle, p. 157. Mr. Godwin calls him a ſhameleſs unfeeling buffoon, p. 161. Milton made his nephews ſongſters, and ſing from the time they were with him. v. *Aubrey Let.* 3. 446. In *John Philips's Don Quixote*, p. 361, there is this paſſage, not previouſly noticed:—"As for the modern Poets he allows very few of them to be worth a ſtraw; among the reſt he has a particular peek againſt *Du Bartas* and *Paradiſe Loſt, which he ſays has neither rhyme nor reaſon*," &c.

[70] Philips ſays, 'He made no long ſtay in his lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, neceſſity of having a place to diſpoſe his books in, and other goods fit for the furniſhing of a good handſome houſe, haſtening him to take one; and accordingly a pretty garden-houſe he took in Alderſgate-

and comprehenſive, it promiſed to teach ſcience with language; or rather to make the ſtudy of languages ſubſervient to the acquiſition of ſcientific knowledge. Dr. Johnſon has ſeverely cenſured this method of inſtruction, but with arguments that might not unſucceſsfully be met. The plan recommended by the authority of Milton ſeems to be chiefly liable to objection, from being too extenſive; and while it makes authors of all ages contribute to the developement of ſcience; it muſt reject that careful ſelection, which can alone ſecure the proper cultivation of the taſte. We may alſo reply to Johnſon, that although all men are not deſigned to be aſtronomers, or geometricians: a knowledge of the principles on which the ſciences are built, and the reaſonings by which they are conducted, not only forms the moſt exact diſcipline which the mind can undergo, giving to it comprehenſion and vigour; but is the only ſolid baſis on which an inveſtigation of the laws of nature can be conducted, or thoſe arts improved that tend to the advantage of ſociety, and the happineſs of mankind. Johnſon ſays, we are not placed here to watch the planets, or the motion of the ſtars, but to do good. But good is done in various ways, according to opportunities offered, and abilities conferred; a man whoſe natural diſpoſition, or the circumſtances of whoſe education lead him to purſue aſtronomical diſcoveries, or the ſublime ſpeculations of geometry, is emphatically doing good to others, as he is extending the boundaries of knowledge, and to himſelf, as he is directing the energies of his mind to ſubjects of the moſt exalted contemplation.

But if the word 'good' is reſtricted to the performance

St. at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reaſon of the privacy, beſides that *there were few ſtreets in London more free from noiſe than that.*" v. p. lii. Al. Gill, his old tutor, being driven from St. Paul's, ſet up a private ſchool in the ſame ſtreet. *Wood's Ath. Ox.* ii. 22.

of charitable actions, or the fulfilment of moral duties, we may aſk, what oppoſition is there between the practice of virtue, and the purſuit of ſcience? Every man is bound by the laws of God, and the deſign of his creation to do good, for this purpoſe was he placed here; but are men of ſcience therefore unfitted for the performance of their civil and religious duties, are they on account of their enlargement of mind or their ſublime ſpeculations leſs virtuous, leſs ſelf-denying, or leſs benevolent than others? Is not their occupation itſelf almoſt a ſchool of virtue: leſſons of civil wiſdom, and maxims of prudential conduct will be learnt by all, and is not a man eminently doing good, who is ſubduing the wild powers of nature under the dominion of ſkill, diminiſhing the extent of human ſuffering, or diſſipating ignorance; like Franklin diſarming the lightning of its fires, or like Watt binding an element of tremendous power into a ſafe and commodious form; whoſe future effects on the ſocial ſyſtem of the world, even the eye of 'trembling Hope' dares not follow. The philoſopher whoſe diſcoveries in ſcience can facilitate the communication between diſtant nations, and carry the arts of civilized life into the boſom of the deſert, may well be called the benefactor of mankind; and what fatal deluſions may have been expelled by him, who could firſt calculate with preciſion the regularity of the comet's return? The moſt abſtract and exalted departments of ſcience are the foundation of thoſe inventions, that are of practical benefit and vulgar uſe.[71]

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[71] *Johnſon's Life of Milton* is written with his uſual vigour of thought and clearneſs of expreſſion; it abounds with many juſt and ſtriking obſervations; but it is deeply coloured with prejudice, and the reaſoning is ſometimes ſophiſtical and incorrect. I am ſupported in this opinion by Mr. Hawkins; ſee Pref. to *Newton's Milton*, p. 25. ed. 1824. Yet I do not approve of the ſpirit or manner of Archd. Blackburne's obſervations.

To a knowledge of the Greek and Latin writers,[72] Milton added a cultivation of the eaſtern languages, the Chaldee, Syriack, and Hebrew: he made his pupils "go through the Pentateuch and gain an entrance into the Targum:" 'Nor were the beſt Italian and French authors forgotten. One part of his method, ſays Johnſon, deſerves general imitation, he was careful to inſtruct his ſcholars in religion. Every Sunday was ſpent upon theology, of which he dictated a ſhort ſcheme gathered from the writers, that were then faſhionable in the Dutch univerſities.' The *Medulla Theologiæ* of William Ames,[73] a Puritan, and the *Compendium Theologiæ* of Wollebius, were the books uſed. Pearce has obſerved, that Fagius was Milton's favourite annotator on the Bible.

Once in three or four weeks he relaxed from his ſpare diet and hard ſtudy, and paſſed a day of indulgence with ſome young ſparks of his acquaintance, the chief of whom, his nephew ſays, 'were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, the beaux of thoſe times, but nothing near ſo bad as thoſe now-a-days; with theſe gentlemen he made ſo far bold with his body, as now and then to keep a gaudy day.'

I am now to paſs to that period of Milton's life, in which he firſt engaged in the controverſies of the times; and publiſhed a Treatiſe on Reformation, in 1641, in two books, againſt the Biſhops[74] and Eſtabliſhed Church;

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[72] For the Greek and Latin writers read and admired by Milton, ſee *Birch's Life of Milton*, p. xxiii.

[73] *Ames's Medulla* was a book much read, as was alſo *Tileni Syntagma*. See Life of Dr. Harris in *S. Clarke's Lives*, p. 314. 1662. 4to.

[74] Dr. Symmons conſiders Milton as the leader of the attack againſt the prelates; his tutor Young had been one of the victims of the primate's intolerance; and Milton entered in his career, with the blended feeling of private and public wrong, v. *Life*, p. 226. The fact was, the Puritans were probably not equal to ſuch men as Uſher, Hall, Bramhall, and others of the eſtabliſhed religion in theological learning and knowledge of Eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, as may be ſeen by reading the controverſy;

'being willing,' he ſays, 'to help the Puritans who were inferior to the Prelates in learning;' in this, his earlieſt publication in proſe, he throws out a hint of ſomething like his great poem, that might hereafter be expected from him.[75] 'Then amidſt the hymns and hallelujahs of Saints, *ſome one* may perhaps be heard offering at high ſtrains, in new and lofty meaſures to ſing, and celebrate thy divine mercies, and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages.'

In 1641, Hall, Biſhop of Norwich, a learned, witty, and eloquent writer, at the requeſt of Laud, publiſhed *An Humble Remonſtrance in Favour of Epiſcopacy*, and the King expreſſed himſelf much gratified with this work. Five miniſters, under the title of Smectymnuus[76] (a word formed from the firſt letters of their names), wrote an anſwer, of which the learned and venerable Archbiſhop

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and they were glad even of Milton's eloquence; for that was all he brought them: and all the young ſcholar could be expected to bring. 'Nec adhuc maturus Achilles.'

[75] Dr. Johnſon, (ſays Mr. Gifford, quoting a paſſage in the *Treatiſe on Reformation* againſt the Biſhops,) uſes the language of forbearance, when riſing from the peruſal of this fiendlike curſing, he merely obſerved,—"Such was Milton's controverſial malignity, that hell grew blacker at his frown." v. *B. Jonſon's Works.* vol. vi. p. 260.

[76] Stephen Marſhall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurſtow. In the Church Regiſter of Great Hampden, Bucks, is the following entry:—Wm. Spurſtow ſucceeded to the Rectory of Great Hampden in 1637. He was one of thoſe heroes who wrote againſt the Church Eſtabliſhment. They were five in number, viz., Stephen Marſhal, Edward Calamy, Thos. Young, Matthew Newcome, and the above-mentioned Wm. Spurſtow. The initial letters of their names formed the cant word Smectymnus, (uus) as celebrated by Hudibras. This worthy continued till 1642, when, according to the phraſeology of the times, "God gave him a call to a far greater living." This entry was obligingly furniſhed to the writer by the Rector of the Pariſh, Rev. Charles Lloyd. See on this ſubject *Bowler's Life of Biſhop Ken.* vol. i. p. 62-66.

Usher[77] published a confutation, called *The Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy*; to this confutation Milton replied in his Treatise of *Prelatical Episcopacy*. The point at issue was the divine or human origin of episcopacy, as a peculiar order in the church, invested with spiritual rights and powers, distinct in kind, and preeminent in degree. He added to this reply another performance, called *The Reason of Church Government*[78] *urged against Prelacy*. Bishop Hall published a defence of the *Humble Remonstrance*, well written and closely argued; and Milton wrote animadversions upon it. These treatises were published in the year 1641.[79] It was in his *Reason of Church Government* that he discovered, as Johnson observes, his high opinion of his own powers, and promised to undertake something that may be of service and honour to his country. This (he said) was not to be obtained but by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs, till which in some measure he compassed, I represent to sustain this expectation. 'From a promise like this,' says his biographer, 'at once fervid, pious, and rational, might be expected the *Paradise Lost*.'

In 1642 he closed the controversy which I have mentioned, by an *Apology for Smectymnuus*, in answer to the confutation of his animadversions, written, as he supposed,

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[77] Usher, Gataker, and Reynolds, were the three Protestant divines in England, who had the greatest reputation on the continent for their learning; see *Calomies' Mel. Curieux*. p. 834. Their three rivals abroad, among the Protestants, for erudition, were Blondel, Petitus, and Bochart.

[78] See *Symmons's Life*, p. 234.

[79] See *Hall's Works*, ed. Pratt, vol. ix. p. 641.

by Biſhop Hall or his ſon. His friendſhip for Young[80] probably led him into the field of controverſy; for he owns that he 'was not diſpoſed to this manner of writing, wherein knowing myſelf inferior to myſelf, led by the genial power of nature to another taſk, I have the uſe, as I may account it, but of my left hand.' 'Weapons,' ſays one of his biographers, 'more effectual than pens were now drawn againſt the church, and expoſed by the injudicious conduct of ſome of its prelates, it fell under the aſſault. If argument and reaſon could have prevailed, the reſult would have been different. The learning of Uſher, and the wit of Hall, certainly preponderated in the conteſt, and they ſeem to have been felt not only by the *Smectymnan* divines, but by Milton himſelf. If the church at this criſis could have been upheld by the ability of her ſons, it would have been ſupported by thoſe admirable prelates, but numbers, exaſperation and enthuſiaſm were againſt them.'[81]

The main purpoſe which Milton had in view in theſe different publications, was to alter the Epiſcopal form of the church, and to aſſimilate it to the ſimpler, and, as he deemed, the apoſtolical model of the reformed churches in other countries; to join with them in exactneſs of diſcipline, as we do in purity of doctrine. But as in theſe churches, the Preſbyterian diſcipline was united to a republican form of government, he therefore attempts to prove that the exiſtence of the hierarchy adds nothing to the ſecurity or the proper ſplendour of the throne; that the fall of Prelacy could not ſhake the leaſt fringe that

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[80] Toland ſays of his *Reaſon for Church Government*, 'the eloquence is maſculine, the method is natural, the ſentiments are free, and the whole (God knows) appears to have very different force from what the nonconformiſt divines wrote in thoſe days, or ſince that time, on the ſame ſubject. v. *Life*, p. 31.

[81] See *Symmons's Life of Milton*, p. 240.

borders the royal canopy. He denies the apoſtolical inſtitution of biſhops, and, as he argues for the greateſt degree of honeſt liberty in religion, as in other inſtitutions, he urges that prelacy is the natural agent and miniſter of tyranny. He advocates the ſweeteſt and mildeſt manner of paternal diſcipline, the independent miniſtry of each congregation; and he wiſhes the Angel of the Goſpel to ride on his way, doing his proper buſineſs, conquering the high thoughts and proud reaſonings of the fleſh. As long as the church (he ſays), in true imitation of Chriſt, can be content to ride upon an aſs, carrying herſelf and her government along in a mean and ſimple guiſe, ſhe may be, as ſhe is, a lion of the tribe of Judah, and in her humility all men will, with loud hoſannahs, confeſs her greatneſs.' When his opponents urged the learning of the Univerſity and the clergy, he ſaid, 'that God will not ſuffer true learning to be wanting, when true grace and obedience to him abounds; for if he give us to know him aright, and to practiſe this our knowledge in right eſtabliſhed diſcipline, how much more will he repleniſh us with all abilities in tongues and arts, that may conduce to his glory and our good. He can ſtir up rich fathers to beſtow exquiſite education on their children, and to dedicate them to the ſervice of the Goſpel. He can make the ſons of nobles his miniſters, and princes to be his Nazarites.'

That Milton engaged in the heat and duſt of theſe great controverſial queſtions, from motives of conſcience, and with intentions upright and pure, no one can reaſonably doubt, but they were alien from his elegant and learned purſuits;[82] they were ſcarcely congenial to his age; and himſelf, as well as his brethren whom he de-

[82] 'It will be matter of hearty regret to the republic of letters, that the greateſt of theſe, I mean *John Milton*, had the misfortune to be born in an age when the ſtudy of ſcholaſtic theology was deemed an eſſential part of intellectual diſcipline.' *Beattie's Eſſays*, 4to. p. 261.

fended, were inferior to Biſhop Hall in theological learning, and in controverſial ſkill; that learned Prelate's victory over *Smectymnuus* was complete.[83]

Milton's father came now to reſide in his ſon's houſe.[84] Philips ſays of him; 'the old gentleman lived wholly retired to his reſt and devotion, without the leaſt trouble imaginable.' At Whitſuntide, in 1643, in his thirty-fifth year, Milton married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, of Foreſt Hill, a juſtice of the peace in Oxfordſhire.[85] After an abſence of little more than a month, he brought his bride to town with him, and hoped, as Johnſon obſerves, to enjoy the advantages of a conjugal life; but ſpare diet, and hard ſtudy, and a houſe full of pupils, did not ſuit the young and gay daughter of a Cavalier.[86] She had been brought up in very different ſociety; ſo having lived for a month a philoſophic life, after having been uſed at home to a great houſe,[87] and much company

[83] "Our hiſtorian had ſaid juſt before that there were few among the *Puritan Divines* of ſound education. He had better have ſtuck to his word.—'To make amends for want of *acquired* knowledge, they abounded in *inſpired*.'" See *Warburton's Works*, vol. xii. p. 398.

[84] Till the taking of Reading, in April 1643, by the Earl of Eſſex, he had lived there, in the houſe of his ſon Chriſtopher.

[85] See Memoranda relating to the family of Powell, of Foreſt Hill, in *Sir Eg. Brydges's Life of Milton*, p. 279. appendix, who has corrected ſome great miſtakes made by Mr. Todd, in his account of the Powell family, from the repreſentations of Mr. Wolbrooke.

[86] Toland gives four conjectures on this ſubject. 1. Whether it was that this young woman, accuſtomed to a large and jovial family, could not live in a philoſophical retirement. 2. Or that ſhe was not ſatisfied with the perſon of her huſband; 3. or, laſtly, that becauſe all her relations were addicted to the Royal intereſt, his democratical principles were diſagreeable to her humour; 4. nor is it impoſſible that the father repented of this match, upon the proſpect of ſome ſucceſs on the King's ſide, who then had his head-quarters at Oxford. See *Life*, p. 52. Newton has followed Toland. v. *Life*, p. xxvii.

[87] T. Warton had a MS. inventory of Mr. Powell's goods; and he ſays, 'by the number, order, and furniture of the rooms, he appears to

and joviality, her friends, poſſibly by her own deſire, made earneſt ſuit to have her company the remaining part of the ſummer, which was granted upon a promiſe of her return at Michaelmas. When Michaelmas came, the lady had no inclination to quit the hoſpitality and delights of her father's manſion for the auſterer habits and ſecluſion of the Poet's ſtudy. Surrounded with powerful friends, in the company of the gay and faſcinating cavaliers, and protected by the paternal roof, ſhe ſhowed her diſlike of the dulneſs and reſtraint of a ſcholar's wife, by proclaiming her unwillingneſs to return. Aubrey ſays, 'no company came to her, and ſhe often heard her nephew cry and be beaten;' Milton ſent repeated letters to her, which were all unanſwered; and a meſſenger, who was diſpatched to urge her return, was diſmiſſed with contempt.[88] A re-

have lived as a country gentleman, in a very extenſive and liberal ſtyle of houſe keeping.' v. *Todd's Life*, p. 176.

[88] In a letter of Marvell to his conſtituents at Hull, he ſays, "There is yet brought in an act, in which of all others your Corporation is the leaſt concerned—that is, when wives ſhall *refuſe to cohabit with their huſbands*, that in ſuch caſe the huſband ſhall not be obliged to pay any debts ſhe ſhall run into, for clothing, diet, lodging, or other expenſes." This ſhows, ſays the Editor of it, how much the bonds of domeſtic duty were relaxed by civil anarchy. It is highly probable that ſeparation of the nature alluded to, frequently aroſe from religious and political diſſenſions between huſband and wife. The revolt of Milton's firſt conſort is a well known but not a ſolitary inſtance." v. *Coleridge's Biog. Borealis*, p. 13. We may give in this place Hacket's remarkable diatribe againſt Milton:—"What a venomous ſpirit is in that ſerpent Milton; that black-mouthed *Zoilus*, that blows his viper's breath upon thoſe immortal Devotions from beginning to the end. This is he, that wrote with all irreverence againſt the Fathers of our Church, *and ſhowed as little duty to his father who begat him*. The ſame that wrote for the Phariſees, that it was *lawful for man to put away his wife for every cauſe, and againſt Chriſt for not allowing divorces*. The ſame, O horrid! that defended the lawfulneſs of the greateſt crime that ever was committed, to put our thrice-excellent King to death; a petty ſchoolboy ſcribbler that durſt grapple in ſuch a cauſe with the Prince of the learned men of

ſiſtance ſo pertinacious and illegal as this, muſt have reſted on ſome grounds that were at leaſt imagined favourable to the conduct of the wife. We muſt, therefore, refer to the unſettled ſituation of the kingdom, by which the authority of the laws was weakened, and obedience imperfectly inforced; and we muſt recollect, that at the time when ſhe refuſed to return to her huſband's roof, the King, with all his forces, was quartered in the neighbouring city of Oxford; that her family was of courſe aſſociating with the gay and licentious adherents of the monarch; that 'living in the camp of the enemy,' ſhe muſt have been in the daily habit of hearing hatred, ſcorn, and contempt, uttered againſt the party whoſe ſentiments were ſo ſtrongly adopted by her huſband; that a proſpect of ſucceſs now dawned upon the fortunes of the King; and, looking at the apparent intereſts of the family, conſidering her wavering or alienated affections, and interpreting fairly the language of Philips, we may preſume that had the ſide of the royaliſts been victorious, the marriage with the Puritan huſband would have been cancelled or concealed.

Milton, whoſe mind was never given to half-meaſures, reſolved immediately to repudiate her on the ground of diſobedience; and to ſupport the propriety and lawfulneſs of his conduct, he publiſhed, at firſt anonymouſly, in 1644, *The Doctrine and Diſcipline of Divorce, the*

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his age, *Salmaſius*, φιλοσοφιας πασης, ἀφροδιτη και λυρα, as Eurapius ſays of Ammonius, Plutarch's ſcholar in Egypt, the delight, the muſick of all knowledge, who would have ſcorn'd to drop a penful of ink againſt ſo baſe an adverſary, but to maintain the honour of ſo good a King. Get thee behind me, Milton! Thou ſavoureſt not the things that be of truth and loyalty, but of pride, bitterneſs, and falſehood. There will be a time, though ſuch a Shimei, a dead dog, in Abiſhai's phraſe, eſcape for a while. It is no marvel that this canker-worm Milton is more laviſh in his writings than any man to juſtify the beheading of Strafford, &c. v. *Life of Archb. Williams*, ii. p. 161.

Judgment of Maſter Bucer concerning Divorce,[89] the next year he printed his *Tetrachordon*, or expoſitions on the four chief places of ſcripture, which treat on marriage. His laſt tract *Colaſterion* was an anſwer to a pamphlet recommended by Mr. Joſeph Caryll,[90] the author of a *Commentary on Job*, and a preſbyterian divine, the author was anonymous, but Milton calls him a ſerving-man both by nature and function, an idiot by breeding, and a ſolicitor by preſumption.'

In this treatiſe, Dr. Symmons thinks that Milton has made out a ſtrong caſe, and fights with arguments not eaſily to be repelled;[91] and Mr. Godwin ſays, 'that the books on divorce are written with the moſt entire knowledge of the ſubject, and with a clearneſs and ſtrength of argument, that it would be difficult to excel; and it muſt be remembered that Selden wrote his *Uxor Hebraica* on the ſame ſide of the queſtion. Without entering into the intricacies of ſo great an argument, I ſhall content myſelf with ſaying, that all the ingenuity of Milton, and the learning of Selden are of no avail againſt the acknowledged experience of ſociety, which ſeems to have ſilently conſented to the wiſdom of the eſtabliſhed law. Tempers once deemed incompatible, may gradually aſſimilate. The intereſts of children, the advancement of fortune, the

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[89] See *Newton's Life of Milton*, p. xxix.

[90] Of Mr. Caryll, Toland ſays, (p. 60), 'in his voluminous and ſenſeleſs commentaries, he did more injury to the memory of Job, than the Devil, and the Sabeans could inflict torments on him in his life time.'

[91] Dr. John Echard, in the Preface to his work, p. 11. ſays, "I am not, I will aſſure you, any of thoſe occaſional writers, that miſſing preferment in the Univerſity, can preſently write you the *new ways of education*, or being a little tormented with an ill-choſen wife, put forth the doctrine of Divorce to be truly evangelical, &c.," alluding to two of Milton's writings. See alſo *Fell's Life of Hammond*, p. 200. Oxf. ed. on the Love of Novelty, in defending Polygamy, Divorce, &c.

reſpect of ſociety, moral principle, religious feeling, the force of habit, the remembrance of paſt friendſhip, and the obligations of a common intereſt, are all aſſiſting the reconciliation of wedded diſcontent. Incompatibility of temper cannot be ſubmitted to legal proof, or determined by any unerring ſtandard; will it not therefore be often advanced to cover the wiſhes of inconſtancy, or the deſires of impurity? does not legal ſeparation allow all that is neceſſary in *extreme* caſes of inſufferable evil? is an incompatible temper to be advanced as the cauſe of *one* divorce, or may it releaſe from a ſucceſſion of imprudent engagements? Milton's courtſhip was apparently ſudden and ſhort; and no one can be much ſurpriſed at the diſagreements that followed: but it appears that he lived in happineſs with his wife after their romantic reconciliation; hence the divorce, at one time ſo much deſired, would probably have deſtroyed, if granted, the future happineſs of both parties; and it is doubtful whether that of the huſband, after he had ſhaken off his conjugal fetters, would have been increaſed; for he may have eſcaped a remorſe which at ſome future time, and in ſome conſiderate moments, he might have felt, when he conſidered that in his *choleric frenzy* he had viſited too heavily the fooliſh levity of a young, gay, and inexperienced woman, perhaps miſled or overruled; that he had offended the feelings of ſociety, and he might not perhaps have felt *quite* ſatisfied in his cooler moments of the unanſwerable cogency of his arguments.

There is one paſſage in this treatiſe, in which Milton clearly points to himſelf, and to the preſumed cauſes of his unhappineſs. 'The ſobereſt, and beſt governed men, he ſays, are leaſt practiſed in theſe affairs; and who knows not that the *baſhful muteneſs of a virgin may oftentimes hide all the unlivelineſs and natural ſloth which is really*

unfit for converſation, nor is there that freedom of acceſs granted or preſumed, as may ſuffice to a perfect diſcerning till too late; and when any indiſpoſition is ſuſpected, what more uſual than the perſuaſion of friends, that acquaintance as it increaſes, will amend all;' and laſtly, is it not ſtrange that many who have *ſpent their youth chaſtely, are in ſome things not ſo quick ſighted, while they haſte too eagerly to light the nuptial torch?* Nor is it therefore for a modeſt error, that a man ſhould forfeit ſo great a happineſs, and no charitable means to relieve him. Since they who have lived moſt looſely, by reaſon of their bold accuſtoming, prove moſt ſucceſsful in their matches, becauſe their wild affections unſettling at will, have been as ſo many divorces to teach them experience. Whereas the ſober man honouring the appearance of modeſty, and hoping well of every ſocial virtue under that veil, may eaſily chance to meet if *not with a body impenetrable, yet often with a mind to all other due converſation inacceſſible, and to all the more eſtimable and ſuperior purpoſes of matrimony uſeleſs, and almoſt lifeleſs*, and what a ſolace, what a fit help ſuch a conſort would be through the whole life of a man, is leſs pain to conjecture, than to have experience.' We may, I think, without the imputation of an unjuſt ſeverity, conſider that to her huſband at leaſt, ſhe was a dull uninviting companion, without mental powers or attractive affection, without converſation and without love. For he ſpeaks again 'of a *mute, and ſpiritleſs mate*;' and again, 'if he ſhall find *himſelf bound faſt to an image of earth and phlegm*, with whom he *looked to be the copartner of a ſweet and gladſome ſociety*:' theſe obſervations will, I think, put us in poſſeſſion of his wife's 'fair defects,' and the cauſes of the ſeparation; and we may reaſonably conclude that Milton was ſuffering, to uſe an expreſſion of Sterne's, from the poetic indiſcretion of his own paſſions.[92]

Whoever differs from Milton in the inferences which he draws, and the doctrine which he advocates, muſt yet allow that theſe Treatiſes on Divorce are written with the command of ſcriptural learning, with many ingenious explanations of the intent of the divine laws, and human inſtitutions; and with a force of argument ſometimes difficult to reſiſt. The whole is compoſed with uncommon zeal and earneſtneſs, and conveys the ſentiments of one who feels his own important intereſts are at iſſue; the cauſes of diſlike in this little month of wedlock, muſt have ſtruck deep root, for he alludes much to raſh, ſudden, and miſtaken choices, he urges the juſtice of divorce in caſes where '*a violent hatred in matrimony has ariſen, yet not ſinful, irkſome, grievous, obſtinately hateful, and injurious even to hoſtility*; he ſpeaks of *invincible antipathies*, when the work of ſorrow laſts, till death unharneſs them; and upon the ground, that ſuch matches in this miſery are inſufferable, unalterable, and without hope, or proſpect of termination, he claims the power of releaſe from his unequal yoke. That his whole argument hinges on his own caſe, no one who reads theſe tracts can reaſonably doubt: and that his ſorrows were ſeen through an exaggerating medium, ſeems hardly leſs clear. His own experience is the beſt refutation of his work; his mar-

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[*] No doubt ſome cauſe of diſagreement between the Poet and his Bride may have exiſted in the incompatibility of their *political creed*. Such ſubjects were better avoided in the domeſtic tete-a-tete at that momentous time, and could hardly be canvaſſed without offence to either party. Such is, I preſume, the alluſion in his Poem,

> ——— Or his happier choice too late
> Shall meet, already linked, and *wedlock-bound*
> *To a fell adverſary, his hate or ſhame.* *Par. L.* x. 905.

Yet Mr. Coleridge truly obſerves that "Milton's ſoul was ſuſceptible of domeſtic enjoyments, notwithſtanding the diſcomforts that actually reſulted from an apparently unhappy marriage."

riage, though clouded over in its rise, and portending storms and sorrows, and strife, ended, as we believe, in the smiles of renewed affection, in conjugal endearments, and continued love: and we must also recollect that Milton had lived but one short month with his wife, when this *eternal aversion*, this *perpetuity of hatred*, this radical discord of nature were declared.[93] [94]

That this doctrine was received with neglect or ridicule is evident from a passage in *Howell's Letters*. Herbert Palmer denounced it in a Sermon preached before the Lords and Commons on a day of Humiliation. "When the Romans, says Gibbon, appointed a peculiar goddess to hear the complaints of married life, her name *Viriplaca*, clearly indicates on which side interference was required."[95] In Walpole's Noble Authors I find this

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[93] See *P. Knight's Civil Society*, p. 55. 'Let me not be supposed to mean a condemnation of marriage, from which I have derived all the blessings and benefits of civil society, but merely of its indissolubility. There are many causes which ought to justify divorce, as well as that of adultery on the part of the woman, and I think it probable, that if other causes were admitted, this would be less frequent. Divorce is, I believe, as often the object, as the consequence of adultery.'

[94] The reader by reference on this subject to *Sir J. Mackintosh's History of England*, vol. ii. p. 275, *Hallam's Constitutional History*, vol. i. p. 140; to *Warburton's Works*, vol. x. p. 88, on Divorce for *Temper*. Discarding for temper need never try to refuse its own perceptions, while to parties a relief was still at hand; to *Gibbon's Roman History*, vol. iv. p. 378, 4to.; to *Harington's Oceana*, p. 337, 4to.; to a Note on Divorce in Erasmus's Note on the N. T. v. *Jortin's Life of Erasmus*, T. ii. p. 214, and *C. Middleton's Life of Cicero*, T. ii. p. 171. See also *Analys. de Bayle*, vol. v. p. 217, on Bossuet's Opinion of Divorce and Want of Temper. See the Opinions of Erasmus on Divorce, and in controversy with the Dominican Hovestrate, in *Burigny's Vie d'Erasme*, vol. ii. p. 521. He considers that the Fathers of the Church, Ambrose, Tertullian, and Origen are with him, and his opinions are expressed with his usual moderation and good sense.

[95] See *Gibbon's Roman History*, vol. iv. p. 378, 4to.

notice, "George Booth Earl of Wartington. 'Confiderations on Marriage and Divorce, 1739.' It is an argument for Divorce on *Difagreement of Temper.*" There are, however, in all focieties fome to whom every paradox is acceptable, and who rejoice in believing themfelves fuperior to the fettled opinions of mankind. By them it was greedily adopted, and they were named divorcers or Miltonifts.[96] The Prefbyterian clergy, then holding their affembly in Weftminfter, were much offended, and procured the author to be fummoned before the Houfe of Lords; 'but the houfe', fays Wood, 'whether approving the doctrine, or not favoring his accufers, did foon difmifs him.' The Lords probably confidered the doctrines advanced as too wild and fpeculative to produce any practical mifchief. Milton wifhed he had not written the work in Englifh. 'Vellem hoc tantem fermone vernaculo me non fcripfiffe, non enim in *vernas* lectores incidiffem, quibus folemne eft fua bona ignorare, aliorum mala irridere:' on this confeffion it is plain that the work was viewed as an apology and defence of himfelf. In Bifhop Hall's *Cafes of Confcience* I have met with an allufion to this Work of Milton's, not noticed by his Biographers.[97] "I have heard too much of and once faw a licentious pamphlet thrown abroad in

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[96] A paffage in the *Electra of Sophocles*, by C. W. at the Hague, 1649, 8vo. proves that Milton's doctrine on divorce was not unnoticed.

> 'While like the froward *Miltonift*
> We our nuptial knot untwift.'

See alfo a paffage in *Echard*, quoted by Todd, p. 56, and in *Britain's Triumph*, p. 15, by G. S. What, Milton, are you come to fee the fight? v. *Todd's Life*, p. 54. And fee alfo his eleventh and twelfth Sonnets, in themfelves a fufficient proof of the detraction and ridicule attending his doctrine.

[97] See alfo *Fell's Life of Hammond*, p. 200.

theſe lawleſs times in the defence and encouragement of Divorces (not to be ſued out, that ſolemnity needed not, but) to be arbitrarily given by the diſliking huſband to his diſpleaſing and unquiet wife; upon this ground principally that marriage was inſtituted for the help and comfort of man: where therefore the match proves ſuch as that the wife doth but pull down by her aſide, and innate peeviſhneſs, and either ſullen, or pettiſh and proud diſpoſition, brings rather diſcomfort to her huſband, the end of marriage being hereby fruſtrate, why ſhould it not, ſaith he, be in the huſband's power (after ſome unprevailing means of reclamation attempted) to procure his own peace by caſting off this clog: and to provide for his own peace and contentment in a fitter match? I muſt ſeriouſly profeſs that when I firſt did caſt my eyes upon the front of the book, I ſuppoſed ſome great wit meant to try his ſkill in the maintenance of this ſo wild and improbable a paradox, but ere I could have run over ſome of *thoſe too well pennd pages*, I found the author was in earneſt, and meant ſeriouſly to contribute this piece of good counſel in way of reformation to the wiſe and ſeaſonable care of ſuperiors. I cannot but bluſh for our age, wherein ſo bold a motion hath been amongſt others admitted to the light. What will all the Chriſtian Churches through the world, to whoſe notice thoſe lines ſhall come, think of our woful degeneration in theſe deplored times, that ſo uncouth a deſign ſhould be ſet on foot amongſt us?" &c.[98]

The golden reins of diſcipline and government in the church being now let looſe, Milton proceeded to put in practice the doctrine which he had advocated, and ſeriouſly paid his addreſſes to a very accompliſhed and beautiful

[98] Conſult *Biſhop Burnet's* Obſervations in his *Life of Earl of Rocheſter*, in *Dr. Wordſworth's Chriſt. Inſtitutes*, vol. iv. p. 624, or the Index to that work under the head *Divorce*.

young lady, the daughter of Doctor Davis;[99] the lady, however, hesitated, and was not easily to be persuaded into the lawfulness of the proposal; which fortunately terminated in effecting a happy reconciliation with the offending and discarded wife.

He went sometimes to visit a relation, one Blackborough, who lived in the lane of St. Martin's-le-grand, and at one of these visits he was surprised to see his wife come from an inner room, throw herself on her knees before him, and implore forgiveness. Fenton has elegantly conjectured that Milton had this interview in his mind when in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, he describes that penitent supplication of Eve, and the reconcilement and forgiveness of Adam. It may be so; for the incident was too affecting and important ever to be forgotten; and it possessed something in its singular and romantic character that might easily pass in a mind like his into a transcript of poetical beauty. It is said that he was for some time inexorable; but partly, says his nephew, 'his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger or revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion, and a firm league of peace.' It was the forgiveness of a good and generous mind, for he behaved ever after to her with affection, and received all her family into his house,[1] when their seat was seized by

[99] During the desertion of his wife, Milton frequented the society of the Lady Margaret Leigh, a person of distinction and accomplishment. To Lady Ranelagh the favourite sister of the illustrious Boyle, in his later years he was gratefully attached. He says of her to her son, who had been his pupil, "Nam et mihi omnium necessitudinum loco fuit.' The reader will be referred with pleasure, on the mention of this illustrious lady, to *Mr. Crossley's* learned and interesting *Diary of Dr. Worthington*, p. 124. &c. v. Index.

[1] The family of the Powells continued to reside in Milton's house till after the death of his father in 1647. See *Todd's Life*, p. 88.

the rebels, and they were obliged, at a ruinous expense, to compound for their estate.[2] Mr. Powell is said to have lost by the wars, above three thousand pounds, and to have died above fifteen hundred pounds in debt, leaving a widow and nine children. The dowry of a thousand pounds promised to Milton with his wife remained unpaid at his death. On Mrs. Anne Powell's petition[3] to the commissioners for her thirds, the following observations were made. 'Mr. Milton is a harsh and choleric man, and married Mr. Powell's daughter, who would be undone if any such course were taken against him by Mrs. Powell. He having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space, upon some other occasion (var. a small occasion).'[4] Milton, it appears, having discharged the fine upon Mr. Powell's estate, had succeeded to the possession of it; and his mother-in law,

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[2] See the transcript of the original documents of Mr. Powell's compounding in *Todd's Life*, (second ed.) p. 69, 70; and *Milton's Petition*, p. 81.

[3] This passage may throw some additional light on the subject of the desertion of Milton by his wife. Aubrey says, she was a zealous royalist, and went *without* her husband's consent to her mother in the king's quarters. (Letter iii. p. 441.) The truth, then, as far as we can command it, seems to be, that she found her bridal home cheerless and dull: her husband's temper unsuitable to hers, and his opinions different; that disagreements arose and discontent on either side; and when the king and his army and court arrived in the neighbourhood of her father's house, she gladly availed herself of the opportunity of joining them, with her family. Their support secured her against the power of enforcing her return; and had the king's party been victorious, she probably would never have returned, nor acknowledged her marriage. The battle of Naseby, and the beauty of Miss Davis, brought her to her senses. One of Milton's antagonists (G. S. 1660) accuses him; 'You throw aside your wife, because your *waspish spirit* could not agree with her qualities, and your *crooked phantasy* could not be brought to take delight in her.'

[4] See *Todd's Life*, p. 90 (second ed.).

by petition, was anxious to recover her thirds, which ſhe was afraid to preſs for by ſuit.

In 1644, at the requeſt of Hartlib, he publiſhed his *Treatate on Education*, and his *Areopagitica, or Speech for the Liberty of unlicenſed Printing*.[5] The plan developed in the former tract muſt, I am afraid, be conſidered as little leſs than a ſplendid dream; a noble outline of a theory too magnificent to be realized. What is promiſed in the time allowed, could not poſſibly be performed. While Milton is projecting the maſtery of every ſcience, the attainment of ſo many languages, acquaintance with ſuch various authors; is moving over the extenſive circle of his ſtudies, and piling up his ſtructure of education even to its turrets and pinnacles; the humbler plan which experience has approved, is content with laying deep its foundations during the years of youth, in acquiring habits of accurate reaſoning, in cultivating correct taſte, and in learning thoſe ſound principles of philoſophy which may hereafter be developed and directed into various channels. What Milton profeſſes to complete in a few years, the old ſyſtem is contented to commence; one is only planting the tree and fertilizing the ſoil, the other is already repoſing under its ſhade, and feeding on its fruits.[6]

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[5] Sextus the Fourth, who died in 1484, was the firſt who placed the preſs under the control of a licenſer. In 1649 Gilbert Mabbot reſigned the office of licenſer, and urged the reaſoning of Milton's work as his defence. See *Birch's Life*, p. xxvi. and *Hollis's Memoirs*, p. 257, who calls him S. Mabbot, or rather Mabbold, for ſo he is called in *Whitelock's Index*.

[6] See *Hurd's Cowley*, vol. i. p. 49. "Ingenious men, ſays the Editor, delight in dreams of reformation. In comparing this *Propoſition* of Cowley, with that of *Milton*, addreſſed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that thoſe great Poets had amuſed themſelves with ſome exalted and in the main congenial fancies on the ſubject of Education. That, of the two plans propoſed, that of Mr. Cowley was better digeſted, and is the leſs painful, if a preference in this reſpect can be given to either, when both

The *Areopagitica* is, on the whole, one of the fineſt productions in proſe from Milton's pen. For vigour and eloquence of ſtyle, unconquerable force of argument, majeſty, and richneſs of language, it is not to be ſurpaſſed. 'Milton was the firſt defender, let it be remembered, in Europe, of a free preſs and an unfettered conſcience.' Doctor Johnſon conſiders the argument which it diſcuſſes to be of very difficult ſolution. I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that the liberty of the preſs is the baſis of all other,[7] and that when a nation becomes ſufficiently enlightened to demand the removal of theſe reſtrictions, which have been impoſed when governments were arbitrary, and the people ignorant; the correction of the evils attendant on its liberty muſt be found, not in the puniſhment of the offenders, but in the good ſenſe and moral feeling of the community. 'Any attempt, (ſays a learned Prelate, in one of his charges to the Clergy) to ſuppreſs, or even to check the ſpirit of inquiry which is abroad in the world, would not only be a vain and fruitleſs attempt, but a violation of the indefeaſible liberty of the human mind, and an interference with its natural conſtitution, to impart

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are manifeſtly Utopian: and that our Univerſities in their preſent form, are well enough calculated to anſwer all reaſonable ends of ſuch inſtitutions, provided we allow for the conſiderable defects of them, when drawn out into practice."

[7] 'The Liberty of the Preſs and the Trial by Jury are the great ſecurities for all our other liberties!' Sir J. Mackintoſh's Speech at Briſtol, 1822. 'The preſs and its enemy, ſays Burke, are nearly coeval.' See Works, vol. x. p. 115. "We read the noble apology of Milton for the Liberty of the Preſs, with admiration; but it had but little influence on the Parliament to whom it was addreſſed." *Hallam's Conſt. Hiſtory*, iii. p. 4. "It ſhould be further remarked, that in the days of their ſupremacy, the Preſbyterians reſiſted even the eloquence of Milton when it pleaded for the freedom of unlicenſed Printing." *Lebas' Life of Laud*, p. 249.

to that ſpirit a right devotion, to ſanctify it with holy motives, to temper it to righteous purpoſes, to ſhape it to ends which lie beyond the limits of this beginning of our exiſtence, will be the endeavor of thoſe who deſire to make the cultivation of intellect conduce to moral improvement, and to eſtabliſh the Kingdom of Chriſt, at once in the underſtandings and affections of mankind.' It is in this way that virtue is ſtronger than vice, that truth triumphs over falſehood, and law is ſuperior to offence. Johnſon's obſervation that 'if every ſceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion,'[8] falls to the ground, when it is remembered that *our* religion was born amid diſbelief and doubt, and has grown up and increaſed among every variety of hereſy, and form of ſcepticiſm that the ingenuity of man could deviſe. Hume's famous argument that was to be the touchſtone of truth, has only ſerved to eſtabliſh the force of teſtimony, and to confirm the credibility of miracles. The Chriſtian Church, ſays a late pious and enlightened author, has never been in ſo great danger, as when it has continued for any time in a ſtate of unruffled proſperity. The exertion of ſects &c. are naturally inſeparable from the nature of imperfect intelligence, but of benefit to religion itſelf; and while the Bible continues to be the authorized ſtandard of Faith, they can be of no material prejudice. If it be of man it will come to nought, but if it be of God he cannot overthrow it, nor need we fear evil from it. I reſpect even the

[8] The moderation and juſtice of Toland's ſentiments on this ſubject may excite ſurpriſe (v. p. 79.) 'The wiſhes of all good men are, that the national church being ſecured in her worſhip, and emoluments, may not be allowed to force others to her communion; and that all diſſenters from it, being ſecured in their liberty of conſcience, may not be permitted to meddle with the riches or power of the national church.' May a ſentiment ſo philoſophically juſt prove hiſtorically true!

errors of the conſcientious Chriſtian, and feel the impoſſibility of a perfect uniſon of ſentiment in rational beings who think for themſelves.'[9]

In 1645 Milton collected his early poems, Latin and Engliſh, for the preſs; in which the *Allegro*[10] and *Penſeroſo* appeared for the firſt time. Of the pictureſque imagery, the muſical verſification, and the brilliant language of theſe poems, praiſe too high cannot be heard. They have all the paſtoral beauties, and ſweet deſcriptions of our elder poets, embelliſhed and heightened by a richer ſtyle, and a more refined combination. It has been more than once obſerved, that theſe poems, ſhort as they are, have collected in one ſplendid view all that can be ſaid on their reſpective ſubjects.[11]

Moſeley the publiſher ſays in his preface, 'that the poems of Spenſer, in theſe Engliſh ones are as nearly imitated, as ſweetly excelled.' It is to this edition that the portrait by Marſhall is prefixed, which ſo much diſpleaſed Milton; and which has transformed the youthful

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[9] See *Sir Thomas Bernard's Comforts of Old Age*, p. 106. See alſo John Hales' Sermon, *Peace of the Church*. *Works*, vol. iii. p. 11.

[10] Mr. Peck's manner of giving the titles of theſe poems is ludicrouſly quaint. He calls them 'His Homo L'Allegro, or the lætans; and his Homo Il Penſeroſo, or the cogitans.' v. *New Memoirs*, p. 26. Comus had been printed in 1637, and Lycidas in 1638. Before *Cartwright's Poems*, 1651, is a copy of verſes by J. Leigh, enumerating the various Poets whoſe works had been publiſhed by *Moſeley*, but omitting the name of *Milton*.

[11] "This is *Mab*, the Miſtreſs Fairy." On this line of Jonſon, Gifford ſays, "This Faery Mythology which has *been copied by Milton*, and which has ſufficient beauty to make it familiar to every reader of Poetry, is quoted by Mr. Brand from a *ſcarce* book in his poſſeſſion. This is alſo the caſe with many other paſſages in Jonſon, which are given with all due myſtery at the hundredth hand *from ſome rare treatiſe in the author's collection*." v. *Works*, vol. vi. p. 471.

bard into a puritanical gentleman of fifty; it is the firſt publiſhed portrait of the Poet.[12]

In 1647, as the relations of his wife had gradually left him, he removed into a ſmaller houſe in Holborn, which opened backward into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and continued the inſtruction of a few ſcholars, chiefly the ſons of gentlemen his friends. That there ever was a deſign of making him an adjutant general in the army of Sir William Waller may be doubted; for Phillips has expreſſed his belief doubtfully, and Waller was conſidered at that time the leader of the Preſbyterians, between whom and our Poet no amity could now exiſt.

His next publication in 1648-9, was the *Tenour of Kings and Magiſtrates.*[13] This was occaſioned by the outcry of the Preſbyterians againſt the death of Charles;[14] whereas Milton proves that they who ſo much condemned depoſing were the men themſelves that depoſed the king: and cannot, with all their ſhifting and relapſing, waſh the guiltineſs off their own hands. For they themſelves, by their late doings have made it guiltineſs, and turned their own warrantable actions into rebellion. He then puſhes on his arguments againſt them till he ſhows that they not only depoſed, but how much they did toward the

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[12] Salmaſius conſidered this print as preſenting not an unfavourable portrait of Milton. The paſtoral view in the back ground is worthy of Oſtade; but 'neat handed Phyllis' is, methinks, a little too free. She ſhould have recollected that in a dance 'Junctæque nymphis *Gratiæ* decentes.'

[13] This tract firſt publiſhed February 1648-9, republiſhed with additions in 1650.

[14] See *Swift's Miſcellanies*, vol. ix. p. 95. *The Preſbyterians' Plea.* See alſo *Hall's Downfall of Maygames*, 4to. p. 39. "Who were they who petitioned in print for the Life of the King? Were they not the Preſbyterian Miniſters in London, one of them loſing his head not long after on a Royal account," &c.

killing the king. 'Have they not levied wars againſt him, whether offenſive or defenſive (for defence in war equally offends, and moſt prudently beforehand) and given commiſſion to ſlay when they knew his perſon could not be exempt from danger; and if chance or flight had not ſaved him, how often had they killed him, directing their artillery without blame or prohibition to the very place where they ſaw him ſtand. Have they not ſequeſtered him, judged or unjudged, and converted his revenue to other uſes, detaining from him as a grand delinquent, all means of livelihood, ſo that for them long ſince he might have periſhed or ſtarved. Have they not hunted or purſued him round the kingdom with ſword and fire. Have they not beſieged him, and to their power forbad him water and fire, ſave what they ſhot againſt him to the hazard of his life. Yet while they thus aſſaulted and endangered it with hoſtile deeds, they ſwore in words to defend it, with his crown and dignity,' &c. Not long after he wrote his *Obſervations on the Articles of Peace* between the Earl of Ormond and the Iriſh rebels.

But though Milton in his writings diſcuſſed thoſe meaſures which he conſidered important to the public welfare, his life was ſtrictly private, paſſed with his ſcholars, and among his ſtudies; and his *Hiſtory of England* was juſt commenced; when, without any ſolicitation, he was invited[15] by the council of the ſtate to be their ſecretary for foreign tongues. They had reſolved to employ the Latin language in their correſpondence with other nations: and no man more eminently ſkilled in the knowledge of it,

[15] See the original orders of council appointing a committee to invite him to accept the office, firſt printed in *Todd's Life* (ſecond ed.) p. 107. He ſucceeded in this office Mr. Weckherleyn, whoſe only daughter was mother of Sir W. Trumball, the friend of Pope.

than Milton, could at that time probably have been found.

Biſhop Newton wiſhes this example had been followed; but I muſt expreſs my doubts whether diplomatic correſpondence could be carried on through the medium of the Latin tongue, with the facility or the preciſion that would be now required. It ſurely is better that every nation ſhould expreſs itſelf in its own idioms, than to attempt to make an ancient language convey new varieties of opinion, and new modifications of thought. Modern languages are conſtantly borrowing from each other to ſupply thoſe minute ſhades of meaning, and to expreſs thoſe refined and ſubtle ideas that have ariſen in the progreſs of knowledge, and that have been brought from more advanced habits, and more complicated ſtructures of ſociety. To effect this with a language that has long been removed from uſe, is ſurely to encumber oneſelf with unneceſſary difficulties, and to prefer the leſs commodious vehicle of reaſoning.[16]

In 1649-50 it was ordered by the council, that Mr. Milton do prepare ſomething in anſwer to the book of Salmaſius, and when he hath done it bring it to the council. Previouſly, however, to this, he had written his

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[16] See *Mackintoſh's Life of Sir T. More*, p. 25, for obſervations on this ſubject. "Eraſmus, who is the maſter and model of this ſyſtem of compoſition, admirably ſhews how much he has gained by *looſing the fetters of a dead ſpeech*, and acquiring in its ſtead the nature, cauſe, variety, and vivacity of a ſpoken and living tongue," &c. See alſo *Schlegel's Hiſtory of Literature*, vol. i. p. 277. There was ſomething beyond meaſure barbarous and ruinous, in the cuſtom of truſting all matters connected with ſcience, learning, *legiſlative and ſtate policy* to a dead and foreign language, &c. vol. ii. 57. "The uſe of a foreign dialect in diplomacy can never fail to produce injurious effects upon the vernacular idiom," &c. See alſo *Voltaire's Mélanges Littéraires*, vol. i. p. 30, on writing *dans une langue morte*, and *D'Alembert's Mélanges de Littérature*,

anſwer[17] to the *Icon Baſilike*, it is ſuppoſed by a verbal command: for no written order of the council to that effect has been found. The grievous charge of having, in conjunction with Bradſhaw, interpolated the book of the king,[18] with a prayer taken from *Sidney's Arcadia*, and then of imputing the uſe of the prayer to the monarch, as a heavy crime, has been clearly and completely refuted.

It appears that the private prayers of the king were delivered by him to Dr. Juxon, Biſhop of London, immediately before his death, and on the ſcaffold; that they were added to ſome of the earlier impreſſions of the *Icon*; that the prayer was adopted by the king from the *Arcadia*, a book that he delighted to read,[19] and that Juxon would not have been ſilent, had the prayer been inſerted by the enemies of his lamented monarch, to calumniate his memory.

We muſt now paſs on to the celebrated controverſy with Salmaſius;[20] Charles the Second employed that great

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T. 5. p. 545. See ſome curious inſtances of the impoſſibility of uſing the meaning of modern terms in Latin, in *Leibnitz's Miſcellanies*, p. 153.

[17] Milton's Anſwer was printed in London in 1640, 4to. again in 1650. Of the *Icon Baſilike*, forty-ſeven editions were circulated in England alone, and 48,500 copies ſold. Toland ſays, Milton was rewarded by the parliament for his performance with the preſent of a thouſand pounds. v. *Life*, p. 32. The real fact is not aſcertained.

[18] See *Newton's Life of Milton*, p. xxxviii.

[19] The books which Charles delighted to read, and which ſhow his knowledge and taſte, are given in *Sir Thomas Herbert's Memoirs*, p. 61, viz. *Bp. Andrews' Sermons, Hooker's Eccl. Polity, Hammond's Works, Sandys's Pſalms, Herbert's Poems, Fairfax's Taſſo, Harington's Arioſto, Spenſer's Fairy Queen*, &c. The prayer from the *Arcadia* is a mere tranſcript, with the neceſſary alteration of a few words.

[20] "Un Anglais nommé Jean Milton a répondu à M. de Saumaiſe, pro Populo Anglicano; je penſe que M. de Saumaiſe lui répondra." L'Eſprit de Guy Patin, p. 171. Reimar in the Catalog. Biblioth. ſuæ, vol. iii. p. 593 gives high praiſe to an article by Boecler in his Muſeum 1672 de

ſcholar to write a Defence of his Monarchy, and to vindicate his father's memory; to ſtimulate his induſtry, it is ſaid,[21] a hundred Jacobuſes were given to him. Since the death of the illuſtrious younger Scaliger, no ſcholar had acquired the reputation of Salmaſius; partly, as Johnſon aſſerted, for his ſkill in emendatory criticiſm, in which however he was equalled by ſome of his contemporaries, but eſpecially for his great knowledge of antiquity, the multiplicity of his attainments, and his immenſe reſearch in antient languages.[22] His Commentary on Solinus, and his

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Miltono, p. 34-41, de Salmaſio, p. 41-48, as written with a beauty of ſtyle, acuteneſs of perception, and weight of reaſoning that would have done honour to Tacitus. On Salmaſius's arguments ſee *Perizonii Diſputationes*, p. 643-648. A German writer of a life of Salmaſius, acknowledges that Milton had the better in the conflict in theſe words—Hans, Jack, von, Milton—not to be compared in learning and genius with the incomparable Salmaſius, *yet a ſhrewd and cunning lawyer*," &c.

[20] Wood aſſerts that Salmaſius had no reward for his book. He ſays, 'the king ſent Dr. Morley, then at Leyden, to the apologiſt with his thanks, but not with a purſe of gold, as John Milton the *impudent liar* reported.' *Wood's Ath. Ox.* ii. p. 770. See alſo *Salmon's Lives of the Engliſh Biſhops* (Dr. Morley) p. 344. See *Voltaire's* opinion of this Controverſy in *Siecle de Louis* XIV. Tom. i. p. 135, 234; vol. xxii. ed. 1785.

[21] Toland ſays, 'What is worſe than all the reſt, Salmaſius appeared on this occaſion ſuch an abſolute ſtranger, and bungler in his own province, as to open a large field for Milton to divert himſelf with his barbarous phraſes and ſoleciſms,' p. 96. The fact is, Salmaſius with all his vaſt erudition, from a haſty impetuoſity of mind, committed occaſionally great miſtakes. I have a work of his, in which he makes our *Saviour born at Jeruſalem*. 'Autant de livres de ſa façon, autant d'Impromptu,' (ſays Vigneuil Marville) mais il ne digéroit aſſez bien les matières qu'il traitoit. Ce qu'il donnoit au public, il donnoit tout crû, avec dédain, et comme tout en colère. Il ſembloit jetter ſon Grec, ſon Latin, et toute ſa ſcience à la tête des gens. Grotius au contraire conſidère tout, digère tout, l'ordonne, et la range ſagement. Il reſpecte et ménage ſon lecteur. Son érudition eſt comme une grande fleuve qui ſe répand largement, fait du bien à tout le monde. Creſcit cum amplitudine rerum, vis ingenii'—

Treatiſe de Re Helleniſtica are imperiſhable monuments of his fame. Grotius alone could compete with him; and if Grotius were at all inferior, which I know not, in the

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i. p. 9. D'autres ne peuvent écrire qu'à la hâte, et ne ſauroient repaſſer ſur leurs ouvrages. M. de Saumaiſe étoit de ce caractère.' Gronovius (de Seſtertiis, p. 46,) ſays of him, 'Habebat hoc vir ille incomparabilis ut uberrimo ingenio nulla ſufficeret manus, et ubi inſtituerat ſcribere, nec rerum, nec verborum modum noſſet. Sic factum eſſet, ut multa illi exciderent, quæ norat ipſe melius, et rectius alio die tradiderat, tradebatque quæ, ſi paululum attendiſſet animum, facile vitaſſet.' What the great Scaliger thought of Salmaſius, then young, may be gathered from the beginning of one of his letters to him (Ep. ccxlviii.) 'nunquam ab Epiſtolis tuis diſcedo niſi doctior:'—a delightful character of Salmaſius is given by the learned Huet, in his Commentar. de Rebus ad Eum (Se) pertin. p. 125—130, who ſays, 'Si quis certe animum ejus atque mores ex ſcriptis æſtimare velit, arrogans fuiſſe videatur, contumax, ſibique preſidens; at in uſu, et conſuetudine vitæ, nihil placidius nihil mitius, comis adhæc, urbanus, et officii plenus, verum benignitati ejus ac quieti multium officiebat uxor imperioſa Anna Mercera,' and then he proceeds to give an account how Salmaſius's wife inſiſted, when he was preſented at the court of Chriſtina, in *dreſſing him in ſcarlet breeches and gloves, with a black cap and white feather.* Salmaſius told him he was very ill with the gout the whole time he was in Sweden; that Chriſtina uſed to come to his bed; and one morning found him reading 'Libellum Subturpiculum,' which the affrighted profeſſor hid under the bedclothes; but Chriſtina ſearched for it and got it; and, being delighted with it, called in a young and beautiful lady of the name of 'Sparra,' whom ſhe made to read aloud the paſſages that pleaſed her: and while the girl bluſhed at her taſk, the Queen and her attendants were convulſed with laughter. Huet ſaw at Salmaſius' houſe the girl 'Pontia,' and ſays ſhe was 'ſatis elegans.' His account of the amour of Morus with this girl is not ſo unfavourable as Milton's; in fact, he made Morus ſign a paper to marry her, but the paſſion and intemperance of Salmaſius' wife rendered all interference unſucceſsful. Morus was ill in Salmaſius' houſe, and Pontia nurſed him, which was the beginning of the acquaintance. An epitaph on Salmaſius is given in V. Paravicini Sing. de Viris Erud. (1713) p. 201, in the bombaſtic ſtyle of the time.

Ingens exigua jacet hac ſub mole ſepultus
Aſſertor Regum, numinis atque pugil
Finivit Spadæ vitam Salmaſius hoſpes

extent of his information, he far excelled Salmaſius in the correctneſs of his judgment, the diſtribution of his knowledge, and the more luminous arrangement of his erudition. Grotius was an elegant poet and an enlightened philoſopher, as well as a profound ſcholar; and the names of theſe two illuſtrious men were in commendation not often disjoined. Selden ſpeaks of Grotius, 'as the greateſt, the chief of men,' and of Salmaſius as 'moſt admirable;' to whom he wiſhed much more to be like than to be the moſt eminent perſon for riches and honour in the world; and Cardinal Richelieu declared, that Bignonius, Grotius, and Salmaſius were the only perſons of that age, whom he looked upon as arrived at the higheſt pitch of learning. The learned Gataker conſidered him worthy of the appellation beſtowed on Picus Mirandula, 'The miracle of the age he lived in.'[23] Such was the antagoniſt whom Milton had been commanded to meet. The work which the exiled monarch required from the critic was probably ſomewhat beyond the circle of his ſtudies; he wrote alſo on the unpopular ſide; and ſome among his friends neither admired the motive, nor anticipated the ſucceſs of his undertaking,[24] for Salmaſius was himſelf a Preſ-

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Trajectum cineres oſſaque triſte tenet.
Quod mortali fuit periit, pars altera cœlis
Reddita, fit major, doctior eſſe nequit.

For Letters from Chriſtina to Salmaſius in the Ottoboni Palace at Rome, ſee *Keyſler's Travels*, vol. iii. p. 147. For his alledged intrigues and conduct in Sweden, ſee *Jugleri's Bibl. Hiſtor.* T. i. p. 351, and ſee alſo *Recueil de quelques Pieces curieuſes de la Reine Chriſtine*, p. 295, printed at Cologne among the *Recueil des Hiſtoires Galantes*, 12mo.

[23] See *Anſwer to Lilie*, p. 85. 4to.

[24] See *Sarravii Epiſtolas*. p. 224, his love and admiration of Salmaſius evince qualities in that great man that commanded eſteem. 'De Salmaſio quid dicam? Precipiti Octobri in amplexus ejus ivi. Cum eo vivere amem et obeam libens, vis plura? Si per impoſſibile cuiquam

byterian, and had written againſt epiſcopacy. Hobbes ſays, 'he is unable to decide whoſe language is beſt, or whoſe argument worſt,' and certainly the queſtion is too

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mortalium erigantur unquam altaria, mihi, deus, deus ille, de omnigena doctrina, moribuſque humaniſſimis tibi comperta narrare nihil attinet,' p. 32. See alſo his 51ſt *Epiſtle to Al. More.* In his 140th, ſpeaking of the death of Grotius, he ſays, 'Utri veſtrum debeatur hujus ſæculi principatus literarius, decernet ventura ætas!' In the 198th Letter Sarravius firſt mentions the ſubject of Salmaſius's defence, which he applauds. 'Laudo animi tui generoſum propoſitum, quo nefandum ſcelus aperte damnare ſuſtines.' Then he mentions that *Bochart* intended 'eandem ſpartam ornare,' but had been diſſuaded. In the 208th 'de tuo pro infelici Rege apologetico ſolens facis, qui facis, quod libet, et amicorum conſilia ſpernis.' In the 214th he has ſeen his work 'Omnino magnus eſt iſte tuus labor, et iſtam materiam profunde meditatus es.' In the 216th he ſays, 'Tuam defenſionem quod ſpectat dolendum eſſet in ipſis naſcendi primordiis interire.' In the 222nd he ſpeaks of the *fifth* edition of Salmaſius's work: in the 223d he complains that a copy had not been ſent to Charles's widow. 'Quamvis enim ſit in re minime lauta, tamen potuiſſe ſolvere pretium tabellarii, qui illud attuliſſet.' The 228th is the letter ſo often quoted, beginning 'Te ergo habemus reum fatentem.' Sarravius differed from him in his defence of Epiſcopacy. July 1648 he tells him 'vos amis ſe plaignent que vous ne factes rien de ce dont ils vous prient, et que vos ennemis au contraire ont l'avantage de vous faire écrire de ce qu'il leur plait:' from a careful peruſal of the correſpondence connected with this ſubject, I am convinced that the effect ſaid to be produced by Milton's defence on Salmaſius, and on his reputation has been *prodigiouſly overrated.* Salmaſius ſeems at that time to have been as much intereſted about other works which he had in hand, and eſpecially about conducting ſafely and commodiouſly his journey to Sweden, and preſerving his health in that cold climate. It muſt alſo be obſerved that whatever More's moral character was, he ſtood in high eſteem and reputation in the learned world, and that Milton's attack therefore affected him deeply. See *Tan. Fabri. Epiſtol.* lxvi. lib. i. ed. 1674, p. 219. A full and impartial account of him may be read in *Bayle's Dict.* Art. 'Morus.' Arch. Blackburne calls More the *Atterbury*, or rather the *Dodd* of his age. v. *Mem. of Hollis*, p. 522. On A. More, ſee *Alberti Oratio de Poeſi Theologis utili*, p. 404. 'Quis Bezam,' &c. v. *Opuſcula de Ratione Studiorum.* 8vo. See a Note by Prof. Wyttenbach on A. More, and in *Plutarch's Moralia.* T. i. p. 415.

often loſt ſight of in diſcuſſing the niceties of verbal conſtruction,[25] or in perſonal altercation; nor is the argument diſpoſed with the calm and comprehenſive views of the ſtateſman and philoſopher. That Milton's fame, however, was widely and honourably extended by this performance, no doubt can be entertained, it was

> In Liberty's defence, a noble taſk,
> Of which all Europe *rang* from ſide to ſide:

but that Salmaſius ſuffered diſgrace at the court of Chriſtina; that he was diſmiſſed with contempt, or conſidered as defeated with diſhonour, reſts upon no valid authority.[26] Milton in his ſecond defence expreſsly allowed, that the queen, attentive to the dignity of her ſtation, let the ſtranger experience no diminution of her former kindneſs, or munificence. The health of that illuſtrious ſcholar had long been languiſhing under his unremitted labours. He was afflicted with gout if not with ſtone, and he went to ſeek relief from the mineral waters of Spa (which he was ſuppoſed to have drunk improperly), where he died. The queen had offered him large appointments[27] to remain in

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[25] On Milton's Latinity, ſee *Morhof's Polyhiſt.* T. i. p. 301-2. It was ſaid that Salmaſius ſtole from *Schickard's Juſ. Hebr. Reg.* See *Morhof*, vol. ii. p. 562. See *Jugleri* in his *Bibliotheca Hiſtorica*, vol. i. p. 632, who intended to give an hiſtorical and literary criticiſm on this controverſy. 'Salmaſio,' ſays *Morhof*, 'nonnunquam σολοικα excuderunt.' See vol. i. p. 280 and 828.

[26] Other ſcholars were attracted to the court of Sweden by the promiſes held out by Chriſtina, and by her character, but few could bear the ſeverity of the climate. Deſcartes died from its effects. G. Naudè alſo went, but returned from the ſame cauſe. See *Œuvres de Boileau*, vol. iii. p. 417, note. Grotius alſo was in Sweden. Frenſhemius was attracted to Stockholm. See *Jugleri's B. Hiſt.* vol. iii. p. 2058. Meibomius alſo was there. See *Chamfort's Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 238. On Chriſtina's caprices ſhown to Deſcartes. See *Mad. Motteville's Memoires*, vol. i. p. 378.

[27] He had a penſion of 40,000 livres from Sweden. It may aſtoniſh ſome of my readers to know that Salmaſius was a *republican*, 'Placebat

Sweden, and greatly regretted his departure; but the coldneſs of the climate was injurious to him: and after his death, ſhe wrote a letter full of concern for his loſs, and reſpect for his memory; the ſlander firſt thrown out in the Mercurius Politicus,[28] and ſo frequently repeated, ought no longer to be believed. Salmaſius went full of years, and honours to his grave.[29]

The purpoſe of Salmaſius[30] was to ſupport the doctrine

Salmaſio reſpublica.' He was invited by the Univerſity of Oxford to ſettle there on very handſome terms: 'and' ſays his biographer, 'he would have gone 'niſi aliquid ab eo petiiſſent, quamvis beatiſſima conditione, quod cum ad nationis utilitatem ſpectaret, non erat tamen ad genium ipſius;' but ſo far was Salmaſius, as all Milton's biographers aſſert, from being a ſlaviſh admirer of kings or regal governments, that 'Bataviam hâc in parte præ Angliâ preferebat quod majorem ſemper in *reſpublica* quam in *regno libertatem* eſſe judicaret.' v. *Vit. Salmaſ.* p. xvi. It was not ſolely on account of his ſuperior learning that Salmaſius was ſelected by the adherents of Charles, but that ſome of his previous writings on matters connected with the church and the ſects, had produced much effect in England. 'Diſſertatio de epiſcopis et preſbyteris multum juverat optime ſentientes (in Britanniâ) in abrogando jure Epiſcoporum, quod multi ex proceribus, et viris primariis ultro cum gratiarum actione teſtati ſunt:' and it appears that he was in the habit of being conſulted on eccleſiaſtical affairs by the perſons of rank and influence in England, 'Conſilium Salmaſii ſæpius per deputationes implorarunt regni proceres.'

[28] Mercurius Politicus of Marchmont Needham, Milton's friend, commenced June 9, 1649, ended April 1660.

[29] It is curious to read the account of this controverſy in the *Abbé D'Artigny's Memoires de Literature*, &c. 1749. T. ii. p. 173, where he ſays, 'The diſpute of Salmaſius was reſerved for a writer far below him and unknown in the Republic of Letters:' he had the portion of them, who eſcaping great dangers, at laſt periſhed of the blow of ſome cowardly raw recruit. The Frenchman ſeems to think that Milton's attack, joined to his wife's ill-humour affected the old ſcholar grievouſly; but ſee *D'Olivet, Hiſt. de l'Académie Francaiſe*. T. ii. p. 377, which is deciſive.

[30] Dr. Symmons has allowed the ſkill and eloquence diſplayed in the work of Salmaſius, vide *Life*, p. 356, and has ſhown how much Burke was indebted to it. In that ſtrange rambling work, T. Hollis's Memoirs, there is an engraving by Cipriani, repreſenting Milton's head on

of the divine rights of kings: to prove that the king is a perſon with whom the ſupreme power of the kingdom reſides, and who is anſwerable to God alone. Milton aſſerted the undiſputed ſovereignty of the people. This he terms agreeable to the laws of God, and of nature. That by the laws of God, by thoſe of nations, and by the municipal laws of our own country, a king of England may be brought to trial and to death; that the laws of God do in this exactly agree with the laws of nature: and that this is a ſettled maxim of the law of nature never to be ſhaken, that the ſenate and the people are ſuperior to kings; and that, if aſked by what law, by what right or juſtice, the king was dethroned, the anſwer is, by that law which God and nature have created; that whatever things are for the univerſal good of the whole ſtate, are for that reaſon lawful and juſt; and that a people obliged by an oath, is diſcharged of that obligation, when a lawful prince becomes a tyrant, or gives himſelf over to ſloth and voluptuouſneſs. The rule of juſtice, the very law of nature diſpenſes with ſuch a people's allegiance. That theſe doctrines have been always acknowledged by the common conſent of mankind, he endeavours to prove from the hiſtory of ancient nations. Thus the kings of the Jews were ſubject to the very ſame laws as the people. He traces a ſimilar belief through Egypt and Perſia, through the Grecian hiſtory, and the annals of the Roman empire. He alleges the authority of the ancient Scriptures, the goſpel, and the fathers. He then finds his doctrine ſupported by the uſage and conſtitution of our government from the period of the Britiſh hiſtory, through the Saxon and Nor-

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a terminus, on which is a medallion ſuſpended incloſing the portrait of Salmaſius; this was a print emblematical of Milton's victory, v. p. 383, See *Spanheim's Char. of Salmaſius* in *Miſcellanea Leibnitziana*, p. 100; alſo *Hacket's Life of Williams*, p. 14. 30.

man times, and traces the ſupreme power of the legiſlative aſſembly to the reign of Charles. Such is a faint outline of his argument; in this work he openly accuſes Buckingham of having poiſoned King James, and afterwards even makes a bolder aſſertion, that Charles was acceſſory to the crime.[31]

The firſt reply to Milton's Defenſio Populi was[32] publiſhed in 1651. Milton, who aſſiſted his nephew Philips in the anſwer, was willing to conſider it as the production of that diſtinguiſhed prelate, Bramhall, whom he treats with the ſame coarſeneſs of ſarcaſm, and violence of invective which had been employed againſt Salmaſius, imputing to him the greateſt exceſſes, and the practice of the moſt degrading vices. Bramhall[33] had diſowned the writing imputed to him, but the real author was not diſcovered till the induſtry of Mr. Todd brought the ſecret to light. He proves to be one John Rowland, and calls himſelf 'Paſtor Eccleſiæ particularis.' In this tract the accuſation of the death of James the Firſt by poiſon is repeated.

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[31] A perſon named Jeanes or Janes publiſhed an anſwer to Milton's Eikonoklaſtes in the year of the Reſtoration, 1660. This book was brought out again under the title of "Salmaſius, his deſtruction of the Diabolical Rebel Milton"—intending thereby to paſs it off as a Tranſlation of Salmaſius' Poſthumous Work, ad Joannem Miltonium reſponſio. It was in fact the ſame work and the ſame edition as that brought out by Janes, with the exception of the title and a leaf of addreſs to the reader.

[32] In the original editions of the Defenſio Populi, and Defenſio Secunda, the name of the author is printed Joannis MiltonI, i. e. Miltonii; he therefore differed from thoſe who would render the Engliſh termination 'on,' by 'onus' in Latin.

[33] See extract from *Biſhop Bramhall's Letter to his Son*, May, 1654. 'That ſilly book, which he aſcribes to me, was written by one John Rowland, who ſince hath replied upon him. I never read a word either of the firſt book or the reply in my life.' v. *Todd's Life*, p. 83; alſo ſee *Reimanni Catalog. Bibl. ſuæ.* T. iii. p. 781. *Joh. Rowlandi Polemica et Irenica pro Rege et Populo Anglicano*, adverſus *Joh. Miltonum*, 1653, ſine loco.

Next year (1652) appeared 'Regii Sanguinis clamor ad cœlum contra Parricidas Anglicanos:' this work was written by Peter du Moulin, a Frenchman, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury, but A. More, who had the care of the publication, was treated by Milton as the real author. The mistake was afterwards discovered, but Milton had exhausted his invective against More, and suffered Du Moulin to escape.[34] Alexander More was a Scotchman by birth, settled in France, and was the son of the principal of the Protestant College of Castres in Languedoc. He was a person of talent and learning, but more eminently distinguished as a brilliant though eccentric preacher. It was an unfortunate hour for him when he threw the shield of his name to protect Du Moulin's writings, for More's personal character was open to remark. He had, it appears, entered into a love-intrigue at Leyden, with an English girl, who is called Pontia, and who was waiting-maid to the wife of Salmasius.[35] This occasioned much

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[34] See *Du Moulin's Latin Poems*, p. 140; and *L'Esprit de G. Patin*. p. 64. P. du Moulin, one of the most distinguished pastors of the reformed Church in France, during the 16th and 17th centuries, left an *Autograph Memoir*, or rather Collection of Anecdotes behind him, which is now in the hands of Monf. Marron of Paris, and will shortly be published. See *For. Quart. Rev.* No. XVI. p. 512.

[35] The wife of Salmasius was a great shrew, but she had a high opinion of her husband. Il se laissoit dominer par une femme hautaine et chagrine, qui se vantoit d'avoir pour mari, mais non pour maître 'le plus savant de tous les nobles, et le plus noble de tous les savans.' v. *Huetiana*, p. x. The 88th Letter of Sarravius opens a curious domestic picture of Salmasius's family. He had, it appears, applied to Sarravius to procure him some maid-servants, and his friend fairly answers him. 'Timeo ne itineris difficultates, cum *uxoris tuæ moribus* multas deterreant.' Salmasius was presented with the order of St. Michael by Louis XIII. hence Milton calls him 'Eques.'—The biographers of Milton have taken their account of Salmasius chiefly from N. Heinsius, without keeping in mind that Heinsius was his *bitter and implacable enemy*. Not wishing to give offence, still I must say, that not one of those who have

domeſtic diſpute and jealouſy in the houſe of the learned profeſſor, and became the ſubject of raillery in the correſpondence of the friends of Salmaſius. It appears alſo, that a ſimilar adventure with a ſervant maid, of the name of Claudia Peletta, with whom More is accuſed of intriguing before and after her marriage, was the occaſion of his leaving Geneva; and a third amour, with a young female domeſtic of the name of Tibaltiana, is alſo mentioned. Milton did not ſpare his enemy on the ſide where he was ſo much expoſed; and More ſhrunk from the bitter ſtorm of invective, ſarcaſm, and irony, that his indignant antagoniſt poured on all ſides upon him.[36]

The 'Second Defence' is one of the moſt intereſting of Milton's writings.[37] Johnſon has quoted from it the eloquent eulogy on Cromwell: the character of Bradſhaw is drawn with all the ſkill and power of Clarendon, and preſents a noble portrait of the intrepid regicide; and the addreſs to Fairfax has for ever exalted the character, and dignified the memory of that illuſtrious ſoldier. I ſhall

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written on this controverſy, ſeems to me to be really acquainted with the works or character of Salmaſius. See alſo *N. Heinſii Poem. Lat.* 152. 165.

[36] In Sarravii Epiſtolæ are many addreſſed with reſpect and eſteem to Al. More. He ſeems not to have been permanently injured by Milton's attack, and he would hardly be recognized as *the ſame perſon* in the party-ſtatement of Milton, and the impartial life by Bayle. A copy of Latin verſes by A. More, addreſſed to N. Heinſius, is in the *Adoptivorum Carmina*, p. 19. See alſo *Huetii Carmina*, p. 33. ed. Grævii. v. *Reimanni Catal. Bibl. ſuæ*, vol. iii. p. 401.

[37] See *Talford's Memoirs of Charles Lamb*, vol. i. p. 242, a Letter from Lamb to Coleridge, on a paſſage in the ſecond Defence on his conſolations on his blindneſs which had been made a reproach to him.

'The *firſt* Defence is the greateſt work among them, becauſe it is uniformly great, and ſuch as is befitting the very thought of a great nature, ſpeaks for itſelf. But the ſecond Defence, which is but a ſacrifice of ſplendid epiſodes, ſlightly tied together has one paſſage, &c.

add Milton's commemoration of other names, not leſs celebrated in the hiſtory of that eventful time. 'Firſt you, *Fleetwood*, whom I have known to have been always the ſame in the humanity, gentleneſs, and benignity of your diſpoſition, from the time you firſt entered on the profeſſion of a ſoldier, to your obtainment of thoſe military honours, the next only to the firſt, and whom the enemy has found of dauntleſs valour, but the mildeſt of conquerors; and you, *Lambert*, who, when a young man, at the head of a mere handful of men, checked the progreſs of the Duke of Hamilton, attended with the power and ſtrength of the Scottiſh youth, and kept him at check; you, *Deſborrow*, and you, *Whalley*, whom, whenever I heard or read of the fierceſt battles of this war, I always expected and found among the thickeſt of the enemy; you, *Overton*, who have been connected with me for theſe many years, in a more than brotherly union, by ſimilitude of ſtudies, and by the ſweetneſs of your manners. In that memorable battle of Marſton Moor, when our left wing was routed, the chief officers looking back in their flight beheld you keeping your ground with your infantry, and repelling the attacks of the enemy amid heaps of ſlain on both ſides; and afterwards in the war in Scotland, no ſooner were the ſhores of Fife occupied, under the auſpices of Cromwell, with your troops, and the way opened beyond Stirling, than both the weſtern and the northern Scots acknowledged you for the humaneſt of enemies, and the fartheſt Orcades for their civilizing conqueror. I will yet add ſome, whom, as diſtinguiſhed for the robe and arts of peace, you have nominated as your counſellors, and who are known to me either by friendſhip or reputation. Whitlocke, Pickering, Strickland, Sydenham, and Sydney[38] (an illuſtrious name which I rejoice has ſteadily ad-

[38] Sydneio Sacrum.

hered to our ſide), Montague, Lawrence, both men of the firſt capacity, and poliſhed by liberal ſtudies, beſides numberleſs other citizens, diſtinguiſhed for their rare merits, ſome for their former ſenatorial exertions, others for their military ſervices.' A ſplendid eulogy rewarded the virgin Queen of the north, the daughter of Adolphus, for the praiſe ſhe was reported to have given to Milton's defence, and the magnanimity which led her to read and even to applaud what ſeemed written againſt her own right and dignity.[39]

Fluſhed with his victory,[40] and proud of the great reputation which he had acquired, Milton opened his ſecond defence with a triumphant anticipation of the ſentence that would be paſſed on it: 'He now,' he ſays, 'feels himſelf not in the forum, or on the roſtrum, ſurrounded by a ſingle people only, whether Roman or Athenian, but as it were by liſtening Europe, confiding and paſſing judgment. He addreſſes himſelf to all ſittings and aſſemblies, wherever are to be found men of the higheſt authority, wherever there are cities and nations. He imagines himſelf ſet out on his travels, that he beholds from on high tracts beyond the ſeas, and wide extended regions, that he beholds countenances ſtrange and numberleſs, and all in feelings of mind, his cloſeſt friends and neighbours.

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[39] I would wiſh to remove the impreſſion, if ſuch exiſts, that Salmaſius entered into this controverſy as an advocate of the regal rights, from *intereſted* motives, without a conviction of the juſtice of his cauſe. The death, if not the dethronement of Charles, excited great horror and indignation in other nations; with what feelings Salmaſius came to his taſk, may be judged by the language which N. Heinſius uſes on this ſubject, ſee his *Poemata, Eleg.* Lib. ii. 4. p. 43. iii. 1. p. 64. 8. p. 79, x. p. 82. *Sylv.* Lib. iii. p. 192. '*Antiphatâ dignus Rege Britannus erat.*'

[40] See *Arguments taken from Milton and the writers on James and William III.* in *Fabricii Centuria Plagiorum*, p. 56. 4to.

Wherever there are natures free, ingenuous, magnanimous, either they are prudently concealed or openly profeſſed. Some favour in ſilence, others give their ſuffrages in public. Some haſten to receive me with ſhouts of applauſe, others, in fine, vanquiſhed by truth, ſurrender themſelves captive. Encompaſſed by ſuch countleſs multitudes, it ſeems to me, that from the columns of Hercules, to the fartheſt borders of India, that, throughout this vaſt expanſe, I am bringing back, bringing home to every nation liberty, ſo long driven out, ſo long an exile; and, as is recorded of Triptolemus of old, that I am importing fruits for the nations from my own city, but of a far nobler kind than thoſe fruits of Ceres. That I am ſpreading abroad among the cities, the kingdoms, and nations, the reſtored culture of civility and freedom of life.'

He had been reproached by his adverſaries with his blindneſs; and his anſwer to the charge can be read by no one without high admiration of the magnanimity of his mind, and the ſtrength of his piety. To be blind, he ſays, is not miſerable, but not to be able to bear blindneſs, that is miſerable indeed. He calls God to witneſs, the ſearcher of the inmoſt ſpirit, and of every thought, that he is unconſcious of any thing, (though he has viſited all the receſſes of his heart) of any crime, the heinouſneſs of which could have juſtly called down this calamity upon him above others. That he has written nothing which he was not perſuaded at the time, and is ſtill perſuaded, was right and true and pleaſing to God. And this, without being moved by ambition, by lucre, or by glory, but ſolely by a ſenſe of duty, of grace, and of devotion to his country. Then let the ſlanderers (he ſays) of the judgments of God ceaſe their revilings. Let them deſiſt from their dreamy forgeries concerning me. Let them know that I neither repine at, nor repent me of my lot: that I remain fixed, immoveable in my opinion: that I neither believe,

nor have found that God is angry: nay, that in things of the greateſt moment, I have experienced, and acknowledge his mercy, and his paternal goodneſs towards me. That above all, in regard of this calamity, I acquieſce in his divine will, for it is he himſelf who comforts and upholds my ſpirit, being ever more mindful of what he ſhall beſtow upon me, than of what he ſhall deny me. Beſides how many things are there which I ſhould chooſe not to ſee? How many which I might be unwilling to ſee; and how few remaining things are there which I ſhould deſire to ſee. Neither am I concerned at being claſſed, though you think this a miſerable thing, with the blind, with the afflicted, with the miſerable, with the weak. Since there is a hope that, on this account, I have a nearer claim to the mercy and protection of the ſovereign father. There is a way, and the Apoſtle is my authority, through weakneſs to the greateſt ſtrength. May I be one of the weakeſt, provided only in my weakneſs, that immortal and better vigour be put forth with greater effect: provided only in my darkneſs the light of the divine countenance does but more brightly ſhine; for then I ſhall at once be the weakeſt and moſt mighty; ſhall be at once blind, and of the moſt piercing ſight. Thus, through this infirmity ſhould I be conſummated, perfected. Thus, through this darkneſs ſhould I be enrobed with light. And, in truth, we who are blind, are not the laſt regarded by the providence of God; who, as we are incapable to diſcern any thing but himſelf, beholds us with the greater clemency and benignity. Woe be to him who injures us; he deſerves to be devoted to the public curſe. The divine law, the divine favour has made us not merely ſecure, but, as it were, ſacred from the injuries of men; nor would have ſeemed to have brought the darkneſs upon us, ſo much by inducing a dimneſs of the eyes, as by the overſhadowing of heavenly wings. Beſides, as I am not

grown torpid by indolence, ſince my eyes have deſerted me, but am ſtill active, ſtill ready to advance among the foremoſt to the moſt arduous ſtruggles for liberty; I am not therefore deſerted by men even of the firſt rank in the ſtate. Thus, while I can derive conſolation in my blindneſs both from God and man, let no one be troubled that I have loſt my eyes in an honourable cauſe: and far be it from me to be troubled at it; far be it from me to poſſeſs ſo little ſpirit as not to be able without difficulty to deſpiſe the revilers of my blindneſs, or ſo little placability as not to be able with ſtill leſs difficulty to forgive them.' The treatiſe, after a ſucceſſion of paſſages of great eloquence and animation, ends with an earneſt and ſolemn addreſs to the people of England to prove themſelves worthy of the victory they have gained, and the poſition they have ſecured. He warns them to derive their liberty not from arms, but from piety, juſtice, temperance; in fine, from real virtue, not to make war alone their virtue, or higheſt glory, or to neglect the arts of peace. To baniſh avarice, ambition, luxury, and all exceſs from their thoughts; ſuch is the warfare of peace. Victories hard, it is true, but blameleſs, more glorious far than the warlike or the bloody. 'As for myſelf,' he ſays (ſpeaking with ſomething of a prophetic ſorrow), 'to whatever ſtate things may return, I have performed, and certainly with good will, I hope not in vain, the ſervice which I thought would be of moſt uſe to the commonwealth. It is not before our doors alone that I have borne my arms in defence of liberty. I have wielded them in a field ſo wide that the juſtice and reaſon of thoſe which are no vulgar deeds, ſhall be explained and vindicated alike to foreign natures and our own countrymen. If after achievements ſo magnanimous, ye baſely fall from your duty, if ye are guilty of any thing unworthy of you, be aſſured, poſterity will ſpeak, and

thus pronounce its judgment. The foundation was ſtrongly laid. The beginning, nay, more than the beginning, was excellent, but it will be inquired, not without a diſturbed emotion, who raiſed the ſuperſtructure, who completed the fabric? To undertakings ſo grand, to virtues ſo noble, it will be a ſubject of grief that perſeverance was wanting. It will be ſeen that the harveſt of glory was abundant; but that men were not to be found for the work. Yet that there was not wanting *one* who could give good counſel, who could exhort, encourage: who could adorn and celebrate in immortal praiſes the tranſcendent deeds, and thoſe who performed them.' Another piece in which he defends himſelf perſonally againſt More, and repeats his accuſations, is all which is neceſſary to notice, p. 459.[41]

That the once celebrated controverſy with Salmaſius has ceaſed to be of public intereſt, may be inferred, from its ſeldom or ever being alluded to in thoſe works which profeſſedly diſcuſs the great conſtitutional queſtions of that time. Hobbes ſaid of theſe treatiſes, "They are very good Latine both, and hardly to be judged which is better; and both very ill reaſoning, and hardly to be judged which is worſt. Like the declamations, *pro* and *con*, for exerciſe only, in a rhetorical ſchool by one and the ſame man: ſo like is a Preſbyterian to an Independent." In fact, each champion placed himſelf on the extreme limits or edge of the poſition he maintained; Salmaſius maintained the indefeaſible right, the unlimited power, and the irreſponſible nature of the kingly office.

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[41] In noticing Milton's miſtake in the uſe of the word 'Vapulandus,' Johnſon has obſerved that Ker, and *ſome one before him* had remarked it. This perſon was Vavaſſor. de Epig. cxxii. p. 154. See *Creni Animad. Philolog.* 12mo. p. 77. 'Illud mirum pariter et feſtivum quod is quo loco et quibus plane verbis attribuit Salmaſio ſolæciſmos, iiſdem ipſe ſolæciſmum, aut ſolæciſmo flagitium non minus admittat.'

More than half of his bulky and laborious treatiſe is taken up with the diſcuſſion of the abſtract queſtion of the jus divinum of kings; and it is only in the eighth chapter that he conſiders his ground ſufficiently prepared for applying his arguments to the Engliſh Monarchy. If we look at this treatiſe of the Leyden Profeſſor with the philoſophical ſpirit of modern hiſtory, it can only be conſidered as a little more diſtinguiſhed by the celebrity of its author and his antagoniſt, and by the greatneſs of the occaſion that called it forth, than others written on party queſtions in thoſe days, and which attempted to ſettle the complicated queſtions of law and prerogative in modern times, on the paradoxes of ancient philoſophers, on the Jewiſh theocracy, on the apoſtolical commands, on the opinions of the fathers, on the authorities of councils, and all the learned and obſolete lumber of pedantic acquirement. But it would not be fair to expect that Salmaſius ſhould have anticipated the knowledge which it took another century to mature. Treatiſes on the ſame ſubject, and in the ſame language as that which he uſed, had appeared before his time; and the Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos of Languet, and the work De jure Regni apud Scotos of Buchanan,[42] are in the ſame ſtyle of argument, though advocating principles the oppoſite to his; and ſubſequently the reaſonings of Salmaſius were again revived in the elaborate diſquiſitions of Filmer and Mackenzie. The Philoſopher of Malmſbury alone purſued another ſyſtem; and, putting aſide the aſſiſtance of obſolete authority, which he might conſider as uſeleſs when oppoſed to the unalienable rights of juſtice and liberty; he laid down certain general principles for the ſocial co-

[42] Buchanan, ſays Gibbon, is the earlieſt, or at leaſt the moſt celebrated of the Reformers who has juſtified the theory of Reſiſtance. See *Rom. Hiſt.* vol. ii.

venant, and prefented his model of government for the imitation of ftatefmen, and the inftruction of the people. Confider however in refpect of the time in which it was written, and the circumftances, and that it came from the pen of a foreigner, and one whofe life had been chiefly devoted to the ftudy of antiquity and the correction and explanation of the texts of the Greek and Latin writers; it will be a proof, if fuch is wanting, that the fame which Salmafius had acquired beyond that of every other fcholar of his time for his extenfive erudition was juftly beftowed, and that he poffeffed other knowledge befides that which is to be found amid the gloffaries and grammarians of ancient tongues. That it was not fo popular as the anfwer of Milton, in the reformed countries as well as England, in the United States, in Zurich, or at Geneva, we may readily believe; in thefe countries the literature of Europe was chiefly to be found, and they were the head-quarters of republican doctrines. The reception of the rival volumes however in foreign nations was pretty equally balanced by the contending parties. Salmafius's treatife was fuppreffed at Amfterdam, and Milton's was burnt by the common hangman at Paris and Toulouife. It excites a fmile at the prefent day to read fuch reflections as the following, where the wit and the confidence are alike confpicuous: "Un Anglais nommé Jean Milton a repondu a M. de Saumaife; je penfe que M. de Saumaife *lui repondra!*" (Vide L'Efprit de G. Patin. p. 171.) But the learning and ability with which this treatife is compofed, muft fhield it from contempt, though they can no longer fave it from neglect. If now extinct, as to all public curiofity, and opened only occafionally by the Critic or the Biographer, yet it can boaft that no common attention had been paid to its authority; and that its importance is declared in the commendation of one party, as in the cenfure of another; its doctrines were oppofed

by the greateſt Poet of one age, and they have been ſupported and ſanctioned by the greateſt Stateſman of another. Salmaſius[43] might be equally proud of the declared hoſtility of Milton, and the ſilent admiration of Burke.

It muſt not however be unnoticed, that the enemies of Salmaſius not only objected to the whole force and tenor of his arguments, but, further, accuſed him of plagiariſm; and they aſſerted that the reaſoning which defended the divine right of kings, was borrowed from the great work De Jure Belli et Pacis of his contemporary and rival in literary fame, Hugo Grotius: a work which that great writer commenced, when emerging from the gloom of a cruel and unjuſt captivity, which he carried on amid the privations of an unſettled life and uncertain fortune, and which at length led him to the ſplendours of an honourable and illuſtrious embaſſy. Yet ſomething more than a juſt confidence in his own talents and extenſive reſources, would have kept Salmaſius from being indebted to a contemporary, from whom he was alienated during his life, and whoſe reputation after death he attacked with an unrelenting and unprovoked hoſtility.

It has been ſaid that Salmaſius loſt the favour of Chriſtina, at whoſe court he was reſiding, when Milton's anſwer appeared; and that his death was cauſed by the bitterneſs of his ſuppoſed defeat by an antagoniſt previouſly

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[43] The learned Gataker conſidered Salmaſius worthy of the appellation beſtowed on Pic. Mirandula,—"the Miracle of the Age he lived in." See his anſwer to *Lilie*, p. 85. Sarrave calls him the Coryphæus of ſacred and profane literature, and Grotius honoured him with the title, Super Eminentiſſime. The fanatical Republicans who hated his arguments, and the jealouſy of ſcholars who envied his erudition, attempted to pull down the noble ſtatue from the pedeſtal on which it had ſo long ſtood—but in vain; it ſtill roſe in its majeſtic proportion and coloſſal ſize.

unknown. The truth of either of these assertions, too hastily assumed by the biographers of Milton, is more than questionable. It is not at all improbable that the capricious Queen of the North may have vexed this old scholar with commendations of his enemy,[44] and that she may have joined in the voice of general praise; but Salmasius left the Court of Stockholm, not from the frowns of the Queen, but driven away by the severity of that

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[44] Salmasius describes himself as supported in his work by the consciousness of integrity and the intrepidity of truth. Deum testabor me hanc causam tuendam suscepisse non tantum rogatus, sed quia meliorem et justiorem nullam ea me potuisse defendere conscientia mea mihi suggessit, ratio et veritas docuit, resque ipsa dictavit, &c. It does not appear exactly when the "first bold man dared to talk of bringing the King to justice;" but such language was heard in 1646 and 1647. Berkeley asserts that the resolution was taken at Windsor in a Council of officers, soon after the King's confinement at Carisbrooke. See *Maseres's Tracts*, i. 383, and *Hallam's Const. History*, ii. 302. Mr. Bowles considers that Milton was the first who cried out for *national justice*, in his Exordium of Defensio Populi; that Cromwell seized the idea, and that the King was hurried to judgment. He ingeniously finds a corroboration of this opinion in the *motto* of Milton, in his last address to the people, when it was determined by the whole voice of the Nation to execute the exiled King. The motto as appears in Milton's works

——————— Et nos
Consilium dedimus Scyllæ.

See *Bowles's Life of Ken*, vol. i. pp. 87, 156, &c. and his *Last Days of Chillingworth*, p. 12. I find a note in my copy of Milton, that Sir Thomas Phillipps presented the Royal Society of Literature with extracts from MS. *Letters of Milton to Cromwell*, purporting to be the sketch of a republic, which he had devised as a model of perfection. Has this letter been published? Is it generally known that the State Letters of Milton were not only translated by J. Philips, but by some other writer, and printed abroad, with *curious interpolations?* The original Latin was published 1676. The Anon. Translation, 1682, 4to. and Philips's in 1694. Refer particularly to p. 88 of the 4to. and p. 236 of Philips. In *Todd's Life of Milton*, p. 180, it is said that the *Latin* letters were given *not accurately*.

iron climate. There, at the ſame Court, Deſcartes died from the effects of a Northern winter. Naudæus, another eminent ſcholar who had been ſummoned there by the ſame authority, was obliged for the ſame cauſe to retire to the South. Grotius, then reſident in Sweden, mentions, "illa Mundi pars quam ſibi frigidus ſeptentrio ſepoſuit,"—"il ne pourroit pas ſouffrir l'air froid de Suede. L'Air de Stokolm lui étoit contraire." The biographer of Salmaſius aſſerts that, unable to bear the climate, "he was always in bed with a fire in his room." Hence the joke of Philips, "In Suecorum aulâ jam diu *friget*." We have before us a volume of Latin poetry by that unfortunate and inconſiderate writer, who too raſhly lent his name to protect the character of another—Poemata Alexandri Mori, 1669, 4to. in which is an epitaph on Salmaſius (p. 122), and the laſt couplet of which ſets at reſt the ſubject of Chriſtina's treatment of him—

> Poſtquam Chriſtina colitur—nihil addo—quid ultra
> Pertulit ad laudes *illa*, vel *ille* ſuas?

In this volume is no alluſion to the controverſy with Milton, except as juſt mentioned in the lines on Salmaſius, p. 123. As regards his death, it did not take place till three years after this time, and after his Anſwer to Milton had been nearly completed. Salmaſius was advanced in years, was of a very weak conſtitution, was worn out with a life of hard ſtudy, enfeebled by gout, probably injured by his reſidence and by the ſnows of Stockholm; he went to Spa for its medicinal waters, and there this "Monſter of Erudition" died. Chriſtina's high regard of him, is ſhown beyond all diſpute, in the affectionate and zealous letter which ſhe ſent to the widow, in which ſhe repeats, that ſhe had all the ſentiments of love to him, as to a father; and was deeply intereſted in the glory of his reputation: ſhe falls foul of the widow for burning his manuſcripts. The biographers of Milton

might have profitably ſpent a few hours on the volume of Sarravius.[45] While it is confeſſed that Milton's language, in this famous treatiſe, deſcended into the indecent groſſneſs of perſonal abuſe, it yet may be ſaid that ſuch was the tone and temper, not only of the controverſial writers, but even the ſcholars of the day; that he had not exceeded the ſcurrilous and violent declarations of the fanatical preachers and the angry bark of their ſeditious pulpits. South ſays—"It was the pulpit that ſupplied the field with ſwordſmen and the Parliament Houſe with incendiaries." Probably it was expected of *him*, as the public champion of the great and holy cauſe, that his tone ſhould be uncompromiſing and deciſive; that he ſhould blow aloud the blaſt of defiance and contempt to the enemies of Sion; while the ſevere and ſarcaſtic language which his opponent had applied to the leaders of the fanatical party, and to their motives and principles, had goaded him into perſonal recrimination. "Had the heart of Milton," ſays Mr. D'Iſraeli, "beat as coldly on the death of Charles as Ludlow's, his democratic feelings might be reſpected. But that this great tragic genius having witneſſed this ſolemn ſcene of Majeſty in its laſt affliction, ſhould have *ridiculed and calumniated and belied it*, as the meaneſt of the mob,—who would credit this, had it been a ſecret anecdote hitherto concealed from the public eye? Milton, in his celebrated Defence of the

[45] In his Anſwer written at Spa, after his return from Sweden, Salmaſius ſpeaks of Chriſtina with praiſe:—"faciliores aditus habet et molliora fandi tempora," &c. p. 225. When ſhe relinquiſhed her crown and retired to Rome, ſhe was equally the patroneſs of the Italian ſcholars. "Chriſtinæ Reginæ nihil magis lætabile in orbitate regni videri ſolebat, quam celebrari a magni nominis poetis. Præter cæteras enim φιλαυτη et erat et habebatur." See *Fabronis Vita Filicaiæ*, vol. vii. p. 296, and elſewhere; and *The Anti-Baillet of Menage*, T. 1. cap. iii. p. 15, on the ſubject of Salmaſius's learning, his reputation, Chriſtino's admiration of them—the calumny of her neglect, and his death.

People, treats Charles the Firſt as a *mere actor* ſtriving—Veluti poetæ, aut hiſtrionis deterrimi plauſum in ipſo exitio ambitioſiſſime captare. In the kingly calmneſs of Charles's death he ſees but a *player's exit*, a paltry mime's ambition to be clapped on retiring from the ſtage—the artificial decency of a theatrical Cæſar's fall!" It muſt, however, be recollected that he was goaded to place this theatrical maſk on the face of Charles, by Salmaſius having brought prominently forward the patriotic feelings which were declared from the ſcaffold by the dying monarch, and having reproached the enemies of Charles with the generous forgiveneſs of his nature, and his inextinguiſhable love of the people who had condemned him to a traitor's death. It was repreſented as the forgiveneſs from the Croſs. It was impoſſible that Milton could let this paſs unnoticed or unrebuked; if he could not deny the words, which was out of his power, he could only give them an ignominious interpretation and throw the ridiculous over the ſublime. Milton knew the ſentiments of thoſe who employed him in his taſk; and he was prepared to ſatisfy them, perhaps he fully ſhared in them. The words of Salmaſius are, "Quantum magis non honore (titulo Parentis Patriæ) et elogio dignus Carolus qui populi *ingrati* tantum amorem et tale ſtudium, non ſolum *tota* vita—*ſed etiam in ipſa morte teſtatus eſt?*" To have left this unexplained, would have been to deprive the waſp of every thing—but his ſting. Mr. D'Iſraeli conſiders the ſtern Republicaniſm and the *perſonal* hatred of Charles, which ſo ſtrongly characterized Milton, to have been early imbibed from his firſt tutor Young—"the Puritan in Eſſex who cut his hair ſhort"—as well as from his ſecond, Alexander Gill, who was alſo his beloved friend and a fiery Revolutioniſt; whoſe language was in "the vulgar tone of the loweſt Democracy." Milton's conſtant objections to Salmaſius, inde-

pendent of mere verbal abuſe, were that he was only a grammarian and word catcher—grammaticum hominem; that he was a ſtranger, and had no right to intermeddle with our national diſputes, and that he was expoſed to the juſt charge of inconſiſtency, in now upholding that hierarchy, againſt which, as well as the papal power, he had ſo lately declared his deliberate opinion in a large and elaborate treatiſe. Milton attributes the private vexations and public diſgrace and defeat, as he calls it, of Salmaſius, to his having deſerted his old opinions for the ſake of gain. We muſt place againſt this the ſolemn appeal of Salmaſius, at the end of his Defence—"Deum teſtabor me hanc cauſam ſuſcepiſſe non *tantum quia rogatus*, ſed quia meliorem et juſtiorem nullam ea me potuiſſe defendere conſcientia mea mihi ſuggeſſit; ratio et veritas docuit, reſque ipſa dictavit," &c. We may add, as a concluſion on this ſubject, that a perſon named Jeanes, or Janes, publiſhed an anſwer to Milton's Iconoclaſtes, under a title which we now cannot remember; but that in the year of the Reſtoration, 1660, this ſame book was brought out again under the title of "Salmaſius his detection of the diabolical Rebell Milton," intending to paſs it off as a Tranſlation of Salmaſius'[46] Poſthumous Work—"ad Joannem Miltonum Reſponſio;"—it is in fact the ſame book and the ſame edition as that brought out by Janes, with the exception of the title, and a leaf of addreſs to the reader. We ſhall here inſert what Salmaſius ſays in

[46] In this treatiſe, Salmaſius alludes more than once to ſome Dutchmen who had written againſt him, and whom he treats with contempt, "qui totam ætatem contriverunt in Claudiano et Ovidio evolvendo, et nihil præterea bonorum Auctorum legerunt." This perſon (though unnamed) was Daniel Heinſius. See pp. 26, 53. The ſtrange name at p. 28, "Hugo Poni," is meant for Hugh Peters.

This poſthumous Treatiſe of Salmaſius is ſcarce, and ſeldom found with the others. Dr. Symmons, in his Life of Milton, ſays he never

his unfinifhed Anfwer relating to the errors in Milton's Latin Poetry:

"Sed quis ille Miltonus? Unde domo? Quis enim audivit hominem, ante hanc fuam defenfionem pro P. Anglicano. Eam et multi negant illum auctorem debere agnofcere, nifi folo titulo. Confcriptam enim effe a Ludi magiftro quodam Gallo de trivio, qui Londini Pueros nihil fapere docet. Nam Miltonum ipfum qui penitus noverunt Latine fcire, aut fcribere poffe, ferio negant. Ego aliter fentio. Nam fi *Poëta* eft Miltonus, et non humilis quidem fpiritus, cur non etiam *orator* effe queat difertus? At de Poëticæ Muftaceo laureolam fibi quæfiffe, poëmata ejus arguunt, in quibus *Patrem fuum fe poëtam* genuiffe gloriatur. Non meliorem tamen Poëtam effe, quam civem inde apparet, quod ut malus civis, contra leges Patriæ peccat, perduelles ejus defendendo, ita et *peffimus Poëta fæpius leges Metricas violat*, breves pro longis, et longas pro brevibus ponendo. Sic ultimam in *quotanis* corripit, primam in *paruiffet*, etiam primam in *Semifracta*, et in nomine *Opis*, fecundam in *Jacobus*. Alia multa paffim in iis committit, quæ et Grammaticam et Latinitatem lædunt. *Belgia* illi eft pro *Belgio*. Sic *Gallium* poffet dicere pro Gallia, *furdere ad preces*. Aves *augures* appellat, cur non etiam *aucupes* aves dicentur; *ftelliparum* Cœlum appellat, qui ftellas fcilicet pariat. Alia infinita funt, quæ omitto, ut verfus abnormes, qualis ifte eft,—'Et callebat avium linguas'—Tametfi ætatem

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faw it; it is called Apologia contra Miltonum pro Defenfione Regia; it was written at Spa; without the affiftance of his library. Can it be believed that in Chaudon's Dict. Biographique, the writer of the Life of Saumaife fhould have the audacious impudence to affert that the Defenfio Regia begins in thefe words—"Anglais qui vous renvoyez les têtes des rois comme des balles de paume, qui jouez à la boule avec les couronnes, et qui vous fervez des fceptres comme de marottes," &c. Has this paffed into the laft edition of the Biog. Univerfelle?

illis, qua ſcripta ſunt, non appoſuiſſet, facile tamen perſpicere poteramus *pueri* eſſe poëmata. Sed Puerilia errata præſtare debet jam Vir, cum et paucos abhinc annos recudi Londini curaverit."

Salmaſius could diſcover the errors in Milton's Latin Poetry, but the general elegance of the language, and the claſſical beauty of the images and expreſſions entirely eſcaped him. The old Grammarian hugged himſelf with joy at the delivery of his clumſy joke, which occurs juſt after, when he exhorts Milton to inſcribe on the work—"Joannis Aſini, alias *Multonis*, nam *Multo* vervex eſt etiam Anglis."

Milton was now removed by an order of council from his lodgings at Whitehall,[47] and took a garden houſe in Petty France,[48] in Weſtminſter, opening into St. James's Park: in this houſe he continued till within a few weeks of the Reſtoration. In 1651 he was ſuffering under the approach of total blindneſs. He had loſt the entire uſe of one eye:[49] and his nephew, Edward Philips, was ſuppoſed to have greatly aſſiſted him in the affairs of ſecretary. In 1652 his ſight was totally gone.[50] His ene-

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[47] Previouſly to his going to live in Scotland Yard, Whitehall, Milton lodged at one Thomſon's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern, Charing Croſs. See *Birch's Life*, p. xxxviii. In Scotland Yard his infant ſon died.

[48] Or York Street, a "pretty garden Houſe, next to Lord Scudamore's, opening into the Park."—See on this Houſe *Gentleman's Mag.* Aug. 1849, p. 164, in a review of *Walcot's Weſtminſter* and *Cunningham's Lovelace.*

[49] Whether the diſeaſe was "Gutta Serena," or "Cataract," ſee T. *M. Good's Study of Medicine*, vol. iv. p. 233; in Paradiſe Loſt, b. iii. v. 21, the *two* diſeaſes are confounded by Milton. *Suffuſio* is the Latin term for cataract.

[50] His eyeſight was decaying about twenty years before his death. His father read without ſpectacles till eighty-four. His mother had very weak eyes, and uſed ſpectacles preſently after ſhe was thirty years old. *Aubrey Lett.* iii. p. 449. He loſt the uſe of his left eye in 1651; and it is ſuppoſed, of the other, in 1654. See *Todd's Life* (1ſt ed.),

mies, as we have ſeen, conſidered his blindneſs as a judgment for writing againſt the king; and one of the prebendaries of Exeter reproached him, even from the pulpit, with the ſevere viſitation. But he himſelf more truly accounted for the affliction by the weariſome labours and ſtudious watchings wherein he ſpent, and almoſt tired out, a whole youth. His letter to his Athenian friend, Leonard Phileras, gives an account of the gradual approach of the diſeaſe; Philips ſays that Milton was always tampering with phyſic: to which he attributes the loſs of his ſight, as well as to his continual ſtudies, and the headaches to which he had been ſubject from his youth.

It is ſuppoſed that in 1653 Milton loſt his firſt wife, who died in childbed, leaving him three daughters. He remained a widower for three years, when he was again united in marriage to a daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney.[51] She alſo died within a year after her marriage, in the ſame manner; and in one of his ſonnets he has paid an affectionate tribute to her memory.[52] Soon after this event, he retired from his office of ſecretary[53] on an allowance for life, of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. His name does not again occur in the books of the council of ſtate; his friend[54] Andrew Marvell had been aſſociated with him.

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p. 85, but the period of the complete affliction is not known with exactneſs.

[51] See Certificate of Milton's Second Marriage at St. Mary's Aldermanbury, in *Gent. Mag.* June 1820, p. 597, vol. xiii.

[52] Mrs. Catharine Milton, wife to John Milton, Eſq. buried Feb. 10, 1657, in the church of St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter. See *Malcolm's London.*

[53] But ſee *Mr. Todd's Life* (ed. 2.), p. 158, who ſays ſome official documents were written by him after 1655. The laſt payment of his ſalary was Oct. 22, 1659, when he was ſequeſtered from the office.

[54] "His familiar learned acquaintance were A. Marvell, Lawrence, Needham, Hartlib, Mr. C. Skinner, Dr. Paget, M. D. Mr. Skinner was his diſciple. See *Life of Harrington*, p. xxv. on *Skinner.*—His widow aſſures me that Mr. Hobbes was not one of his acquaintance.

As we are now arrived at the close of Milton's public life, it may be as well for a moment to look back, and recollect the system upon which he asserts his political career to have been conducted, and the end to which his writings were directed. He says, when the outcry against the bishops commenced, and the model of our reformed church was to its disadvantage compared to others, he saw that a way was opening for the establishment of real liberty. That he perceived there were three species of liberty essential to the happiness of social life—religious, domestic, and civil. To promote the first, he wrote his Treatise on Reformation, &c.; and as he saw that the magistrates were active in obtaining the third, he therefore turned his attention to the second, or domestic. This included three material questions, first, the conduct of the conjugal tie; secondly, the education of children; and, thirdly, the free publication of the thoughts. These questions were severally considered by him in his Treatise on Divorce, his Tractate on Education, and his Areopagitica, or Liberty of unlicensed printing. With regard to civil affairs, he left them in the hands of the magistrates, till it became necessary to vindicate the right of lawfully dethroning,[54] or destroying tyrants (without any immediate or personal application to Charles), against the doctrine of the presbyterian ministers. Such were the fruits of his private studies, which he had gratuitously presented to church and state, and for which he was recompensed by nothing but impunity. Though the actions themselves (he says) procured me peace of consci-

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That her husband did not like him at all; but he would acknowledge him to be a man of great parts, and a learned man. *Aubrey Lett.* iii. 444. He had no intimacy with Cromwell, nor with those in power. He tells Heimbach that he cannot serve him, "Propter paucissimas familiaritates meas cum gratiosis." *Ep. Fam.* Dec. 18, 1657.

[54] See *Bowles's Life of Bishop Ken*, vol. i. pp. 87 and 156.

ence, and the approbation of the good; while I exercised that freedom of discussion which I loved.

Disencumbered of the duties of secretary, disgusted with the treachery of parties, and the failure of his fondest wishes, Milton at length retreated from the changes and turbulence of the times, and had now leisure to resume the great works which he had long destined for his future employment. He commenced a history of his native country, a dictionary of the Latin language,[55] more copious and correct than that of Stephens; he framed a body of divinity out of the Bible; and, lastly he sketched the first outlines of his immortal poem. For the subject of his epic poem, says Johnson, after much deliberation, long choosing, and beginning late, he fixed upon Paradise Lost, a design so comprehensive, that it could be justified only by success. He had once meant to celebrate the exploits of K. Arthur,[56] as he has hinted in his Verses, "but," says Toland, "this particular subject was reserved for the celebrated pen of Sir Richard Blackmore." Amidst the prosecution of these great and laborious designs, he found time during the year 1659 for some humbler occupations.

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[55] These collections consisted of three large volumes in folio. They were much discomposed and deficient, but were used by the editors of the Camb. Dict. in 1693, 4to. See the *Pref. to Ainsworth's Lat. Thesaurus.* It was said that Philips was the last possessor of these collections. I have an extract from a bookseller's catalogue by me—Dictionary, Latin and English, compiled from the works of Stephens, Cooper, Littelton, a large MS. in three volumes, of Mr. John Milton, 15*s.* 4to.

[56] See *Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 264. "In my judgment an epic poem must either be rational or mundane. As to *Arthur*, you cannot by any means make a poem on him natural to Englishmen. What have *we* to do with him. Milton saw this, and with a judgment at least equal to his genius treats a mundane theme,—one common to all mankind. His Adam and Eve are all men and women inclusively, &c."

other women, would ride in your coach, for me, my aim is to live and die an honeſt man;" and thus in this his parting ſcene in public life was exhibited a ſtability of conduct, an independence of principle, and a conſiſtency of aſſertion, that no one can deny.

In 1661 he publiſhed his "Accidence commenced Grammar," and alſo Sir W. Raleigh's Aphoriſms of State, bending his great and comprehenſive mind to the conſtruction of thoſe humbler works which he conſidered of advantage to education.[64] He lived for a ſhort time in Holborn, near Red Lion Street, but ſoon removed to Jewin Street, by Alderſgate. In 1664, the year previous to the great ſickneſs, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minſhull, of a genteel family in Cheſhire, a relation of his particular friend Dr. Paget.[65] Mr. Todd conſiders it worthy of obſervation, that Milton choſe his three wives out of the virgin ſtate; while Sheffield duke of Buckingham ſelected his three from that of widowhood: but what inference the learned biographer would draw from their reſpective choices, is, from an entire ignorance on theſe ſubjects, to me unknown. Sheffield was probably looking out for a ſplendid jointure, and Milton for a gentle, virtuous, and attached companion.

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[64] Mr. W. S. Landor ſays on removing the anomalies of our language "nothing can be done without conſulting Milton, his words excel in *orthography* thoſe of any other writer." See Gebir, p. 9.

[65] The poet's widow died at Nantwich, in Cheſhire, in 1727, having ſurvived her huſband fifty-two years, her funeral ſermon, preached by the Rev. I. Kember, is publiſhed. "I remember," ſays Dr. Newton, "to have heard from a gentleman who had ſeen his widow in Cheſhire, that ſhe had hair of this colour (golden treſſes) it is more probable that he intended a compliment to his wife in the drawing of Eve, as he drew the portrait of Adam not without regard to his own perſon, of which he had no mean opinion." v. P. L. iv. 305. The Aubrey MSS. ſay, ſhe was a genteel perſon, a peaceful, and agreeable humour. v. Vol. iii. p. 442. See *Gough's Camden* (Cheſhire) p. 436.

From ſome cauſe, of courſe too trifling to be known to us, probably from the numerous fluctuations of his fortune, Milton ſeems to have been extremely unſettled in his choice of a reſidence. Soon after his marriage he lodged with Millington, the famous book auctioneer, a man of remarkable elocution, wit, ſenſe, and modeſty. Richardſon ſays, that Millington was accuſtomed to lead his venerable inmate by the hand, when he walked the ſtreets; the perſon who acquainted Richardſon with this fact, had often met Milton abroad with his conductor and hoſt. He again removed to a ſmall houſe in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill-fields, which, Philips ſays, was his laſt ſtage in this world, but it was of many years continuance, more perhaps than he had had in any other place beſides.

Milton having now wholly loſt his ſight, he depended for his ſtudies on the aſſiſtance of others: and Dr. Paget recommended Elwood the Quaker, who would every afternoon read to him ſome Latin author. The plague had now begun to rage in London, and his young friend, Elwood, found a ſhelter for him at Chalfont[66] in Buckinghamſhire. "It was on a viſit at this place, that after ſome common diſcourſes, ſays Elwood, had paſſed between us, he called for a MS. of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leiſure: and when I had ſo done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came

[66] See an engraving of his houſe in Dunſter's edition of *Paradiſe Regained*, and an account in *Todd's Life of Milton*, p. 272, and in Mr. *Jeſſe's Favourite Haunts*, p. 62. I ſaw it laſt year, the Porch has been removed. Much of the interior remains as in Milton's time. It is inhabited by a tailor. Elwood calls it a pretty box. Milton is ſuppoſed to have reſided there from the ſummer of 1665, to the March or April of the following year. It appears that the plague reached even Chalfont, as may be ſeen by the Regiſter in 1665.

home, and ſet myſelf to read it, I found that it was that excellent Poem, which he entitled Paradiſe Loſt." From this account it appears that Paradiſe Loſt was complete in 1665, and Aubrey repreſents it as finiſhed about three years after the king's reſtoration. Milton deſcribes himſelf as long chooſing and beginning late the ſubject of his Poem, and when that was ſelected, it was at firſt wrought into a dramatic form, like ſome of the ancient myſteries. There were two plans of the tragedy, both of which are preſerved among the manuſcripts in Trinity College, Cambridge; and which were printed, I believe, for the firſt time in Dr. Birch's Narrative of the Poet's Life.[67] Such were the early and imperfect rudiments of Paradiſe Loſt; the ſlender materials which he poſſeſſed in the ſtory, and the ſplendid ſuperſtructure which he raiſed upon it, may remind us of the paſſage, in which he has thrown over the ſimple language of the ancient prophets, a magnificent deſcription of his own creation.[68] Iſaiah had ſaid, "that Lucifer ſate upon the mount of the congregation, on the ſides of the north." The key-note was ſtruck on the chords of the Hebrew lyre, and Milton inſtantly built up a palace for the fallen angel, equal in brilliancy and ſplendour to the caſtles of Romance. He piled up its pinnacles from diamond quarries; and hewed its towers out of rocks of gold.

"At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal ſeat,
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raiſ'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers,
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold.
The palace of great Lucifer, ſo call
That ſtructure in the dialect of men

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[67] See p. xlviii. to p. lv. for an account of the Plans of the Tragedies from the Scripture, as from the Britiſh Hiſtory and Saxon Chronicles.

[68] See *T. Warton's Milton*, p. 238.

Interpreted; which not long after he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount, whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of heaven,
The mountain of the congregation call'd," &c.

How small the spark that could kindle into a poetical flame in Milton's mind! how quick the apprehension that seized the slightest hint! and how rich and fertile the genius to improve what it possessed! Callimachus had (Hymn. Del. 292) mentioned three *Hyperborean* nymphs, who sent fruits to Apollo in Delos. The word "Hyperborean" was sufficient. Instantly Milton converts them into British goddesses, and clothes them in a Pictish dress; Selden had mentioned that Apollo was worshipped in Britain, Milton on those hints joins them to the Druids:

"Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaerge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.'
v. *Mansus*, ver. 45.

What extent of time was passed in the composition of this great work is not with exactness known. Mr. Capel Lofft thinks that Milton began this poem in his forty-eighth year,[69] and finished it in his fifty-seventh. Philips says that he had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time; and that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, so

[69] v. *Preface to Lofft's Milton*, p. xxviii. The *Aubrey Letters* (vol. iii. p. 447). "His verse began at the autumnal equinoctial, and ceased at the vernal, or thereabouts (I believe about May); and this was four or five years of his doing it. He began about two years before the king came in, and finished about three years after the king's restoration."

that in all the years he was about the poem, he may be said to have spent about half his time therein. Toland imagines[70] that Philips was mistaken with regard to the time, since Milton declared in his Latin elegy that his poetic talent returned with the spring.

"Fallor? an et nobis cedunt in carmina vires
Ingeniumque mihi munere *veris* adest."

A friend of Milton's also informed Toland that Milton could never compose well but in the spring and autumn. He then poured out with great ease and fluency his unpremeditated verses. Dr. Johnson says, that there are no other internal notes of the time when the poem was written but the mention of the loss of his sight in the beginning of the third book, and of the return of the King in the introduction to the seventh.

Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a license,[71] and objections were made to particular passages, especially to the simile of the sun eclipsed in the first book. But it was at length granted, and he sold his copy to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred of the first edition should be sold. Again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition, and another five pounds after the same

[70] *Birch's Life*, p. lvi.

[71] Mr. Tomkins, chaplain to Archbishop Sheldon, was licenser. The office of licenser, abolished by Cromwell, was restored by act of parliament in 1662. The press was placed, with reference to its different productions, under the judges, the officers of state, and the archbishop of Canterbury. Poetry fell within the province of the latter. *v. Symmons's Life*, p. 521. Mr. C. Lofft says, "That no manuscript of the Paradise Lost has been discovered, except that of the first book copied for the press, with the imprimatur of the archbishop's chaplain, but where this is to be seen is not mentioned." See *Lofft's Pref. to Milton*, p. l. and *Newton's Pref.* p. liv. See *Pope's Letters*, ed. Warton, vol. viii. p. 116. "I long to see the original Manuscript of Milton," &c.

sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies. The first edition was of the poem in ten books, in small quarto, which were advertised plainly and neatly bound, at the price of three shillings. The titles were varied, passing into other publishers' hands, in order to circulate the edition, in 1667,[72] 1668, 1669. Of these there were no less than five. An advertisement and the arguments of the books were omitted in some copies, and inserted in others; and from variations in the text, it would appear that the latter sheets of the work were twice printed, and single pages were cancelled and reprinted.

The sale gave him in two years a right to his second payment; for which the receipt was signed April 26, 1669. The second edition was not given till 1674, and was printed in small octavo, and the number of books was increased to twelve, by a division of the seventh and twelfth, with the introduction of a few connecting lines. He did not live[73] to receive the payment stipulated for

[72] See *Introduction to Pickering's edition*, p. xii. and *Todd's Life*, (first ed.) p. 190, for an account of the *variations* in the poem and titles. Mr. Lofft observes that 1667 was a great year in the annals of our history; for not only was Paradise Lost published, but there was a "Statute passed for the employment of poor prisoners," and a "great step made in the art of dressing wool," p. xxiv. of the effect of *these different* circumstances towards establishing the name and character which Britain holds among the nations, it is difficult to form an idea of any degree of proportionate extent; an adequate is impossible. It opens a vast arena in the boundless space of human perfectibility. v. *Remarks by Tench Cave*. "These clustering radiations of moral light may unite mankind to the intelligence of *other systems* unnumbered and unimagined;" which circumstance, if it come to pass, will open new markets for the wool trade, and be of great advantage to the publishers of Paradise Lost.—'Go thy ways, Capel, the flower and quintessence of all editors.'"

[73] For an account of the editions, see *C. Lofft's Preface*, p. xxxv. lxi. and *Todd's Life*, p. 189—217. The number of lines in Paradise Lost amount to 10,565. Dr. Symmons says that Milton lived to receive the

this impreſſion. The third edition was publiſhed in 1678, and his widow agreed with Simmons the printer to receive eight pounds as her right; and gave him a general releaſe, dated April 29, 1681. Simmons covenanted to transfer the right for twenty-five pounds to Brabazen Aylmer, a bookſeller, and Aylmer ſold to Jacob Tonſon half of it, Auguſt 17, 1683, and the other half March 24, 1690, at a price conſiderably advanced.

The ſale, Johnſon ſays, will juſtify the public: the call for books in Milton's age was not great. The nation had been ſatisfied from 1623 to 1664 with only two editions of the works of Shakeſpeare, which probably together did not make two thouſand copies.[74] The ſale of thirteen hundred copies in two years was an uncommon example of the prevalence of genius. Yet the demand did not immediately increaſe, for in eleven years only three thouſand were ſold: but the reputation and price of the copy ſtill advanced; "till the revolution put an end to the ſecrecy of love, and Paradiſe Loſt broke into open view with ſufficient ſecurity of kind reception." Dr. Symmons calculates that in little more than eleven years four thouſand five hundred copies were ſold, and that before the expiration of twenty years, ſix editions were publiſhed. I poſſeſs a German tranſlation in verſe of it, printed but a few years after the date of the original, which is a ſtrong evidence of its growing popularity.

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whole fifteen pounds for which he had ſtipulated; but ſee *Todd's Life*, (firſt ed.) p. 109. The original agreement for Paradiſe Loſt, is now in the collection of Samuel Rogers, Eſq. the ſecond receipt and the final diſcharge, is in the poſſeſſion of Dawſon Turner, Eſq. Concerning the plagiariſms of Callender (who publiſhed the firſt book of Milton, 1750) from the Commentary of Patrick Hume, 1695, ſee *Blackwood's Mag.* No. xxiv. p. 659. March 1819.

[74] Johnſon, however, ſhould have remembered that large impreſſions of Shakeſpeare's Plays were always attainable, in a ſeparate and more commodious form, in 4to.

This rare book was printed at Zerbſt in Moravia 1682. The tranſlator Ernſt Gottlieb Von Berge.

Though the poem of Milton was above[75] the age on which it was beſtowed (for ſuch greatneſs of invention, ſuch harmony of numbers, and ſuch majeſty of ſtyle had not then been ſeen united); yet admirers among men of learning and genius it undoubtedly had. Andrew Marvell and Barrow, the phyſician,[76] wrote ſome manly and ſpirited verſes in its praiſe. Dr. Warton ſays, "It may be remarked to the praiſe of Roſcommon that he was the firſt critic who had taſte and ſpirit enough publicly to praiſe Paradiſe Loſt." Dryden's lines of commendation are known to all;[77] and praiſe in other books by authors of lower fame, has been diſcovered by the diligence

[75] The poets, contemporary with Milton, were Waller, Suckling, Crashaw, Denham, Lovelace, Cowley, Brome, Sherborne, Fanſhaw, Davenant, beſides thoſe of inferior note. "Never any poet left a greater reputation behind him, than Mr. Cowley, while Milton remained obſcure, and known but to few, but your grace knows very well that the *great reputation of Cowley did not continue half a century*, and that Milton's is now on the pinnacle of the temple of fame." *Dennis's Letters Familiar*, &c. p. 207. See on *Milton* and Waller, *Sir T. P. Blount on Poetry*, 4to. p. 137.

[76] The following couplet in Marvell has wonderfully puzzled the commentators:

"I too tranſported by the mode offend,
And while I meant to praiſe thee, muſt commend."

See *Loft's Milton*, p. xlvi. liii. where "moſt commend," "miſ-commend," "but commend," are offered; whereas the ſenſe is perfectly clear. "While I meant to praiſe thee, muſt commend; i. e. muſt, for *the ſake of the rhyme*, uſe the word "commend," inſtead of "praiſe," which is the word I ſhould *otherwiſe have uſed*. Even Bentley, in a MS. note in my copy, has eraſed "muſt" and written "moſt."

[77] Dryden owned to Dennis, "that when he adapted his ſtate of innocence from Milton, he knew not half the extent of Milton's excellence." v. *Dennis's Letters, Moral and Critical*, 1721, p. 75.

of the commentators. In 1688,[78] the handsome folio edition was published under the patronage of Lord Somers, with the assistance of Atterbury[79] and Dryden; in 1682, it was translated into Dutch, and into Latin in 1685, and ten years after, it appeared with a very curious and learned commentary by Patrick Hume. I shall here take the opportunity of mentioning the volumes published by Lauder, "Auctorum Miltono facem prælucentium;" and of remarking (after having perused the poems which they contain) that little doubt can be entertained, but that Milton was acquainted with the Adamus Exsul of Grotius, and probably with the poetry of Ramsay and Masenius. Those who are curious on the subject may compare the poems of Ramsay with the description of the creation in the seventh book, and the drama of Grotius with the temptation in the ninth; and, if familiar with the language of Milton, they will find some resemblances; but the charge of plagiarism was unjust, and indeed absurd. Milton's immense reading extended over the whole field of literature, and in every direction; and it required all his learning, collected by painful study during the best years of his life, long deposited in his memory, and

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[78] See *Todd's Life*, p. 198-202, there were five hundred and thirty subscribers. See a list of the most eminent of them in *Leffi's Milton*, p. xlix.

[79] Atterbury said, "that *he* prepared the edition of Milton, usually called Lord Somers's—from a MS. note of his in an edition of Milton out of the library of Warburton," v. *Atterbury's Works*, iv. p. 164, and v. p. 303. And see *Armstrong's Works*, vol. 1, p. 136. See the subscribers to this edition in *Birch's Life of Milton*, p. lviii. and see *Malone's Life of Dryden*, p. 202. Sir John Medina drew all the designs for Somers' edition, except the last, which is taken from Raphael's Bible. Rev. A. Dyce possesses the original drawings which were Dr. Metcalf's. See *Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters*, p. 375, 4to. on "Medina." Dryden wrote his well-known epigram for this edition on the portrait.

See *Voltaire, Dict. Philosophique*, vol. 5, p. 111, on the Sarcotis and on Milton.

moulded by his genius, to build up his immortal poem. Where is there an extensive work of established reputation to be found, that is not evidently the result of long study, and assiduous labours? Let us consider that his materials were a few verses in Genesis, and that the work is created by his own imagination, supplied "by industrious and select reading." Thus the tributary stores from poets of every age and country were poured into his mind; and they were always returned with augmented beauty and lustre.[80] We may say of him, as a Roman critic said of Virgil; "et judicio transferendi et modo imitandi consecutus est, ut quod apud illum legerimus alienum, aut illius esse malimus, aut melius hic quam ubi natum est, sonare miremur."[81] "The judgment of Milton," says Mr. Coleridge, "in the conduct of the celestial part of the story is very exquisite. Wherever God is represented as divinely acting as Creator, without any exhibition of his own essence, Milton adopts the simplest and sternest language of the Scriptures. He ventures upon no poetic diction, no amplification, no pathos, no assertion. It is truly the voice or the word of the Lord coming to, and acting on the subject chaos. But as some personal interest was demanded for the purposes of poetry, Milton takes advantage of the dramatic representation of God's address to the Son, the filial Alterity,

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[80] *Natalis Donadæi Poema Heroicum de Bello Christi.* Massanæ 1614. Ven. 1616. Hoc vidit procul dubio in Italia Miltonus, nihil ex poesi sumturus, at aliquid ex argumento, præsertim libri secundi in poema magnum ubi loquitur Satanas, sequentium in alterum. v. *W. S. Landori Poemata*, p. 199. There is a Latin translation of a Tragedy of Beza's, by T. Iacomotus, called "*Abram from Morea, or Isaac Redeemed*," A. D. 1597, which Milton is supposed to have seen. v. *Hollis's Memoirs*, p. 528.

[81] v. *Macrobii Saturn.* lib. vi. c. 1. Pearce observes that Milton imitates Virgil oftener than Homer. v. P. L. iv. 735.

and in *those addresses* slips in as it were by stealth language of affection, or thought, or sentiment, &c.[82] Indeed although Milton was undoubtedly a high Arian in his mature life, he does in the necessity of poetry give a greater *objectivety* to the Father and the Son, than he would have justified in argument. He was very acute in adopting the strong *Anthropomorphism* of the Hebrew Scriptures at once. Compare the Paradise Lost with Klopstock's Messiah, and you will learn to appreciate Milton's judgment and skill quite as much as his genius."

An anecdote had long been current, which originally came from Richardson, that Sir John Denham came into the House of Commons with a sheet of Paradise Lost, wet from the press, in his hand, and being asked what it was, replied, "Part of the noblest poem that was ever written in any age or language."[83] Such is the facility with which anecdotes that amuse or surprise, pass current from mouth to mouth, that they need but a slender foundation to ensure belief. On examination, it was discovered that Denham was never in Parliament; and consequently the whole story is an ingenious fiction. I shall conclude my remarks on the publication of the poem, by mentioning that in an original edition, belonging to a gentleman who communicated the fact to the public,

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[82] v. *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 264.

[83] I possess a curious book, called "*A New Version of Paradise Lost*, or Milton paraphrased, in which the measure and versification are corrected and harmonized, the obscurities elucidated, and the faults removed, by a gentleman of Oxford" (Mr. Green), in 1706. It is one of the most ludicrously absurd books that I ever read. He says that he has introduced a novelty in this version, by *bracing those lines that read best together, in imitation of the triplets in rhyme.* His notes are not less curious than the text. My copy belonged to some person as eccentric as the author, as appears by his MSS. notes in the margin. He has had the book lettered—"Milton travestied surely."

some rhyming lines were written apparently by a female hand, with these words at the conclusion, dictated by J. M. Mr. Todd withholds his decision as to their authenticity, chiefly on account of the rhyme; but Doctor Symmons, a less cautious critic, has no doubt of their being the production of Milton. The subject is "Day-break," and a short extract will be sufficient to enable the admirers of Milton to form their opinion.

"Whose pale-faced Regent, Cynthia, paler grows,
To see herself pursued by conquering foes,
Yet daring stays behind to guard the rear
Of her black armies, whither without fear
They may retreat, till her alternate course
Bring her about again with rallied force.
Hark! how the Lion's terror loud proclaims
The gladsome tidings of day's gentle beams,
And, long kept silence, breaking, rudely wakes
The feather'd train, which soon their concert makes," &c.[84]

Three years after Paradise Lost was given to the world, Milton published the History of England,[85] comprising the fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth, continued only as far as the Norman invasion. The first copies were mutilated by the licenser, who expunged all the passages that reflected on the conduct of the long parliament, and of

[84] See *Todd's Life*, first ed. p. 91, for some lines called, Lavinia walking in a frosty morning, p. 104; for a sonnet written at Chalfont, which the critics are willing to attribute to Milton. The epigram in Fenton's collection must have come from a very different inkstand. (*Extempore on a Faggot*, p. 286.)

[85] Milton, in his History of England, seems to have used Spenser's Chronicle of the British Kings, as a kind of clue to direct him through so dark and perplexed a subject. He plainly copies Spenser's order and disposition, whom he quotes; and almost transcribes from him the story of Lear, of much however as the difference between prose and verse will admit. Milton's history is an admirable comment on this part of Spenser, which is taken from the first part of Hardyng's Chronicle. v. *Warton on Spenser*, ii. p. 242, and see *Retrospective Review*, vol. ix. p. 1-19.

the new church government. Toland has egregiously misrepresented the facts connected with this suppression. He called it an exposure of the superstition, pride, and cunning of the Popish monks in the Saxon times, and stated that it was suppressed by the licensers, because they thought what was said of the monks was meant to apply to Charles the Second's bishops, though it related solely to the Long Parliament and republican assembly of divines in 1641; but, as the Bishop of Salisbury[86] observes, Toland "very ill digested such an account of the liberty and religion of his favourite republic." Milton gave a copy of these remarks to the Earl of Anglesea, which were published in 1681, with a preface, and have since been inserted in their proper place. The six books which Milton executed appeared in 1670, of the passages then suppressed, but since 1738 always accompanying the History, it appears that some learned persons have doubted the authenticity.[87] This work has received, as is well known, the praise of Warburton, who said "It is written with great simplicity, contrary to his custom in his prose writings, and is the better for it. But he sometimes rises into a surprising grandeur in the sentiments and expressions, as at the conclusion of the second book; I never saw any thing equal to this, but the conclusion of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World."[88] The third

[86] See "*Protestant Union*," by T. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, p. xlii. Richardson says, "the castrated part was a sort of digression, and was expunged to avoid giving offence to a party quite subdued, and whose faults the government was then willing to have forgotten." See *Life*, p. xlvi. Mr. Hollis's biographer (Archd. Blackburne) is as unwilling as Toland to admit this passage in its real sense; and most absurdly turns it against the *Popish* clergy, v. *Mem.* p. 494.

[87] See *Todd's Life of Milton*, p. 210; *Dibdin's Library Companion*, p. 201 (1824); *Retrospective Review*, vol. ix. p. 1-9; and Warton on Spenser, ii. p. 242.

[88] See *Birch's Life*, p. lxviii; and *Newton's Life*, p. lxxvi.

book opens with a comparison drawn between the unsettled state of the Britons, after the desertion of the Romans, and the condition of the country under Cromwell and the Presbyterian government. The parallel is forced into its place by the indignation of the writer; and severely has he chastised the hypocrisy, the selfishness, the rapacity, the ignorance of the leaders, and the injustice and weakness of the government. He follows up his first blow at the "statists," by an equally powerful attack on the unprincipled greediness and baseness of the Presbyterian clergy, "who execute their places like children of the devil, unfaithfully, unjustly, unmercifully, and where not corruptly, stupidly." The whole passage is written with eloquence,—facit indignatio versum.[80] In one part, he evidently alludes to himself,—"They who were ever faithfullest to this cause, and freely aided them in person, or with their substance, when they durst not compel either, slighted and bereaved after of their just debts, by greedy sequestrations, were tossed up and down after miserable attendance from one committee to another, with petitions in their hands, yet either missed the obtaining of their suit, or though it were at length granted (mere shame and reason ofttimes extorting from them at least a show of justice), yet, by their sequestrators and subcommittees abroad, men for the most part of insatiable hands and noted disloyalty, those orders were commonly disobeyed," &c. This is part of the passage that was suppressed by the licenser in 1670, and was first separately printed in 1681. On this subject I am enabled to give the opinion of one to whom has been applied the happy

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[80] ——— "New foes arise
Threatning to bind our souls in secular chains,
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw."—*Sonnet.*

designation by Sir D. Dalrymple of Lord Hardwick—as "learned in British History."

"I thought, first, that the passage was a digression out of both time and place; to use a vulgar phrase, brought in head and shoulders, and looking, therefore, much like an interpolation. Secondly, that the opinions expressed in it are greatly at variance with Milton's political creed and character. And, thirdly, that the reasons for its alleged suppression are wholly inadequate and inconclusive. With respect to my first objection, I am aware it will be said that Milton, in the introductory paragraph of his third book, as published by himself, had expressly referred to the 'late civil broils.' But it is not from thence to be inferred that he meant to follow it up with so ample, particular, and *misplaced* a description of his own times as is contained in the digression. Of my second ground of suspicion, I must leave you to form your own opinion. But I cannot easily believe, that if Milton had really derived from experience such expressions of the conduct and views of his late associates, he would have condescended to incur the imputation of being a time-server by printing them, as the story says he meant to do. Such a course would have been quite foreign to the sturdy independence of his character. As to the last point, I think the reason assigned for the suppression of the passage by the Licensers, namely, that it was done out of tenderness for the vanquished party, is a most lame and impotent one. The Licensers, indeed, might have expunged, as Toland says they did, some passages exposing the superstition and luxury of monks, yet this seems doubtful, as so many were permitted to remain. But can it be believed that Charles the Second and his Licensers had the amiable weakness of harbouring tender mercies towards the beaten Republicans? On the contrary, would they not have triumphed in an opportunity of exposing the recantation

(for so they would have called it) of so formidable and illustrious an adversary as Milton? After all, I must in candour admit that the digression is not without internal marks of genuineness. It is so *Miltonic* in style and execution, that if Milton did not write it, it would be difficult to assign it to any other writer. If it be taken from him, as Johnson says of one of the disputed plays of Shakespeare, to whom shall it be given? But the History of Britain itself I cannot think worthy of Milton's great name. It is a laboured recapitulation of the long-exploded fables of Brute and his descendants, and is as discreditable to his judgment, as the slur he casts on Saxon History[90] and Saxon Historians. That History he treats

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[90] It is with pleasure that we favour the reader with some interesting remarks by the late Lord Grenville, on a doubtful point of English History connected with the present subject, and attached to a passage of Milton:—

"Milton says, in anticipation of his intended poem—'Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub marte phalangas.' The struggle of Cornish Britons for their national independence, tho' finally overpowered, was maintained till a very late period of the Saxon dominion in England, nor is it easy to ascertain the precise date of its termination. Gibbon indeed asserts (c. 38, note 135), 'that Cornwall was finally subdued by Athelstane (A. D. 927-941), who planted an English colony at Exeter, and confined the Britons beyond the river Tamar.' But this statement is confuted by the authority which he cites, as well as by other historical evidence. Malmsbury, to whose evidence Gibbon refers us, says no more, than that this monarch 'vigorously attacked the Cornish men, drove them from Exeter, and fixed the boundaries of his *own* territories (provinciæ suæ) on this side of the Tamar.' Cornwall was therefore still excluded from them. Nor is it more true, that Athelstane planted an English colony at Exeter. The English were settled there before his time, and held it, as Malmsbury expressly tells us, conjointly with the Britons (æquo jure). This common occupancy of the same district, by two hostile and barbarous tribes, was naturally not very favourable to its cultivation. Those who know its present state, may be amused with this author's account of it. No uninstructive lesson, if it teaches the importance of domestic concord to national improvement, and the in-

as 'wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air,' and the hiſtorians as 'obſcure and blockiſh chroniclers, only fit to be read by thoſe who take pleaſure to be all their lifetime raking in the foundation of old abbeys and cathedrals.' You have quite enough of hiſtorian and antiquarian feeling to deem this hereſy; or, as Dogberry ſays, 'flat burglary as ever was committed.' He muſt have quite forgotten 'to love the high embowered roof.' Warburton has ſelected one of the very *next* paſſages in the hiſtory for his particular praiſe. It is at the concluſion of the ſecond book, where all the faults of Milton's proſe ſtyle are accumulated and concluded in about a dozen

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creaſed productiveneſs of the earth itſelf from the progreſs of ſocial life; a fact perhaps not ſufficiently attended to by our ableſt political œconomiſts. 'The ſoil,' ſays he, 'is hungry and ſqualid, ſcarcely producing a few ſtarved oats, which bear for the moſt part no grain, but only empty huſks.' Such was in thoſe days the *neighbourhood of Exeter*, to which Athelſtane, we are told, gave a new face of proſperity, by aſſuming to himſelf and to his people its ſole poſſeſſion and government. This tranſaction happened in 926, nearly the firſt of the two dates aſſigned by Gibbon, and almoſt 500 years after the arrival of Hengiſt in England. The Saxon Chronicle of that year ſtates that Athelſtane 'then obtained (or exerciſed) an authority (or ſuperiority ȝeþýlþe) over all the things that were in this iſland, 'firſt Howel King of Weſt Wales (Cornwall), and Conſtantine King of the Scots, and Owen King of Monmouth, and Aldrid the ſon of Eadulf of Bamburgh.' He ſeems to have exacted from them all ſome ſort of ſubmiſſion, as to a paramount ſovereign. But it is added, 'that they ratified this agreement with covenants and oaths, and then returned in peace.' He treated therefore with the Britiſh King of Cornwall on the ſame footing as with the King of the Scots. He covenanted with all theſe Kings, as exerciſing diſtinct though poſſibly ſubordinate powers of government, and he appears to have left them in that ſtate. From this account, therefore, as well as from what Malmſbury ſtates, of the ſeparation of Exeter at this period from Cornwall, it is manifeſt that the latter continued to be, till within leſs than a century and a half before the Norman Conqueſt, a ſeparate ſtate governed by its native rulers. How much longer it remained in this condition we know not. A gentleman deeply verſed in our ancient hiſtory has ſuggeſted to

lines. This is treaſonable language, I confeſs; but in proportion as I admire the poet, I can afford, by way of ſet off, to cenſure the hiſtorian."

In 1671, Milton[91] publiſhed Paradiſe Regained and

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the author of theſe trifles, a conjecture, in defect of poſitive evidence, that Cornwall was abſorbed into the Saxon kingdom by gradual encroachments, not long after the time of Athelſtan. He ſupports this opinion by ſome inſtances of eccleſiaſtical ſuperiority exerciſed there by the Engliſh Kings before the Norman Conqueſt. And we may obſerve, that in Domeſday book, a large proportion, perhaps the largeſt of the few Corniſh landholders enumerated, ſeems to be of Saxon origin. But it is ſingular that no diſtinct account ſhould remain of ſo remarkable an event, as the *final extinction of the ſovereignty of the Britiſh princes in this their laſt refuge on Engliſh ground;* nor any memorial of that deciſive epock, when, in the words of our romantic poet,

> Woe, and woe, and everlaſting woe
> *Came* to the Briton babe, that ſhould be born
> To live in thraldom of his father's foe!
> Late King, now captive, late lord, now forlorn,
> The world's reproach, the cruel victor's ſcorn.
>
> *Fairy Queen*, c. iii. l. 44.

That the completion of this Revolution was deferred to a very late period, the evidence of language would indeed have ſufficiently proved, had hiſtory been wholly ſilent. The local nomenclature of Cornwall is at this day almoſt entirely Celtic. In moſt other parts of England, the rivers and mountains have frequently retained their Britiſh appellations; but the names of the towns, villages, and pariſhes (with the exception of the Roman ſtations, or other accidental peculiarities) are in very large proportions of *Teutonic* origin. A circumſtance which muſt be principally attributed (but not perhaps ſo excluſively as it has been by ſome of our own hiſtorians) to the influence of the Saxon conqueſt. Though even before the Roman Invaſion, ſome conſiderable portion of our iſland was occupied by *Belgic* tribes, wholly differing, as we are told (*Cæſar*, I. 1, and V. 10), from the Celts in language, as well as in laws and manners, and retaining in their new ſettlements, like other coloniſts, ancient and modern, the appellations endeared to them by the recollections of their parent country."

[91] See *Newton's Life*, p. lxxviii. Theſe Poems not printed by Sim-

Samſon Agoniſtes.[92] The former poem he ſhowed to his friend Elwood. "This," ſaid he, "is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the queſtions you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwiſe, I had not thought of." When it was accounted inferior to the Paradiſe Loſt,[93] Philips ſays, "he could not hear with patience any ſuch thing when related to him." It appears to me, that theſe poems are ſo diſſimilar in their ſtructure and purpoſe, that no compariſon can be uſefully or juſtly inſtituted between them. That the Paradiſe Loſt excels in variety of invention, in ſplendour of imagery, in magnificent thoughts and delineations, and in grandeur and ſublimity of deſcription, no doubt can be entertained; but the latter poem is finiſhed with equal care, and as perfect in another ſtyle. The reaſoning clear, the argument cloſe and weighty, the expreſſion moſt ſelect and choſen, the verſification harmonious, differing in ſtructure from that of the former poem, but admirably in uniſon with the ſubject.[94] The language, as in the poetry of Lucretius, always moves cloſely with the argument; plain and ſimple, where plain ſenſe and ſimple ſentiments only were required; while there are not wanting paſſages riſing into the greateſt beauty, and adorned with the richeſt fancy, that it would be diffi-

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mons but by I. M. for Starkey in Fleet Street, at the price of 2*s.* 6*d.* bound.

[92] Langbaine obſerves, that Dryden has transferred ſeveral thoughts from Samſon Agoniſtes to his Aurengzebe. See *Dram. Poets*, pp. 157. 376.

[93] Perhaps it was the conſciouſneſs of having thus laboured to improve the *deſcriptive* parts of Paradiſe Regained, which made him prefer that poem to Paradiſe Loſt. See *C. Smith's Poems*, p. 164. He compares Paradiſe Regained, iii. 330, with Paradiſe Loſt, i. 675. *Pope* in one of his *Letters* calls it "*his worſt work.*" v. vol. viii. p. 110, ed. Warton.

[94] See *Rogers's Italy*, p. 237, note P. 2. l. 15.

cult to ſurpaſs even in Paradiſe Loſt. There is a ſevere and noble beauty in the ſtructure and expreſſion of the dialogue, which has always appeared to me to have imbibed the ſpirit of the Grecian ſtage, as felt in the moſt perfect and finiſhed of its productions; where the boldeſt conceptions, and the moſt refined beauties, are ſeen in ſtrict harmony with the progreſſive developement of the plan, all contributing to the neceſſary uniformity of impreſſion, and all obedient to the control of the poetic mind that created them. On the name given to this poem which is a relation of the Temptation, a learned writer obſerves, "Whatever may be thought of the manner or correctneſs with which this high matter has been handled by our eminent but moſt miſguided poet, he ſpoke not in that unfair authority when he referred to this event,—the Temptation—the Paradiſe regained for us the ſecond Adam, which had been loſt by the ſucceſsful temptation of our firſt Progenitor. This tranſaction ſymbolizing the whole victory of the Saviour of mankind over the Deſtroyer."[95] It is ſuppoſed that it was written while Milton was at Chalfont, though not publiſhed till five years' after.[96] Of the Samſon Agoniſtes it muſt be obſerved, that the plot is not ſkilfully arranged, and that many of the lyrical meaſures are totally deſtitute of any intelligible rhythm, but it muſt ever be conſidered as one of the nobleſt dramas in our language. Its moral ſentiment, its pathetic feeling, its noble and dignified thoughts, its wiſe and weighty maxims, its ſevere religious contemplations clothed in

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[95] See *Mills's Five Sermons*, p. 15. See alſo his objection to our Lord being rapt thro' the air and taken to ſome eaſtern mountain, p. 103.

[96] See *Niceron Mém. des Hommes Ill.* tom. x. p. ii. p. 110. It was the doctrine of Peter Lombard, and the old divines, that the *immediate* conſequence of Chriſt's victory over the temptation in the wilderneſs, was the diminution of the ſpiritual power, and the previouſly allowed dominion of Satan on the earth.

rich and ſelect language, and adorned with metaphor and figure, give a ſurpriſing elevation to the whole. Warburton conſidered it as a perfect piece, and as an imitation of the antients, having, as it were, a certain gloomineſs intermixed with the ſublime (the ſubject not very different, the fall of two heroes by a woman) which ſhows more ſerenely in his Paradiſe Loſt. It is creditable to the taſte and judgment of Pope, that he did nót adopt Atterbury's ſuggeſtion of reviewing and poliſhing this piece.[97] Samſon would have been twice ſhorn of his locks, and ſunk into a modern ſon of Iſrael; and Pope would have failed on the ſame ground, where his Maſter Dryden had fallen before him.[98]

To that multiplicity of attainments, and extent of comprehenſion (ſays Johnſon), that entitled this great author to our veneration, may be added a kind of humble dignity which did not diſdain the meaneſt ſervice in literature. The epic poet, the controvertiſt, the politician having already deſcended to accommodate children with a book of rudiments, now in the laſt year of his life, compoſed a book of logic for the inſtruction of ſtudents in philoſophy: and publiſhed "Artis Logicæ plenior inſtitutio ad Petri Rami Methodum Concinnata," of this book there was a ſecond edition called for in the following year: it has never been tranſlated, and is the only production of Milton, that I confeſs I have never had the leiſure or the curioſity to read.

In 1673 his "Treatiſe of true Religion, Hereſie, Schiſm, Toleration, and what beſt means may be uſed

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[97] On *Milton's Defence of Tragedy*, prefixed to *Samſon Agoniſtes*. See *Warton on Spenſer*, vol. ii. p. 357. See alſo *Philological Muſeum*, vol. vi. p. 536.

[98] See *Pope's Letters*, vol. viii. p. 116, ed. Newton. See *Armſtrong's Works*, vol. ii. p. 242. This *amended* play muſt have been acted by the King's Scholars at Weſtminſter. See *Birch's Life*, p. lxix.

againſt the growth of Popery," was publiſhed. His principle of toleration is agreement in the ſufficiency of ſcripture: and he extends it to all who profeſs to derive their opinions from the ſacred writings. The Papiſts appealing to other teſtimonies are not to be tolerated, for though they plead conſcience, "we have no warrant," he ſays, "to regard conſcience, which is not founded on ſcripture." He conſiders a diligent peruſal of the Bible as the beſt preſervative againſt the error of the Popiſh church, and he warns men of all profeſſions, the countryman, the tradeſman, the lawyer, the phyſician, the ſtateſman not to excuſe themſelves by their much buſineſs from the ſtudious reading of the Bible. The object of Milton in this treatiſe was to form a "general Proteſtant union" againſt the church of Rome, which he calls the "common adverſary," not by any compromiſe of the peculiar tenets of the Proteſtant ſects, but by a liberal, and comprehenſive toleration grounded on the principle of making the Bible the rule of faith. "Error," he ſays, "is not hereſy," and he determines nothing to be hereſy, but a wilful alienation from, or addition to the ſcriptures. God, he ſays, will aſſuredly pardon all ſincere inquiries after truth, though miſtaken in ſome points of doctrine; and ſpeaking of the founders, or reviewers of ſuch opinions in paſt times, he adds, that God having made no man infallible, hath pardoned their involuntary errors. Such, in the cloſing evening of his life, were the laſt thoughts of a pious, a learned, and a powerful mind, on a queſtion connected with the preſervation of true religion; a century and a half has cloſed, ſince this work was written againſt the "worſt of ſuperſtitions, and the heavieſt of God's judgments, Popery," and it has lately been republiſhed by a moſt eminent and learned Prelate, to exhibit the ſolidity of its arguments, and to prove the unimpeachable piety of the author.

In 1673, the ſame year in which the above named

treatiſe appeared, Milton reprinted his Juvenile Poems, with additions, and ſome few corrections, accompanied with the Tractate on Education. That his Latin poems were not received with greater applauſe by the foreign ſcholars, has always been matter of aſtoniſhment to me.[99] If ſome miſtakes in quantity ſhocked the learning of Salmaſius, or offended the taſte of Heinſius,[1] we muſt recollect that they are but few and unimportant, while they are well compenſated by a vigour of expreſſion, a beauty of alluſion, a fertility of imagery, and a truly poetical conception. Mr. Coleridge ſays, "You may find a few minute faults in Milton's Latin verſes; but you will not perſuade me that if theſe poems had come down to us *as* written in the age of Tiberius, we ſhould not have conſidered them to be very beautiful."[2] Though Milton has formed his taſte on the beſt models, and drawn his language from the pureſt ſources, his poems are not faded tranſcripts, or ſlaviſh imitations of the ancients.[3] I know

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[99] Morhof ranks Milton among the *inferior* Latin writers. See *Polybiſt. Lit.* vol. i. p. 1070. *Salmaſii Reſponſio*, p. 5.

[1] T. Warton ſays that N. Heinſius had no taſte in poetry. I differ decidedly from this opinion, from an intimate acquaintance with his works. I affirm that there never was a commentator on the *Latin poets* of finer taſte or happier ſkill. Bentley over and over again calls him "elegantiſſimus." "Solertiſſimo ingenio — et critica et poetica laude nobilis." Burman, Pierſon (that admirable ſcholar), Wakefield, and others bear the ſtrongeſt teſtimony to his taſte and ſkill. De Puy ſays, "Heinſius delicatulas veneres, et lepores cum ſingulari virtute et doctrina conjunxit." v. *Puteani Vitam*, p. 140, 4to. His Latin poems are elegant and correct, but very inferior to Milton's in fertility of invention, and poetical feeling. He was called "The Swan of Holland." See *Baillet, Jugement des Scavans*, tom. vi. pt. ii. p. 359.

[2] Vide *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 270. I have noticed, I believe, all the errors in quantity in the Notes to the Aldine edition.

[3] The poets of Great Britain who have excelled in the compoſition of Latin verſe might be thus arranged: Buchanan, Milton, T. May, Gray; and in the ſecond order, Addiſon, V. Bourne, and Anſtey.

not where the ſcholars of the continent could have gone for more beautiful ſpecimens of modern poetry than his Firſt Elegy, and the Addreſs to his Father; and has Lucretius himſelf ever clothed the bare and meagre form of metaphyſical ſpeculations in a robe of greater brilliancy, or adorned it with more dazzling jewels of poetry than in the following lines? who, that reads the argument, could have anticipated the change it underwent as it paſſed through the poet's mind.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

Dicite, ſacrorum præſides nemorum deæ,
Tuque, o noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenſo procul
Antro recumbis otioſa Æternitas,
Monumenta ſervans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique faſtos, atque ephemeridas deûm,
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura ſolers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
* * * * *
Seu ſempiternus ille ſiderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum;
Sive inter animas corpus adituras ſedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas;
Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga
Incedit, ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et iis tremendus erigit celſum caput,
Atlante major portitore ſiderum.

In 1674, the laſt year of his laborious and honourable life, he publiſhed his familiar letters in Latin; to which he added ſome clever and pleaſing academical exerciſes: and his long and ſplendid liſt of contributions to literature

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Cowley poſſeſſed a facility of verſification, but his poetry is neither claſſical in its conception, nor correct in its execution. See *Morhof*, vol. i. p. 1065.

ended with a tranſlation of the Latin declaration of the Poles in favour of John the Third. Some doubts, however, have been entertained as to this tranſlation having proceeded from the pen of Milton; but as they turn entirely on the internal evidence of the ſtyle, they can admit of no perfect ſolution.[4]

Milton had long been a ſufferer by the gout, which had now, with the advance of age, greatly enfeebled his conſtitution. Conſidering that his life was about to cloſe,[5] he informed his brother Chriſtopher that he wiſhed to dictate to him the diſtribution of his property. He died by a quiet and ſilent expiration, on Sunday the 8th of November,[6] at his houſe in Bunhill Fields, in the ſixty-ſixth year of his age, having ſurvived the loſs of his ſight for three and twenty years. He was buried next his father in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, attended, as Toland informs us, "by all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourſe of the vulgar." His wife ſurvived him the long period of fifty-four years.[7] Her receipt to the bookſeller for the copyright

[4] Milton left in MS. a brief Hiſtory of Moſcovia, and of the other leſs known countries, lying eaſtward of Ruſſia as far as Cathay, printed in 1688. On his tract concerning the militia, 1642, 4to. unnoticed by the biographers, ſee *Todd's Life*, (firſt ed.) p. 127. In a *Collection of Poems* by *C. Gildon*, 1692, 12mo. p. 92, is Julii Mazarini Cardinalis epitaphium, auctore Joanne Milton. v. *State Poems*, vol. i. p. 56. *Mr. Godwin*, in his *Life of Philips*, p. 190, has mentioned a poem attributed to Milton, in *State Poems*, 1697, in which is—"Noah be d—d." On the works attributed to him, ſee *Todd's Life*, p. 133—138; and *Newton's Life*, p. lxxxiii.

[5] "He would be very cheerful even in his goute fitts, and ſing: He died of the goute ſtruck in, the 9 or 10 November, 1674, as appears by his 'Apothecaries' books.'"—*Aubrey, Lett.* vol. iii. p. 449.

[6] Johnſon ſays, about the 10th of November, and Mr. Hayley on the 15th; but Mr. Todd has aſcertained the exact date from a reference to the regiſter of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

Note, ſee *Hunter's Notes on Shakeſpeare*, p. 337.

of Milton's *Profe Works* exifts, I am told, in the church library of Houghton Conqueft.

The original ftone laid upon the grave of Milton was removed not many years after his interment; and no memorial of the Poet's fame exifted in the church in which he was buried,[8] till by Mr. Whitbread's munificence, a marble buft, and tablet, recording the date of his birth and death were erected in the middle aifle. To the author of Paradife Loft a fimilar tribute of refpect was paid in 1737, by Mr. Auditor Benfon; and his monument, adorned with a buft, was placed at the expenfe of that gentleman in Weftminfter Abbey.

Thus was Milton's wifh, though late, fulfilled:

> "Ille meos artus liventi morte folutos
> Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
> Forfitan et noftros ducat de marmore vultus."
>
> *Manfus*, ver. 90.

When the infcription, written by Atterbury, to the memory of John Philips, was exhibited to Dr. Sprat, then Dean of Weftminfter, he refufed to admit it, becaufe the Poet was faid to be "foli Miltono fecundus." This anecdote was related to Johnfon by Dr. Gregory. Such has been the change of opinion, he added, that I have feen erected in the church the ftatue of that man, whofe name I once knew confidered as a pollution of its walls.

Milton, in his youth, is faid to have been eminently handfome. He was called the Lady of his college.[9]

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[8] On the difinterment of the *fuppofed* coffin and corpfe of Milton in Auguft, 1790, fee the *Pamphlet of P. Neve, Efq.* and *Todd's Life*, p. 139. The exact place in the church where Milton and his father lie, is not afcertained. The father died about 1647. Speed the Hiftorian and Fox the Martyrologift are buried in the fame church.

[9] Salmafius fays, "Tu quem olim Itali pro *fœminâ* habuerunt." *Salmas. Refp.* p. 23, in his *Prolufiones Acad.* p. 132, he fays of him-

His complexion was freſh and fair.[10] His hair, which was of a light brown, was parted in front, and hung down upon his ſhoulders.[11] He was of a moderate ſtature, or rather below the middle ſize. His eyes were of a grayiſh colour; and when he was totally deprived of ſight, he ſays that they did not betray the loſs. His voice and ear were muſical.[12] He was vigorous and active, delighting in the exerciſe of the ſword. Of his figure in his declining days, the following ſketch has been left by Richardſon.—An ancient clergyman of Dorſetſhire, Dr.

ſelf, "A quibuſdam audivi, nuper *domina*," &c. Virgil was called "Parthenius." See his Life.

[10] On the portraits of Milton conſult *Todd's Life* (ſecond edit.), pp. 235—240.; that I alſo ſaw one of him, when young, at Lord Townſhend's at Rainham, but many years have paſſed, and I cannot recollect any particulars. Charles Lamb, Eſq. poſſeſſed an original portrait, left by his brother, and accidentally bought in London. A miniature by S. Cooper has been lately placed in the Duke of Buccleuch's poſſeſſion. Conſult alſo *T. Warton's Milton*, p. 331. As regards his portrait by W. Marſhall, prefixed to his Poems (and which Salmaſius did not diſlike), he ſays, in his *Defenſio contra Morum*, "Tu effigiem mihi diſſimilimam præfixam Poematibus vidiſti. Ego vero ſi impulſu et ambitione librarii, me imperito Sculptori, propterea quod in urbe alius eo tempore belli non erat, in fabri ſcalpendum permiſi, id me neglexiſſe potius eam rem arguebat, cujus tu mihi nimium cultum objicis." v. *Proſe Works*, vol. v. p. 303; but Morus had drawn a different concluſion. "An deformitatem tibi vitio verterem, qui *bellum* etiam credidi maxime, poſtquam, tuis *præfixam Poematibus comptulam iconem* illam vidi?" Salmaſius reproaches him with the loſs of his beauty. "Malo iſto magnam partem tuæ pulchritudinis deperiiſſe, pro eo ac debeo, doleo: nam in oculis maxime viget ac valet formæ decus, quid Itali nunc dicerent, ſi te viderent cum iſta tua fæda lippitudine." *Salmas. Reſp.* p. 15. I have heard that an original portrait of Milton (about thirty years of age) has been diſcovered by Mr. R. Lemon of the State Paper Office.

[11] In this he differed from his friends the Puritans: ſee deſcription of the Puritan hair *cropped* in *Col. Hutchinſon's Memoirs*; and ſee *Howes's Perſius*, p. 105.

[12] See *Fenton's Notes on Waller*, p. cii.

Wright, found John Milton in a ſmall chamber hung with ruſty green, ſitting in an elbow chair, and dreſſed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-ſtones. He uſed alſo to ſit in a gray coarſe cloth coat, at the door of his houſe near Bunhill Fields, in warm ſunny weather, to enjoy the freſh air. And ſo, as well as in his room, he received the viſits of people of diſtinguiſhed parts, as well as quality.[13]

His domeſtic habits were thoſe of a ſevere and temperate ſtudent. He drank little wine, and fed without any luxurious delicacy of choice. In his youth, he ſtudied till midnight; but warned by the early decay of ſight, and his diſordered health, he afterwards changed his hours, and reſted in bed[14] from nine till four in the ſummer, and five in the winter months. If at theſe hours he was not diſpoſed to riſe, he had a perſon by his bedſide to read to him.[15] When he had riſen, he had a chapter in the Hebrew Bible read to him, and ſtudied till twelve. He then took ſome exerciſe for an hour in his garden, dined, played on the organ, and either ſang himſelf, or made his wife ſing, who had a good voice,

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[13] *Richardſon's Life of Milton*, 1734, p. iv.

[14] The bed on which Milton died was given by Mr. Hollis to Akenſide the poet, who was delighted with the preſent. See *Hollis's Memoirs*, p. 112.

[15] Milton had taught his two younger daughters to pronounce exactly the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spaniſh, and French, without underſtanding the meaning of the languages. This at length became ſo irkſome, that, on their expreſſing their uneaſineſs, they were ſent out to learn embroidery, &c. Elwood, Ed. Philips, and Skinner read to him. He uſed to ſay, in his daughters' hearing, that one tongue was enough for a woman. v. *Philips' Life*, p. 42. Milton's memory and learning were almoſt as wonderful as his genius; and after he grew blind, it is not likely that he would deſire to have any foreign books read to him, but ſuch as he was *well acquainted with*. See *Beattie's Eſſays*, p. 273.

though not a muſical ear. He again ſtudied till ſix; entertained his viſitors[16] till eight; and ſupped upon olives, or ſome light thing,[17] and after a pipe of tobacco, and a glaſs of water, went to bed. That Milton and his wife uſed to dine in the kitchen, as appears in the affidavit of their maidſervant, Mary Fiſher, I ſuppoſe might be owing to the homely and ſimple cuſtom of the times among plain people, and cannot be adduced as a mark of poverty or meanneſs.[18]

He compoſed much in the night and morning, and dictated in the day, ſitting obliquely in an elbow chair, with his leg thrown over the arm. Fortune, as Johnſon obſerves, appears not to have had much of his care. He loſt, by different caſualties, about four thouſand pounds: yet his wants were ſo few, and his habits of life ſo unexpenſive, that he was never reduced to indigence. He ſold part of his library before his death,[19] and left his widow about fifteen hundred pounds. She ſold the re-

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[16] "He was viſited by the learned, much more than he did deſire." v. *Aubrey Lett.* vol. iii. p. 443. "Foreigners came much to ſee him, and admired him, and offered to him great preferments to come over to them; and the only inducement of ſeveral foreigners that came over, was to ſee O. Protector and Mr. J. Milton: and would ſee the *houſe* and chamber where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home."

[17] It was when he was infirm and ſick, that he addreſſed his wife, as Mary Fiſher tells us ſhe overheard, "Who having provided ſomething for deceaſed's dinner which he very well liked, he ſpake to his ſaid wife, theſe or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember. 'God have mercy, Betty, I ſee thou wilt perform according to thy promiſe, in providing me ſuch diſhes as I think fit while I live; and when I die, thou knoweſt I have left thee all.'" Milton had two ſervant-maids, Mary and Elizabeth Fiſher. See his Will. His man-ſervant was B. Green. See Milton's Agreement in the Appendix.

[18] Milton was in tolerable circumſtances. See *Jackſon's Thirty Letters*, p. 234.

[19] He is ſaid to have borrowed fifty pounds of Jonathan Hartop of Aldborough in Yorkſhire, who died in 1791, at the age of 138. He

mainder of the Poet's books to a bookſeller at Shrewſbury. Fenton ſays, "Though he abode in the heritage of oppreſſors, and the ſpoils of the country lay at his feet, neither his conſcience, nor his honour could ſtoop to gather them."

It has been agreed by all, that he was of an equal and cheerful temper, and pleaſing and inſtructive in converſation.[20] His daughter ſaid, "her father was delightful company, the life of the converſation; and *that*, on account of a flow of ſubject, and an unaffected cheerfulneſs and civility." Richardſon ſays, "that Milton had a gravity in his temper, not melancholy, or not till the latter part of his life; not ſour, nor moroſe, or ill natured, but a certain ſerenity of mind, a mind not condeſcending to little things:" and Aubrey adds, "that he was ſatirical."[21]

His literature was unqueſtionably immenſe; his adverſaries admitted that he was the moſt able and acute ſcholar living. With the Hebrew, and its two dialects, he was well acquainted, in the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spaniſh languages, he was eminently ſkilled. In La-

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returned the loan with honour, though not without much difficulty, as his circumſtances were very low. Mr. Hartop would have declined receiving it, but the pride of the Poet was equal to his genius, and he ſent the money with an angry letter, which was found among the curious poſſeſſions of the venerable old man." See *Eaſton's Human Longevity*, p. 241, (a book however of little authority). Toland ſays, "towards the latter part of his time he *contracted* his library, both becauſe the heirs he left could not make a right uſe of it, and that he thought he might ſell it more to their advantage than they could be able to do themſelves. v. *Life*, p. 142.

[20] See *Newton's Life*, p. xci.

[21] "In the *Paradiſe Loſt*, indeed in every one of his poems, it is Milton *himſelf* whom you ſee. His Satan, his Adam, Raphael, *almoſt his Eve*,—are all John Milton, and it is a ſenſe of this intenſe egotiſm that gives me the greateſt pleaſure in reading Milton's Works. The egotiſm of ſuch a man is a revelation of ſpirit." See *Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 240.

tin, his knowledge was ſuch, as to place him in the firſt rank of writers and critics. He himſelf relates that his round of ſtudy and reading was ceaſeleſs; and that his life had not been unexpenſive in learning and voyaging about. The claſſical books, in which he moſt delighted, were Homer, whoſe two poems, Toland ſays, he could almoſt repeat without book, Ovid's[22] Metamorphoſes, and Euripides; his copy of the latter poet, with ſome critical obſervations in the margin, was in the poſſeſſion of the late Sir Henry Halford.[23] Lord Charlemont, deſcended from a ſiſter of Mr. King, the Lycidas of Milton, poſſeſſed his Lycophron, in which are ſome remarks written in his clear and beautiful hand. As a further proof of the diligence and exactneſs with which he read books of not common occurrence, I ſhall mention, that I have ſeen a copy of the Sonnetti of Varchi that belonged to him, in which the moſt curious expreſſions, and the more poetical paſſages were underlined, and marked with extraordinary care. He is ſaid to have read Plautus repeatedly, in order "to rail with more choice phraſe at Salmaſius." Plato and Demoſthenes are ſuppoſed to have been his favourite authors in Greek proſe; and among the Roman hiſtorians, he has decreed to Salluſt[24] the palm of ſuperiority. His ſkill in Rabbinical literature, in which

[22] Deborah, his daughter, informed Dr. Ward, that "Iſaiah, Homer, and Ovid, were works which they were often called to read to their father." In his *Proluſiones*, p. 81, he calls "Ovidius poetarum elegantiſſimus."

[23] T. Warton has traced this book from its poſſeſſor, Biſhop Hare, in 1740, to Mr. Cradock, who bequeathed it to Sir Henry Halford. See his *Milton*, p. 569. See ſome letters concerning it in *Cradock's Memoirs*, vol. iv. p. 137 — 140. Milton's emendations of the text are given, I think, in *Jodrell's Euripides*. Milton's Copy of *Aratus* with his Autograph and MS. Notes, formerly in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Upton, is now in the Britiſh Muſeum.

[24] See his *Latin Letters*, (ed. 1674) p. 53.

he has not been followed by his commentators, was unusually great. Of the English poets, it is said he set most value on Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley. Spenser[25] was apparently his favourite. Of Jonson, Mr. Gifford says, Milton was the unwearied, though unnoticed follower. Dr. Johnson seems surprised at his approbation of Cowley, a poet whose ideas of excellence are so different from his own; these are facts for which it is difficult to account; Scaliger preferred Statius to Virgil; and who would have supposed that Rubens could have said, if he were not Rubens, he would wish to be Poëlemberg?

That Milton read the works of those dramatic poets who were the contemporaries or successors of Shakespeare, is evident, from his having transplanted some of their beautiful expressions into his works: and he mentions in his Apology for Smectymnus, that he was much enamoured of romances in his youth. His character of Dryden was, that he was a good rhymist, but no poet; for we may well suppose that the charms of Dryden's poetry possessed few attractions for his mind, which had long been formed in other models and in another school.

The political opinions of Milton were those of a thorough republican, which Johnson thinks was founded on an envious hatred of greatness, and a sullen desire of independence.[26] This conclusion is so uncharitable and un-

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[25] "Milton acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original," v. *Dryden's Pref. to his Fables*, p. xx. and *Ded. to Juvenal*, p. 126. For his character of Milton, see *Essay on Satan*, vol. xiii. p. 17, ed. Scott, and p. 112, vol. xviii. p. 239.

> "The bard who next the new-born saint addrest
> Has Milton for his wondrous Poem blest."

See *Malone's Suppl. to Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 686. Pearce says, that "he could point out to Bentley, 'a hundred words (I believe) in Milton to be met with in no author before him.'" vol. v. p. 198.

[26] See *Ward's Essay on the Revolution of* 1688, vol. i. pp. 43, 50,

juſt, that it muſt recoil with injury on him who made it. No one can read Milton's writings, or contemplate his life, without being perſuaded that his firſt deſire was the freedom, and through that, the happineſs of his country. Other great and good men were republicans as well as Milton; and who amid the difficulties of thoſe evil days, was to direct his line of conduct ſo clearly as to ſay, that no other courſe could be purſued with innocence and ſafety? I am not called upon to expreſs an opinion as to the juſtice of the cauſe which he eſpouſed; a queſtion which includes a multitude of relations, and is ſpread through too great a variety of circumſtances, and muſt indeed be deduced through too minute explications, to admit of being comprehended in a work like this; but I am bound to vindicate his character from the charge of being influenced in his great patriotic exertions by any feelings but thoſe of a good and elevated nature. Men of moſt enlightened minds, of inflexible virtue, and of the moſt devoted attachment to their country, ſincere and moſt ſtudious of the public happineſs, were ſeen oppoſed to each other in the ſenate and the field. The ſame arguments do not operate with the ſame force on different minds; "In all the public conteſts we have had," ſays Algernon Sydney, "men of good judgment and integrity have filled both parties." There was a great and complicated queſtion before them, the dangers and difficulties of which thickened as it advanced: good and brave men looked on it in different ſhades of ſorrow or of hope, according to their tempers or habits of thought; and that which Milton contemplated as the bright dawning of a more glorious day, came lowering with ſuch clouds and darkneſs, as to ſink the virtuous heart of Falkland even to deſpair.

54, on Charles and the Parliament; *Hallam's Conſtitutional Hiſtory*, vol. ii. p. 215; *Blackſtone's Commentaries*, vol. i. p. 412.

"I know," ſays Mr. Coleridge, "no portion of hiſtory which a man may write with ſo much pleaſure as that of the great ſtruggle in the time of Charles the Firſt, becauſe he may feel the profoundeſt reſpect for both parties. The ſide taken by a particular perſon was determined by the point of view which ſuch perſon happened to command at the commencement of the *inevitable colliſion*, one line ſeeming ſtraight to this man, another line to another. No man of his age ſaw *the* truth — the whole truth. There was not light enough for that." [27]

Harrington [28] had obſerved, "that the troubles of the times were not to be attributed wholly to wilfulneſs or faction, neither to the miſgovernment of the prince, nor the ſtubbornneſs of the people, but to a change in the balance of property, which ſince Henry the Seventh's time had been daily falling into the ſcale of the commons, from that of the king, and the lords; [29] thus, as a ſenſible and temperate writer obſerves, the opulence and independence of the commons tended to produce a popular government, and the introduction of mercenary armies to aggrandize the crown. Hence the conteſt between the king and the

[27] See *Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 170.

[28] See *Burnet's Introd. to Milton's Proſe Works*, vol. i. p. 9.

[29] That a change in the balance of property, cauſed the troubles, ſee *Life of Harrington*, pt. xv. 4to. p. 65, "nor was there any thing now wanting to the deſtruction of the throne, but that the people, not apt to ſee their own ſtrength, ſhould be put to feel it, &c." *(Oceana)*; again, p. 366, "The growth of the people of England, ſince the time noticed, of the nobility and clergy in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, to men that ſtood with the intent or indeed the nature and poſſibility of a well-founded or durable monarchy, was now preſently perceived, but withal temporized in council," &c. (the art of lawgiving) "From the reign of Edward I. to go no farther backward," ſays Mr. Coleridge, "there was a ſpirit of freedom in the people at large, which *all our kings in their ſenſes were cautious not to awaken by too rudely treading on it; but for individuals, as ſuch, there was none till the conflict with the Stuarts.*" Literary Remains, vol. iii. p. 185.

people, the one to extend his prerogative, the other to augment their privileges.[30] The petition of rights collected the grievances of the nation into one view, and ſtated the acknowledged limits of the prerogative, and the undiſputed rights of the people." Putting aſide all favourite and partial views, and looking at the queſtion with an equal indifference, it may be ſaid, that *all* muſt have ſeen the neceſſity of amending the *manner* in which the government was conducted, what wonder if ſome objected even to the *form?* The diſpute in fact, as Dr. Balguy obſerves, was a conflict between governors who ruled by will not by law; and ſubjects who would not ſuffer the law itſelf to control their actions.[31] Milton might have deſpaired (for he had no example at home before him) of ſeeing that limited and legal monarchy, which we never poſſeſſed till the reign of the Stuarts had paſſed away: and which for the firſt time erected the ſafety of the throne on the ſecured liberty of the ſubject, and the inviolable ſanctity of the laws. Periods like the one we are contemplating, occaſionally recurring, and long and ſecretly prepared, produce, when they arrive, great ferment and deſire of change in the minds of men: nor muſt we too ſeverely blame thoſe who in the ardour of hope aſpire to a perfection that human inſtitutions have never reached, and who, diſguſted with the real abuſes of the paſt, would turn to the imaginary advantages of the future. "It was

[30] "We ſcarce ever had a *Prince*," ſays Burke, "who by fraud or violence had not made ſome infringement on the conſtitution; we ſcarce ever had a *Parliament* which I knew, where it attempted to ſet limits to the royal authority, or to ſet limits to its own. Evils attacked continually calling for reformation, and reformations more grievous than any evils." See *Burke's View of Nat. Society*, p. 59.

[31] See on this ſubject, *Hurd's Dialogues*, *Warburton's Letters to Mr. York*, *King's Anecdotes of his own Times*, *Hallam's Conſt. Hiſt.* vol. i. p. 570. *Lyttleton's Hiſt. of Henry II.* vol. i. Prf. may be conſulted with advantage.

the error of Milton," ſays Mr. Coleridge, "Sidney and others of that age, to think it poſſible to conſtruct a pure and ariſtocratic government independent of all paſſion, and ignorance and ſordid nature." Milton wiſhed for a republic, beſt ſecuring, as he thought, the liberty and happineſs of the people; great then was his indignation, when he ſaw the preſbyterian ſynod throw away ſurplice and cope, and yet put on all but the old epiſcopal robes; and the man of "little leſs than divine virtue," the father of his country, the leader of her armies, the moſt glorious of her citizens, the founder and protector of her liberty; him who had deſpiſed the name of king for majeſty, yet more majeſtic;[32] whom God manifeſtly favoured, that he was in all things his helper! when he ſaw this bold imperious uſurper put off the Puritan's cloak, lay down his battered breaſtplate, and "ſtepping on the neck of crowned fortune,"[33] take poſſeſſion of the empty throne. He hated Popery, as it was ſlaviſh, ignorant, antichriſtian, and idolatrous: deep therefore was his ſorrow, when he ſpoke of the diſſoluteneſs of a returning court, of a queen in moſt likelihood outlandiſh and a Papiſt, and a queen mother with their ſumptuous court, and numerous train. In diſappointment and diſguſt he turned away from ſights like theſe, to contemplate the example of the United Provinces, which he calls a potent and flouriſhing repub-

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[32] Such are the expreſſions uſed relating to Cromwell, and the titles given to him by Milton, in *The Second Defence, &c.* Milton wrote two letters to Cromwell, one in favour of Marvell, one with his *Second Defence*, ſee *Birch's Life*, p. xl. Cromwell was highly gifted as a preacher, as well as diſtinguiſhed as a warrior; witneſs his learned, devout, and conſcientious exerciſe held at Mr. Peter Temple's, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, upon Romans xiii. 1. See *Scott's Dryden*, vol. x. p. 141.

[33] Compare *Am. Marcellinus*, lib. xxv. p. 4. "Felicitas ita eminet, ut ipſis quodammodo *cervicibus futuræ* aliquandiu *gubernatricis* coactus, &c.—"

lic![34] "The moſt difficult paſſage," ſays Mr. Campbell, "of Milton's life, for his biographers to comment on with entire ſatisfaction, is his continued awe and terror of Cromwell's anger, after Cromwell had become a tyrant. Nor was he uncandid to deny that his fear of the return of the Stuarts, the ſymptoms of his having been ſeldom at the Uſurper's court, and the circumſtance of his having given his advice to ſpare the liberties of the people, form ſome apology for this negative adherence. But if the people, according to his own ideas, were capable of liberty after Cromwell's death, they were equally ſo before it: and a reſignation of his profit under the Deſpot would have been a better and fuller ſacrifice to public principles, than any advice. From ordinary men this is more than could be expected, but Milton preached to others ſuch auſterity of duty, that in proportion to the altitude of his character, the world, which looked to his principle, had a right to expect his practical virtue to be ſevere."[35]

The biographers of Milton, when ſpeaking of his family, have mentioned his brother Chriſtopher, and his ſiſter Anne. It appears by a more diligent inquiry, that the names of two other ſiſters, Tabitha and Sarah, are mentioned in the baptiſmal regiſter, and the death of Sarah only is recorded. Chriſtopher was a royaliſt, and after his brother's death became a judge. In the rebellion he compounded for his eſtate, the fine levied upon him being two hundred pounds. He long reſided at Ipſwich, and in a neighbouring village,[36] and was buried in the porch of St. Nicholas, in March, 1692. He was knighted by James the Second. Philips ſays of him that he was a

[34] Yet on the Republic of the United Provinces, ſee the ſentiments of a Church of England man, in *Swift's Miſcellanies*, vol. i. p. 63.

[35] *Campbell's Specimens of the Engliſh Poets*, vol. iv. p. 164.

[36] The houſe where he lived, I underſtand, is near the church in the village of Ruſhmere, was a farm-houſe, and has been lately altered.

perſon of a modeſt and quiet temper, preferring juſtice and virtue before all worldly pleaſure and grandeur, but that in the beginning of the reign of James the Second, for his known integrity and ability in law, he was by ſome perſons of quality recommended to the king, and at a call of ſerjeants received the coif, and the ſame day was ſworn one of the Barons of the exchequer: and ſoon after made one of the judges of the Common Pleas: but his years and indiſpoſition not well brooking the fatigue of public employment, he continued not long in either of theſe ſtations, but having his "Quietus eſt" retired to a country life, his ſtudy and devotion. This is the perſon whom Dr. Symmons calls an "old dotard." Toland's account of him certainly is leſs favourable, he ſays, "that he was of a very ſuperſtitious nature, and a man of no parts or ability, and that James, wanting a ſet of judges that could declare his will to be ſuperior to our legal conſtitution, appointed him one of the Barons of exchequer." His ſiſter Anne was married firſt to a Mr. Philips, and after his death to a Mr. Agar; by her firſt huſband ſhe had two ſons, Edward and John, whom Milton educated, who were perſons of cleverneſs and learning: and both of whom were authors.[37] Edward's affection and reſpect for his uncle is diſplayed in every page of his biography. Milton had children only by his firſt wife; and three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah were the fruits of his marriage.[38] Anne, though deformed, married, and died in childbed.

[37] Their biography has been written by Mr. Godwin in an entertaining and intereſting volume.

[38] Dr. Birch tranſcribed the regiſtry of the birth of Milton's children from his own writing, in a blank leaf of his wife's bible; his ſon John was born on Saturday, March 16, 1650. His three daughters each received 100*l.* as their fortune, from their ſtepmother Elizabeth, and the three receipts bearing their three ſignatures were ſold among the books and manuſcripts of James Boſwell, Eſq. in 1825, ſee alſo *Mr. Todd's Life*, (firſt ed.) p. 186, note.

Mary died ſingle. Deborah, the youngeſt, married Abraham Clark, a weaver, in Spitalfields, and lived ſeventy-ſix years to Auguſt, 1727. This is the daughter of whom public mention is made. She could repeat, as Profeſſor Ward of Greſham College, related on his own knowledge the firſt lines of Homer, of the Metamorphoſes, and ſome of Euripides from having often heard them. To her Addiſon made a preſent, and Queen Caroline ſent her a purſe of fifty guineas. She is reported to have been the favourite of her father; though in conſequence of a diſagreement with her ſtepmother, three or four years before Milton's death, ſhe left his houſe and went to reſide with a lady named Merian in Ireland. On being ſhown a portrait which ſtrongly reſembled Milton, ſhe exclaimed with tranſport, 'Tis my father! 'tis my dear father![39] When ſhe was introduced to Addiſon, he ſaid, "Madam, you need no other voucher, your face is a ſufficient teſtimonial whoſe daughter you are."[40] She appeared to be a woman of good ſenſe, and genteel behaviour, and to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune with decency and prudence. Milton ſays, in his will, that he ſpent the greateſt part of his eſtate in providing for his children in his life time; I preſume that he ſpeaks of the expenſe of their education, and their maintenance on a ſeparate eſtabliſhment, while learning curious and ingenious ſorts of manufacture,[41] and embroidering in gold and ſilver. The

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[39] It was when Faithorne's crayon-drawing was ſhown to her by Vertue the engraver, that ſhe cried out, "Oh Lord! that is the picture of my father! how came you by it?" and ſtroking down the hair of her forehead, ſhe ſaid, "juſt ſo my father wore his hair." v. *Todd's Milton*, (ſecond ed.) p. 237.

[40] See *Birch's Life*, p. lxxvi, and ſee a letter from Vertue the engraver, to Mr. Chriſtian (Aug. 12, 1721,) in *Gent. Mag.* May, 1831, p. 419.

[41] "Anne Milton is lame, but hath a *trade*, and can live by the ſame,

ſtory of their ſurreptitiouſly ſelling their father's books during his life, reſts on the teſtimony of a maid ſervant alone, whom the biographers are diſinclined to believe; but that they were undutiful and unkind children, careleſs of him when blind, and deſerting him in his age, we have unfortunately the authority of Milton himſelf.[42]

The laſt known ſurvivor of the Poet's family was Elizabeth, the daughter of this Deborah Clark,[43] who married Thomas Foſter, a weaver, in Spitalfields. She kept a ſmall chandler's ſhop near Shoreditch Church. In 1750, April 5th, Comus was played for her benefit. The profits of the night were only a hundred and thirty pounds.[44] Of this ſum, ſays Johnſon, twenty pounds were given by Tonſon, a man who is to be praiſed as often as he is

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which is the making of gold and ſilver lace, and which the deceaſed bred her up to." *Eliz. Fiſher's Depoſition.*

[42] See *Todd's Life*, p. 290. *Philips's Life*, p. lxvi. prefixed to *Milton's Proſe Works*, ed. Pickering. It appears that his daughters lived quite apart from their father the laſt four or five years of his life: and that he knew little about them, nor whether they frequented *church* or not. See *Chriſtopher Milton's Depoſition*, p. 274, ed. *Todd.*

[43] Caleb Clark, her ſon, was pariſh clerk of Madras. His children were the laſt deſcendants of the Poet, but of them nothing farther is known. See Mr. Hawkins's Note in *Newton's Life*, p. cxi. Dr. Birch narrates the converſation he held with Mrs. Foſter, who told him that Milton's ſecond wife did not die in childbed, as Philips and Toland aſſert, but about three months after of a conſumption, v. p. lxxvii.

[44] The above account by Dr. Johnſon is not quite correct. The receipts of the houſe were 147*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* from which 80*l.* were deducted for expenſes. Such is the ſtatement of Mr. Is. Reed. Some accounts of circumſtances that led the public attention towards Milton's granddaughter may be ſeen in *Hollis's Mem.* p. 116. An Advertiſement of Johnſon's firſt ſuggeſted ſome plan of relief. It is in *Boſwell's Life*, vol. i. p. 196.

Voltaire ſays he was in London at the time. "J'étais à Londres quand on apprit qu'il y avoit une fille de Milton aveugle, vielle et pauvre, en un quart d'heure elle fut riche." See *Correſpond. Generale*, vol. 74, tom. vii. p. 401.

named; one hundred pounds were placed in the funds, the reſt augmented their little ſtock, with which they removed to Iſlington. Johnſon cloſes his Life of Milton by informing us that he had the honour of contributing the Prologue to the play. Mrs. Foſter died, aged 66, in the year 1754.[45] Of the deſcendents of Sir Chriſtopher Milton, ſome account is given in the Life of Milton by Newton.

It only now remains to give a ſhort account of a Treatiſe of Theology, bearing the name of Milton, lately diſcovered. Toland, in his Life of Milton, had informed us that he compiled a ſyſtem of divinity, but whether intended for public view, or collected merely for his own uſe, he could not determine; and Aubrey affords further particulars, by mentioning that Milton's Idea Theologiæ was in manuſcript in the hands of Mr. Skinner, a merchant's ſon in Mark Lane. Wood mentions Cyriack Skinner as the depoſitory of this work, which he calls "The Body of Divinity," at that time, or at leaſt lately in the hands of Milton's acquaintance Cyriack Skinner. It is well known that this treatiſe was diſcovered with the name of Milton attached to it, by Mr. Lemon in the State Paper Office a few years ſince. It appears, that Mr. Daniel Skinner commenced a correſpondence with the celebrated Elzevir the printer at Amſterdam, on the ſubject of the State Letters, and the Theological Treatiſe of Milton. Skinner was at that time fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the Letters, and of the firſt one hundred and ninety-ſix pages of the Treatiſe, he had been the copyiſt. He is ſuppoſed alſo to have been one of

[45] On Thurſday laſt, May 9, 1754, died at Iſlington, in the 66th year of her age, after a long and painful illneſs, which ſhe ſuſtained with chriſtian fortitude and patience, Mrs. Elizabeth Foſter, granddaughter of Milton. This paragraph from a contemporary newſpaper, is preſerved in the *Memoirs of T. Hollis*, vol. i. p. 114.

thoſe whom Milton had daily about him to read to him. On inſpection of the Manuſcript, Elzevir was alarmed at the freedom of the political and theological opinions advanced in it, and declined printing it. Skinner took away the manuſcript, which had by this time attracted the attention of the government. Iſaac Barrow, then maſter of Trin. Coll. ſent a peremptory order to Skinner to repair immediately to college, and warned him againſt publiſhing any writing miſchievous to the church and ſtate. It is not known with exactneſs when Skinner returned to England, but he had an interview with Sir Joſeph Williamſon, ſecretary of ſtate; and it is *ſuppoſed* that he delivered up the manuſcripts to him. The remainder of the treatiſe is written in a female hand, the ſame which tranſcribed the ſonnet,

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed ſaint,

now among the manuſcripts at Cambridge, and this ſcribe is ſuppoſed to have been his daughter Mary or Deborah.[46] This part of the volume is interſperſed with interlineations and corrections in a different and unknown hand. The whole treatiſe repoſed on the ſhelves of the old State Paper Office in Whitehall till the year 1823, when Mr. Lemon, the Deputy Keeper, diſcovered it, looſely wrapped up in two or three ſheets of printed paper which proved to be the proof ſheets of Elzevir's Horace. The State Letters were in the ſame parcel, and the whole was incloſed in a cover directed to Mr. Skinner, Merchant.[47]

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[46] Milton's granddaughter aſſerted that he would not allow his daughters to be taught to *write:* but Aubrey mentions that his youngeſt daughter was his amanuenſis, and it appears that Mrs. Foſter was miſtaken alſo in other particulars.

[47] See Skinner's Letter to Pepys on this Manuſcript, *Pepys' Correſpondence,* vol. i. p. 169-181, and vol. ii. p. 297.

The title of the work is "De Doctrina Chriſtiana,[48] ex ſacris dumtaxat libris petita, diſquiſitionum libri duo poſthumi;" but it is ſuppoſed to have been choſen after Milton's death, by thoſe into whoſe poſſeſſion the manuſcript had paſſed. When it was diſcovered, it was placed in the hands of Dr. Sumner, then chaplain to his late Majeſty, in conjunction with Mr. Sidney Walker, by whom it was carefully edited; and who alſo gave to the public a very elegant and exact tranſlation.

Milton, it ſeems, was diſſatisfied with the bodies of divinity that were publiſhed, obſcured by ſchool terms and metaphyſical notions, and "he deemed it ſafeſt, and moſt adviſable to compile for himſelf, by his own labour and ſtudy, ſome original treatiſe, which ſhould be always at hand, derived ſolely from the work of God himſelf." This work conſiſts of two books, entitled "Of the Knowledge of God, and of the Service of God." The firſt book is divided into thirty-three chapters, embracing mention of all the important doctrines of religious faith. The ſecond book, conſiſting of ſeventeen chapters, includes a ſummary of the Duties of Man; and the work opens with a dignified and impreſſive ſalutation. "John Milton, to all the churches of Chriſt, and to all who profeſs the Chriſtian faith, throughout the world, peace, and the recognition of the truth, and eternal ſalvation in God the Father, and in our Lord Jeſus Chriſt."

This treatiſe has fully proved what had been partially and reluctantly ſuſpected before, that Milton had, in his later years, adopted the opinions of Arianiſm;[49] and a mi-

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[48] This treatiſe was written in Latin; he has expreſſed regret that his treatiſes on Divorce were not written in the ſame language; for Milton never courted public or vulgar applauſe; his inſcription on the tracts he gave to Trin. Coll. Dublin ſpeaks his ſentiments. "Paucis hujus modi lectoribus contentus."

[49] Is it not extraordinary that Dr. Symmons ſhould aſſert that Mil-

nute inſpection of his other works has ſhown their agreement, in ſentiment and expreſſion with this lamented hereſy.[50] It is generally allowed that this treatiſe is barren of recondite learning,[51] or ingenious diſquiſition; and that it abounds more in ſcholaſtic ſubtleties than might be expected from one who was conſtantly cenſuring them in others; but that it is written in a tone of calmneſs and moderation, without any polemical fierceneſs, or perſonal hoſtility. Milton had ſunk his animoſities in the ſanctity and importance of his ſubject; he was now diſcuſſing matters of much higher moment than the downfall of a "luxurious hierarchy" or the ſtructure of particular churches. He was "teaching over the whole book of ſanctity and virtue."

Milton, ſays one of his lateſt biographers, commenced his wanderings in religious belief, from Puritaniſm to Calviniſm, from Calviniſm to an eſteem for Arminius, and finally from an accordance with the independents and anabaptiſts, to a dereliction of every denomination of Proteſtants, changes which were firſt detailed by Toland, and which, with the ſuſpicion of his Arianiſm, have not eſcaped the notice of a French writer. "Il ne faut pas être ſurpris des principes erronés de ce fougoux républi-

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ton's theological opinions were orthodox, and conſiſtent with the creed of the church of England? "The peculiarity of Milton's religious opinions had reference to church government, and the externals of devotion." v. *Life*, p. 589. Johnſon aſſerts the ſame, but undoubtedly he had not read Milton's works with that ſcrutiny and care, which have enabled later editors to diſcover the truth. Mr. Todd's words are a repetition of Johnſon's. See *Biſhop of St. David's ed. of "Milton on True Religion,"* p. 1. Trapp had aſſerted that P. L. was "ex omni parte orthodoxum," or he would not have tranſlated it.

[50] "Milton's opinions," ſays Dr. Sumner, "are nearly Arian. He differed from Arius in maintaining that the Son is conſubſtantial with the Father."

[51] See *Todd's Life*, (ſecond ed.), p. 307.

cain en matière de religion, puiſqu'il fut de toutes les ſectes, et qu'il finit par n'être d'aucune. Dans ſes poèmes épiques il parle de Jéſus Chriſt en véritable Arien."[52] With regard to the eternal divinity of the Son, and the eſſential unity of the three divine perſons of the Godhead, the learned editor of this volume has pointed out great and important contradictions even in Paradiſe Loſt; and in Italy, it was on this ground, that under Benedict the Fourteenth, the poem was a book proſcribed.

The authenticity of this work has never, I believe, been queſtioned, but by the learned and venerable Biſhop of Saliſbury,[53] who has been anxious to eſtabliſh the evidence of Milton's orthodoxy; and conſequently has found it neceſſary to deny the genuineneſs of a work that has ſpread into the wideſt Latitudinarian principles; but it has been maintained by Mr. Todd, according to my opinion, with ſound and forcible arguments; and to his work, conjointly with Dr. Sumner's preface, the reader is referred for information too copious to be transferred into the preſent narrative.[54] It is well known, that in the latter part of his life, Milton frequented no place of public worſhip; and Biſhop Newton has given various conjectures on the ſubject. It muſt, however, be remem-

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[52] "The Arian and Socinian are charged to diſpute againſt the Trinity, yet they affirm to believe the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, according to Scripture and the Apoſtolic Creed; as for the terms of Trinity, Triunity, Coeſſentiality, Triperſonality, and the like, they reject them as ſcholaſtic notions, not to be found in Scripture." v. *Treatiſe of True Religion.* v. *Toland's Life*, p. 145.

[53] See *Proteſtant Union, a Treatiſe on True Religion, &c.* by J. Milton, with a preface on Milton's religious principles, and unimpeachable ſincerity, by Thomas Burgeſs, Biſhop of Saliſbury, 1826, 8vo. who conſiders that Milton, and the Latin writer de Doctrinâ Chriſtianâ are at variance on the ſubject of Popery. v. p. xxxv.

[54] See *Lord Grenville's Letter in Harford's Life of Burgeſs*, p. 347—9.

bered that he was old, blind, and infirm, that he was hostile to the Liturgy of the eſtabliſhed church,[55] and at the ſame time not attached to any particular ſect; that he had decidedly and for ever ſeparated from the Preſbyterians, that he never frequented the churches of the Independents;[56] and that his allowed liberty of belief hardly conſiſted with the tenets of any particular ſect; but we are told that he never paſſed a day without private meditation and ſtudy of the Scriptures, and that ſome[57] parts of his family frequented the offices of public prayer. Knowing his religious opinions, and conſidering the great infirmities of his health, who could have expected more?

Toland[58] tells us, "that in his early days he was a

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[55] "From Milton," ſays Mr. Gifford, whoſe *malignity to the Hierarchy* is well known, "neither truth nor juſtice is to be expected." v. *B. Jonſon's Works*, vol. vi. p. 260.

[56] Toland ſays, "In his middle years he was beſt pleaſed with the Independents and Anabaptiſts, as allowing of more liberty than others, and coming neareſt, in his opinion, to the primitive practice." v. *Life*, p. 151. It is well known, that one of his biographers, Mr. Peck, conſidered him to be a "Quaker." Newton ſays, he was a ſort of *Quietiſt*, and was full of the interior of religion, though he ſo little regarded the exterior. He was, as all acknowledge, a religious man, and yet he did not frequent a place of worſhip. Why? The ground is open, and each critic may advance his own opinion. Was it that he agreed with no religious party? or was it that he was old, gouty, blind, and infirm? a ſufficient diſpenſation ſurely!

[57] See *Richardſon's Life*, and *Arch. Blackburne's Remarks on Johnſon's Life of Milton*, p. 111, and p. 160; and *Mr. Boerhadem's Letter in Gent. Mag. October*, 1779. "Aſk each witneſſe whether the parties miniſtrant (his daughters) were not, and are not great frequenters of the church and good livers." v. *Milton's Will*, ed. *Todd*, p. 169.

[58] See *Life*, p. 151. The meaſures of Archb. Laud, and the privations of his exiled friend and preceptor, T. Young, appear firſt to have alienated him from the *diſcipline* of the church; averſe to the *government* of the church as then conducted, he became, ſucceſſively, Puritan, Preſbyterian, and Independent; without relinquiſhing his religious principle, for thoſe ſects were all *Trinitarian* in doctrine. He thought them all intolerant of one another, and finally he left them all; and, after his

favourer of thoſe Proteſtants, then opprobriouſly called by the name of Puritans.[59] In his middle years he was beſt pleaſed with the Independents and Anabaptiſts, as allowing of more liberty than others, and coming neareſt in his opinion to the primitive practice. But in the latter part of his life he was not a profeſſed member of any particular ſect, among Chriſtians; he frequented none of their aſſemblies, nor made uſe of their peculiar rites in his family. Whether this proceeded from a diſlike of their uncharitable and endleſs diſputes, and that love of dominion, or inclination to perſecution, which he ſaid was a piece of popery, inſeparable from all churches, or whether he thought one might be a good man without ſubſcribing to any party, and that they had all in ſome things corrupted the inſtitutions of Jeſus Chriſt, I will by no means adventure to determine: for conjectures on ſuch occaſions are very uncertain, and I never met with any of his acquaintance who could be poſitive in aſſigning the true reaſons of his conduct."

Of this treatiſe, it is by all acknowledged, that it is written with a calm and conſcientious deſire for truth, like that of a man who had forgotten or diſmiſſed the favourite animoſities of his youth, and who had retired within himſelf, in the dignity of age, to employ the unimpaired energies of his intellect on the moſt important and awful ſubject of inquiry. The haughtineſs of his temper, the defiance of his manner, his ſevere and ſtoical pride, are no longer ſeen. He approaches the book of God with

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blindneſs, ceaſed to communicate with any public congregations of Chriſtians. (See *Biſhop Burgeſs's Proteſtant Union*, p. xxiii.) But it appears that he did not think himſelf excluded from the bleſſing beſtowed by God on the *Churches*. See Book I. c. xxix.

[59] On the different meanings affixed to the word "*Puritan*," ſee *Heylin's Cert. Epiſtol.* p. 1. See Hume's Character of the *Independents* and their Churches, in *Scott's Dryden*, vol. x. p. 140.

an humble and reverential feeling: and with ſuch a diſpoſition of piety, united to ſo powerful an intellect, and ſuch immenſe ſtores of learning, who would not have expected to have ſeen the "ſtar bright form" of Truth appear from out the cloud; but wherever we look, the pride of man's heart is lowered, and the weakneſs of humanity diſplayed. With all his great qualifications for the removal of error, and the diſcovery of truth, he failed. His views appear too exalted, his creed too abſtract and imaginative for general uſe. The religion which he ſought was one that was not to be attached to any particular church, to be grounded on any ſettled articles of belief, to be adorned with any external ceremonies, or to be illuſtrated by any ſtated forms of prayer. It was to dwell alone in its holy meditations, cloiſtered from public gaze, and ſecluded within the humbler ſanctuary of the adoring heart. If the believer felt it to be his duty to attach himſelf to any particular church, that church was to be unconnected with the ſtate. The miniſters, if ſuch were neceſſary, were to be unpenſioned, perhaps unpaid by their congregations.[60] The ſacraments were to be adminiſtered, and the rites of burial and baptiſm performed, by private and laick hands. Inſtead of receiving inſtruction from the preacher, each individual, even the weakeſt, according to the meaſure of his gifts, might inſtruct and exhort his brethren. The opinions advanced in this work differ not only widely from thoſe of the Church of England, but, I believe, from all the ſectarian churches that exiſt. With regard to his theological tenets, the moſt remarkable are thoſe which he avows on what is called the anthropopathy of

[60] See *Conſiderations on removing Hirelings*, ed. Burnet, vol. i. p. 169; it were to be wiſhed the miniſters were all tradeſmen, &c. . . . . On the different opinions held by the Sectaries on the ſubject, on the ſupport of their miniſters. See *Warton's Milton*, p. 348; and *Todd's Milton*, vol. v. p. 483.

God; attributing to "God, a Spirit," human paſſions, and a human form. "If (he ſays) God habitually aſſigns to himſelf the members and forms of a man, why ſhould we be afraid of attributing to him what he attributes to himſelf." To which I preſume the anſwer would be, that ſuch expreſſions are uſed in the revelations of God's will, to make it intelligible to man;[61] that the form of the revelation is accommodated to the narrowneſs of man's underſtanding, and the limited circle of his knowledge; that it ſpeaks to him through analogy, and that it is not deſigned to acquaint him abſolutely with the nature of God.

He denies the eternal filiation of the Son, his ſelf-exiſtence, his co-equality, and co-eſſentiality with the Father. He believes that the Son exiſted in the beginning, and was the firſt of the whole creation, by whoſe delegated power all things were made in heaven and earth; begotten, not by natural neceſſity, but by the decree of the Father within the limits of time; endued with the divine nature and ſubſtance, but diſtinct from the Father, and inferior to him.[62] One with the Father, in Love and

[61] In the *Edinburgh Rev.* No. cvii. Sept. 1831. In a note in their review "of the State of Proteſtantiſm in Germany," a paſſage is quoted from Jortin, "declaring that they who uphold the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity muſt be prepared to aſſert, '*that Jeſus Chriſt is his own Father and his own Son.*' The conſequence will be ſo, whether they like it, or whether they like it not."—Be the words of Jortin what they may, and without any reference to his authority; I muſt beg the reviewer to conſider that the words Father and Son are uſed in an analogous and figurative ſenſe: and that the "greateſt caution is neceſſary not to connect with the terms Father and Son, when applied to the perſons of the Holy Trinity, any ideas ſimilar to thoſe of *human* derivation." Milton has guarded and qualified his language by the expreſſion —"We do not ſay that God is in faſhion like unto man in *all his parts and members*, but that (as *far as* we *are concerned to know*) he is of that form which he attributes to himſelf in the ſacred writings." p. 18.

[62] The doctrine of the primitive church, of the catholic verity of our

unanimity of will; and receiving every thing, in his filial as well as in his mediatorial character, from the Father's gift.[63] Thus his Arian hereſies are divulged: but he fully acknowledges the ſatisfaction and atonement made by the death of Chriſt, for the ſins of men. The Holy Ghoſt he conſiders as inferior to the Father and the Son. Matter, he ſays, is imperiſhable and eternal, becauſe it not only is from God, but out of God, "Non ſolum a Deo, ſed ex Deo." Hence the body is immortal as the ſoul. His argument on the lawfulneſs of polygamy is ſingular indeed. What but the line which he adopted, of reaſoning on the ſimple text and literal words of the Scriptures, could have prevented his acknowledging, that from a manner of life peculiar to the nations of the Eaſt, from the ſcantineſs of population, from the ſafety and ſtrength derived from the uniſon of large families, from the non-exiſtence of civilized communities, from the patriarchal authority of the father of the family, and the acknowledged inferiority and dependence of the other mem-

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communion, is to repreſent the Deity as one eſſence, with a threefold perſonal ſubſiſtence and agency. See *Britiſh Critic, Hind's Three Temples*, p. 365. No language, however cautious, on a ſubject beyond our comprehenſion, can be unimpeachably correct, it ſhould be met therefore with indulgence, and interpreted with a ſerious feeling of its myſtery, and with an acknowledgment that no form of ſpeech is adequate to explain it. "All religion," ſays Bp. V. Mildert, "is myſterious to our faculties, and the ſelf-exiſtence, the ſpiritual nature, the agency, and the attributes of the Deity, all conſtitute an impenetrable myſtery!" See *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 479. "I praiſe the ſaying of Irenæus.—If any one ſhall tell us how the Son was produced of the Father, we will tell him his generation is ineffable, and no man knows it." Baſil and Nazianzen ſpeak in like manner, and ſo Rufinus. See *H. Grotius's Judgment in ſundry Points controverted*, p. 100, ed. Barkſdale. Juſtin Martyr in his *Apology*, xxx. ſays, "He was begotten of God in a manner far different from ordinary generation."

[63] See *Dr. Sumner's Preface*, p. xxxiv.

bers; from the advantage or necessity of increasing the numbers of mankind, permission was granted to "the grey fathers of the world," extending even to a connection between brothers and sisters; which in later ages, in higher civilization, in the sweeter charities of life, in purer morals, with more refined ideas, more tender sympathies, and under a holier and more spiritual religion, could not be entertained without sinfulness, nor established without degradation and disorder.[63] That which was harmless in the Arabian deserts, or among Chaldean tents,[64] could not be transplanted into the luxurious cities of the modern world, nor exist among the enlightened communities, the closer affinities, and the diversified relations of an advanced society. The divine laws were made suitable to the nature of humanity, which they were designed to amend; hence, in order to exalt it, they often bent to it; they stepped back, as it were, only to gain a stronger hold. But Milton should have remembered the *early* and imperious demands which God made for a purer and more *personal* religion through the voice of his prophets; and that the too easy divorces which the laws of Moses allowed to the Jews, as the practice of usury permitted to the Canaanite, were explained by our Saviour, as not forming a part of the perfect law, or holy will of God; but as an unwilling allowance "to the hardness of their hearts."

"The Pride of Reason[65] (it has been very judiciously observed), though disclaimed by Milton with remarkable, and probably with sincere earnestness, formed a principal ingredient in his character, and would have presented,

[63] See *Dr. Channing's* remarks on this part of *Milton's* work, in his *Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton*, p. 37.

[64] See *Niebuhr's Travels in Arabia*, vol. ii. p. 172, *(Heron's Transl.) on Plurality of Wives in the East.*

[65] v. *Dr. Sumner's Preface*, p. xxxv.

under any circumſtances, a formidable obſtacle to the reception of the true faith."—Caring nothing for inſtitutions that were venerable, or for opinions that were ſacred, he not only diſdains to wear the opprobrious ſhackles of authority, but even the decent veſtments of cuſtom.[66] Safe in his own inflexible integrity, in the great purity of his heart, and ſingleneſs of purpoſe, what his conſcience dictates, his courage proclaims. Impetuous, fearleſs, and uncompromiſing, he puſhes on his inquiries, till they end in a defence of the death of the monarch, and the ſubſtitution of a viſionary republic, in politics; in a denial of the eternal exiſtence of the Son, in theology; and in the defence of a plurality of wives, in morals. Yet it muſt be remembered, that he lived in an age when men were buſy pulling down and building up; a fermentation was ſpreading over the ſurface, and diſſolving the materials of ſociety. Old faith was gone; old inſtitutions were crumbling away. Long, ſplendid viſtas of ideal perfection opened before men's eyes, dazzling their ſenſes, and confounding their judgments.[67]

[66] See T. Warton's Summary of Milton's Political Opinions, in *Todd's Milton*, vol. vi. p. 391. "In point of doctrine they are calculated to annihilate the very foundations of our civil and religious eſtabliſhment, as it now ſubſiſts. They are ſubverſive of our legiſlature and our ſpecies of government. In condemning tyranny, he ſtrikes at the bare exiſtence of kings; in combating ſuperſtition, he ſtrikes at all public religion. Theſe diſcourſes hold forth a ſyſtem of politics at preſent as unconſtitutional, and almoſt as obſolete, as the nonſenſe of paſſive obedience; and in this view he might juſt as well think of republiſhing the pernicious theories of the kingly bigot James, as of the republican uſurper Oliver Cromwell." This might have been ſpared. Milton's political ſpeculations are not applicable to our times; and, as it has been juſtly ſaid, his theological opinions would have been different, had he ſurvived to read the works of Waterland and Bull; ſo, we may ſay, his political theories would have been more wiſe and moderate, had he lived in the days of Somers and of Locke.

[67] See the *Areopagitica*, p. 317, ed. Burnet. "Behold now this

Grey-headed men, men grown old in the bufinefs of life, and in the purfuit of practical wifdom, yielded to the fyren influence. It pervaded the fenate, the city, and the camp. What wonder then, if the Poet, the vifionary by his profeffion, the dreaming theorift, the man dwelling in ideal worlds and abftract notions, fhould be led aftray.

Such are fome of the fingular opinions advanced in this curious, and late difcovered document of Milton's faith,[68] they ferve to fhow us that its author is everywhere the fame, the fame fevere and uncompromifing inveftigator of truth, the fame fearlefs and independent judge of its reality. In the honefty of his opinions uninfluenced, in the fanctity of his morals unblemifhed, in the fervour of his piety unqueftioned. But there was both in his political and religious opinions, a vifionary attempt at perfection, a grafping of the ideal and the abftract, a lofty afpiration after the moft exalted means, that, while they fupplied his imagination as a poet, in its boldeft and moft extended flights, unqualified him for the more cautious and practical character of the theologian and the ftatef-

vaft city, &c. 'There be pens and heads there fitting by their ftudious lamps; mufing, fearching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to prefent, as with their homage and fealty, the approaching reformation; others as faft reading, trying all things, affenting to the force of reafon and convincement," &c.

[68] It has been more than once remarked, that little mention is made of Milton by his contemporaries. His name does not occur in the pages of Clarendon. Thurloe fpeaks of him only as a blind old man, who wrote Latin letters. Sir W. Temple does not name him, and R. Baxter paffes over him in filence. Whitelocke mentions him only once, and that cafually. Mr. Todd has mentioned a poem to the honour of Milton, written foon after his death, though not publifhed till 1689. A Propitiatory Sacrifice to the Ghoft of J. M. by way of Paftoral, in a Dialogue between Thyrfis and Corydon. v. *Poems and Tranflations written upon feveral Occafions and to feveral Perfons*, 1689, p. 110.

man.[69] There was much in his *situation*, as well as perhaps in the warmth of his disposition, unfavourable to the calm and dispassionate investigation of truth. His constant engagements in controversy, even from his youth, led him rather to enforce and exaggerate his opinions, than to consider the objections, or to avail himself of the advice of others. Nor did more than twenty years of blindness, which separated him much from the society, and entirely from all active participation in the business of life, pass without producing their effect on his temper and on his intellect, on the direction of his researches, the tone of his opinions, and the conclusions of his judgment. An independence of opinion, approaching to singularity, and a confidence in himself, particularly of spiritual pride, characterized him even from his youth. In other times and under other circumstances they might gradually have given way to an enlarged acquaintance with the sentiments of others, and have been softened down by a friendly comparison with the feelings and opinions of society. Had he lived amid the blessing of peaceful times, under a settled constitution, and a gentle sway, the violence of his feelings would have been subdued, and the startling boldness of his paradoxical theories modified or suppressed. His temper would not have experienced its stormy trials, and his lofty and heroic virtues would have assumed the more engaging garb of Christian mildness and charity. But his prejudices and partialities were increased and not removed by the circumstances of his life. The men with whom he lived were of like sentiments with himself, as inflexible, as impracticable, as violent,[70]

[69] On the subject of Milton's religious opinions and character, a late Editor has expressed himself with judgment and ability. See *Hawkins* in *Newton's* ed. vol. i. p. xcix. to p. ci. See *Bowle's Life of Ken*, for the *three* stages of Milton's life. Vol. i. p. 789.

[70] "I cannot chuse but wonder what it is that inclines some men,

and as visionary. "The disturbed politics of Milton," says an enlightened memorialist, "are fraught with all the popular rumours and passions of the day." His republican theories were strengthened by the visions of the ancient philosophers, the declamations of their orators, and the maxims of the poets; and his dislike of our established Church deprived him of the profound and admirable treatises, treasures of sound and real learning, which would have conducted him safely through the subtleties of a disputed theology; or at least made him pause before he gave way to an alarming and afflicting heresy. We cannot search the hearts of men; but we are bound to interpret their actions with candour and charity. The scruples of an enlightened conscience, and the decisions of a severe and impartial judgment, must be looked on with reverence by all. "You and I (such were the dying words of a virtuous and venerable prelate,[71] who had from conscientious motives descended from the highest honours to a private station), you and I have gone different ways in the late affairs; but I trust heaven's gates are wide enough to admit us both. What I have done I have done in the integrity of my heart, indeed, in the great integrity of my heart."

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who are otherwise sober enough, to let fly so lavishly and indiscriminately against reason and philosophy, *especially in an age so exceedingly prone to phantasy and madness, and that hath been ruined in all its concerns by enthusiasm and vain pretences to the Spirit.*"—Glanville's Philosophia Pia, p. 85, 1671. See also p. 230. "Here the enemies of our Church and Government began. Upon this (fanaticism) they insisted still, and filled their books and pulpits and private corners with these cantings. This was the engine to overthrow all *sober* principles and establishments; with this the people were infatuated and credit was reconciled to gibberish and folly, enthusiasm and vain impulses. This is the food of conventicles to this day; the root of their matter, and the burden of their preachments," &c.

[71] See the *Life of Bishop Sancroft.*

"The ſame calmneſs," ſays Mr. Coleridge, in another place, "and even greater ſelf poſſeſſion may be affirmed of *Milton*, as far as his poems and poetic character are concerned. He reſerved his anger for the enemies of religious freedom and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more auguſt conception than ariſes from the contemplation of this great man, in his latter days—poor, ſick, old, blind, ſlandered, perſecuted—

'Darkneſs before and danger's voice behind,'

in an age in which he was as little underſtood by the party for whom, as by that againſt whom he had contended; and among men before whom he ſtrode ſo far as to dwarf himſelf by the diſtance: yet ſtill liſtening to the muſic of his own flights, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three ſolitary individuals, he did nevertheleſs

'argue not
Againſt Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but ſtill bore up and ſteer'd
Right onward.'——

From others only do we derive our knowledge that Milton, in his latter days, had his ſcorners and detractors, and even in his day of youth and hope that he had enemies, would have been unknown to us, had they not been likewiſe the enemies of his country."[72]

And now let the Life of this our immortal Poet cloſe with the diſcriminate and affecting eulogy of one, who, himſelf a Philoſopher and Poet, could juſtly eſtimate the exalted greatneſs of the character he is deſcribing:—"In the cloſe of the former period, *(reign of James the Firſt,)*

[72] The Editor (S. C.) appropriately quotes the concluſion of Milton's two beautiful and affecting Letters to Leonard Philaras, the Athenian, as a teſtimony of the truth of the character given in the text.—See vol. i. part i. p. 35.

and during the bloom of the latter, *(Commonwealth,)* the poet Milton was educated and formed; and he ſurvived the latter, and all the fond hopes and aſpirations which had been its life; and ſo in evil days, ſtanding as the repreſentative of the combined excellence of both periods, he produced the Paradiſe Loſt as by an after-throe of nature. 'There are ſome perſons' obſerves a divine, a contemporary of Milton's 'of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and the good ſpirit inhabiting them, carries them on in an even conſtancy through innocence into virtue, their Chriſtianity bearing equal date with their manhood, and reaſon and religion, like warp and woof, running together, make up one web of a wiſe and exemplary life. This' he adds 'is a moſt happy caſe, wherever it happens; for, beſides that there is no ſweeter or more lovely thing on earth than the early buds of piety, which drew from our Saviour ſignal affection to the beloved diſciple, it is better to have no wound than to experience the moſt ſovereign balſam, which, if it work a cure, yet uſually leaves a ſcar behind.' Although it was and is my intention to defer the conſideration of Milton's own character to the concluſion of this Lecture, yet I could not prevail on myſelf to approach the Paradiſe Loſt without impreſſing on your minds the conditions under which ſuch a work was in fact productible at all, the original genius having been aſſumed as the immediate agent and efficient cauſe; and theſe conditions I find in the character of the times, and in his own character. The age in which the foundations of his mind were laid, was congenial to it as one golden æra of profound erudition and individual genius;—that in which the ſuperſtructure was carried up, was no leſs favourable to it by a ſternneſs of diſcipline and a ſhow of ſelf-control, highly flattering to the imaginative dignity of an heir of fame, and which won Milton over from the dear-loved delights of academic groves and

cathedral aiſles to the anti-prelatic party. It acted on him, too, no doubt, and modified his ſtudies by a characteriſtic controverſial ſpirit, (his preſentation of God is tinted with it)—a ſpirit not leſs buſy indeed in political than in theological and eccleſiaſtical diſpute, but carrying on the former almoſt always, more or leſs, in the guiſe of the latter. And ſo far as Pope's cenſure[73] of our poet, that he makes God the Father a ſchool divine—is juſt, we muſt attribute it to the character of his age, from which the men of genius, who eſcaped, eſcaped by a worſe diſeaſe, the licentious indifference of a Frenchified court.

"Such was the *nidus* or ſoil, which conſtituted, in the ſtrict ſenſe of the word, the circumſtances of Milton's mind. In his mind itſelf there were purity and piety abſolute; an imagination to which neither the paſt nor the preſent were intereſting, except as far as they called forth and enlivened the great ideal, in which and for which he lived; a keen love of truth, which, after many weary purſuits, found a harbour in a ſublime liſtening to the ſtill voice in his own ſpirit, and as keen a love of his country, which, after a diſappointment ſtill more depreſſive, expanded and ſoared into a love of man as a probationer of immortality. Theſe were, theſe alone could be, the conditions under which ſuch a work as the Paradiſe Loſt could be conceived and accompliſhed. By a life-long ſtudy Milton had known—

> 'What was of uſe to know,
> What beſt to ſay could ſay, to do had done.
> His actions to his words agreed, his words
> To his large heart gave utterance due, his heart
> Contain'd of good, wiſe, fair, the perfect ſhape;'

and he left the imperiſhable total, as a bequeſt to the ages coming, in the PARADISE LOST."

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[73] *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 264.

The House at Chalfont St. Giles, co. Buckingham, to which Milton retired during the Plague in 1665; and where he planned and wrote his Paradise Regained. *See Life, p.* ci.

ADDENDA.

P. ix. Life.

MILTON confines himſelf to praiſe of the *fellows*, but he makes not the ſlighteſt mention of the *Maſter*, *Doctor Bainbridge*, who is recorded to have been a moſt rigid diſciplinarian, and that on thoſe very points which *Milton* particularly diſliked. He admits that his diſpoſition could not brook the threats of a rigorous *maſter*, by whom it is moſt reaſonable to ſuppoſe he meant Dr. Bainbridge, the head of his college.—*Watkins' Lit. Anecdotes*, p. 202.

P. xi. Gaddius (de Scriptoribus non Eccleſiaſticis) mentions that I. Scaliger read the two poems of Homer in twenty-one days; and the remainder of the Greek poets in four months.

P. xix. "That the manner and genius of that place (Paris) being not agreeable to his mind, he ſoon left it."—*Wood's Faſt. Ox.* vol. ii. 1635, *col.* 481.

P. xx. Leo Holſten, who received Milton kindly at Rome, had reſided ſome time in England, making reſearches in the libraries. He maintained a friendly correſpondence with N. Heinſius, to whom he had ſhown much civility when Heinſius was at Rome; I read through the collection of Holſten's letters, with the hope of finding ſome addreſſed to Milton, but in vain; Milton's widow had a great many letters by her from learned men of his acquaintance, both of England and beyond ſea.—See *Milton's Life*, p. lxxxii.

P. xx. Mentioning *Bacon's* ſtudies at the Univerſity, Lord Campbell ſays—"It is ſaid he ran through the whole circle of the liberal arts as they were taught, and planned that great intellectual revolution, with which his name is inſeparably connected. But all that is certain is, that at his departure he carried away with him a *profound contempt for the courſe of ſtudy purſued there.*" "When he was commencing at the Univerſity (ſays his chaplain and biographer Rawley) about ſixteen years of age, he firſt fell into a *diſlike of the Philoſophy of Ariſtotle*, not for the worthleſſneſs of the author, to whom he uſed to aſcribe all

high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way — being a Philosophy (as his lordship used to say) only strong for disputations but barren of the production of work for the Life of man — in that mind he continued to his dying day." * * * * In his 'Advancement of Learning' he speaks of those of sharp and strong wits and small variety of reading, their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors, chiefly Aristotle, their dictator, as their persons are shut up in the cells of monasteries, and colleges, — and who knowing little history either of nature or time, did spin cobwebs of learning admirable for the fineness of the thread, and work, but of no substance or profit." — See *Campbell's Lives*, vol. ii. p. 227.

That the same system of Scholastic Logic and Metaphysics, pervaded the foreign Universities at the same period, appears from the following passage, which I met with in a well known work of great literary information.

"Rien n'a tant multiplié la race de sophistes, que l'introduction de la scholastique contretemps dans les écoles de la philosophie et de theologie dans les universités de l'Europe, et particulierement en France. C'est ce qui nous a attiré ce grand deluge de productions monstrueuses de l'esprit humain evaporé dans ses propres pensées; c'est à dire, tous ces grands patrons, d'antipredicaments, des grandes et petites logicales, de principes sophistiques, de conclusions sophistiques, de sens composés et divisés, de sophisms choisies, et subtilités, de consequences, et antecedences, de toutes sortes de quodlibetiques, et de quolibets, des puissances actives et passives, des instances, des quiddités, des formalités, des formules, des fallaces, des insolubles, ou questions inexplicables, des impossibilités, sans parler d' un grand nombre de commentaires scholastiques sur Aristote," &c. — v. *Baillet, Jugemens des Scavans*, tom. i. p. 182.

P. xxi. "A. D. 1635. A year memorable in the annals of the University of Cambridge, as the one in which *John Milton* and *Jeremy Taylor* both were incorporated Masters of Arts in it." — *Welsby's Lives of Eminent English Judges*, p. 55.

P. xxii. I have heard it confidently related that for his said resolutions, which out of policy and for his own safety might have been then spared, the English priests at Rome were highly disgusted, and it was questioned whether the Jesuits, his countrymen there, did not design to do him mischief. — *Wood's Ath. Ox. Fasti*, A. D. 1635, vol. ii. *col.* 481.

P. xxiv. "Lord Ellesmere was the friend and patron of Poets. He was particularly kind to *Spenser*, with whom he was connected by marriage, and assisted him in his suits, both in Ireland, and at the court of Elizabeth. We mention that he

patronized the Plays of *Shakespeare*, and he is said to have been assisted in Masques, which he gave to the Court, by *Ben Jonson*. The name of *Milton* will be associated with the Egerton family, while the English is known or spoken as a dead language, but the Author of *Comus* was only nine years old at the death of the Chancellor, and although he was no doubt carried from *Horton* to *Harefield* before the old Peer, he could only have been patted by him on the head and sent into the buttery to have the wing of a capon or a glass of sack." — v. *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. ii. p. 264.

P. xxvi. "Milton's Comus," says the author of Egeria, "is analogous to the design of Paradise Lost. In both these Poems, supernatural Powers, good and evil, are intent to influence the tendency of human life. In one, Innocency is saved, it is reserved to the life of restoration. Samson Agonistes is an exhibition of the same conflict in which the fallen at last triumphs in the dutiful endurance of the Penalty of Transgression." — See vol. ii. p. 49.

P. xxvii. Took a larger house, where the Earl of Barrimore sent, by his aunt the Lady Ranelagh, Sir Thomas Gardiner of Essex, to be there with others (besides his nephew) under his tuition, but whether it were that the tempers of our gentry would not bear the strictness of his discipline, or for what other reasons I cannot tell, he continued that course but a while. — *Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 483.

P. xxx. "Lord Keeper Guilford was a little but handsome man, and is said to have had an ingenuous aspect; his motto being — Il Volto Sciolto, i Pensieri Stretti." — See *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. iii. p. 493.

P. xxxi. On Milton's Italian Sonnets, the opinion of an Italian scholar may be quoted. "Milton in his *imperfect attempts to write Italian Poetry*, in which we may see though confusedly, that he had got a little glimmering of our peculiar notions about Female beauty." — See *Baretti's Account of Italy*, vol. i. p. 108.

In the *Gent. Mag.* Nov. 1836 (Retrosp. Review) some remarks on the language of Milton's Italian Sonnets, may be seen; which were kindly given to me, by one, from whose decision on the critical niceties of his own Tongue, no appeal need be made. I may be permitted to mention Mr. Panizzi of the *British Museum*.

P. xxxv. Wherefore though he sent divers pressing invitations, yet he could not prevail with her to come back, till about four years after, when the garrison of Oxford was surrendered (the nighness of her father's house to which having for the most part

of the mean time hindered any communications between them); ſhe of her own accord returned, and ſubmitted to him, pleading that her *mother* had been the chief promoter of her forwardneſs. —*Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 481.

P. xliii. On Science or Claſſical Literature, as the foundation of education, ſee *Cœlebs*, vol. ii. p. 190. — It has not been obſerved, I believe, that Dr. Johnſon in his Remarks on this Point in his Life of Milton is ſomewhat indebted to Eraſmus, C. i. l. 63. I will give a ſpecimen, which the reader may compare. "Proinde ſtellas obſervent alii ſi lubet, ego in terris quærendum exiſtimo, quod nos felices aut infelices reddat. Cæteri negotium auſpicaturi, anxii conſiderant, quâ figurâ Venus, Jupiter, et Mercurius ſeſe contueantur. Ego ſatius eſſe duco, perpendere quibuſcum agas. Socrates Athenienſis cujus eſt illud celebratum apophthegma *Quæ ſupra nos, nihil ad nos*, philoſophiam a contemplatione rerum naturalium in mediam hominum vitam deduxit frequenter uſurpans illud Homericum ὅτι τοὶ ἐν μέγαῤοισι κακόν τ' ἀγαθόντε τετύκται — Et tamen de naturis ſyderum, de natu cœleſtium orbium, de fulminibus, de ventis, deinde, deque ſimilibus rebus, quoniam ad id initia cognitionis ſuppeditant, vel ſenſu ipſi corporum, vel effectuum experientiâ multa certe deprehenduntur, et in primis jucunda cognitio eſt, et in admirationem ſimul et amorem opificis ſubvehit, attamen quoniam vir ſapiens animadvertit in hujuſmodi ſtudio totam ætatem hominis deſidere, neglectis etiam his, quare proprius ad nos pertinent, a contemplatione rerum naturalium omne ſtudium ad mores devocavit." The ſame Homeric quotation is given by *Johnſon.*

P. xliii. After ſome remarks on Dr. Johnſon's want of "Enthuſiaſm and lofty ſentiment," and on the conſequent defects in his eſtimation of Milton's character, and on Channing's Vindication, Mr. Lyell proceeds to ſay, "But the American champion of the illuſtrious bard fails to remark that Milton was alſo two centuries in advance of the age in which he lived, in his appreciation of the ſhare which *the ſtudy of nature* ought to hold in the training of the youthful mind. Of Milton's Scheme for enlarging the ordinary ſyſtem of teaching, prepared after he had himſelf been partially engaged in the taſk of a Schoolmaſter. the lexicographer ſpoke as might have been anticipated in terms of diſparagement bordering on contempt. He treated Milton, in fact, as a mere empiric, and viſionary projector, obſerving "that it was his principle to teach boys ſomething more ſolid than the common literature of ſchools, forwarding thoſe authors that treat of phyſical ſubjects." The Poet *Cowley* had framed a ſimilar plan in his imaginary college: "but the knowledge of external nature and the ſciences which that knowledge requires, are not the great

or the frequent buſineſs of the human mind; and we ought not," he adds, "to turn off attention from life to nature; as if we were placed here to watch the growth of plants or the motions of the ſtars!" That a violent ſhock had been given in the ſixteenth century to certain time-honoured dogmas by writers more ſlightingly called "watching the motions of the ſtars!" was an hiſtorical fact with which ſuch perſons were of courſe familiar, but if it had been adduced to prove that they who exerciſe their reaſoning powers in interpreting the great book of nature, are conſtantly arriving at new truths, and were occaſionally required to modify preconceived opinions, or that when habitually engaged in ſuch diſcipline, they often acquire independent habits of thought, applicable to other departments of learning, ſuch arguments would by no means have propitiated the critic, or have induced him to moderate his diſapprobation of the propoſed innovation. In the mind of Johnſon there is a leaning to *ſuperſtition*, and no one was more content to leave the pupil to tread for ever in the beaten pathway, and to cheriſh extreme reverence for authority, for which end the whole ſyſtem then in vogue in the Engliſh ſchools and colleges was admirably conceived. Firſt it confined the ſtudies of young men up to the age of twenty-two, as far as poſſible to the non-progreſſive departments of knowledge, to the ancient models of claſſical elegance, whether in verſe or proſe, to the hiſtory and philoſophy of the ancients rather than the moderns, and to pure mathematics, rather than their application to phyſics. No modern writer was freer from fear of inquiry, more anxious to teach the million to think and reaſon for themſelves, no other ever looked forward more enthuſiaſtically to the future growth and development of the human mind, than Channing. If his own education had not been caſt in an antique mould, he would have held up Milton as a model for imitation, not only for his love of claſſical lore and poetry, but for his wiſh to cultivate a knowledge of the works of nature. — *Lyell's Second viſit to the United States*, vol. i. p. 203.

P. xlvii. "Obadiah Sedgwick, though a noted Puritan, was deeply imbued with claſſical learning. In the next generation, the Puritans in general undervalued human learning, but in the early part of the ſeventeenth century they could exhibit a greater number both of eminent mathematicians and of diſtinguiſhed ſcholars than thoſe who under Laud wiſhed to approximate to Rome."—v. *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Juſtices*, vol. i. p. 513.

P. xlviii. Biſhop Gauden addreſſed three letters, Jan. 25, Feb. 20, March 6, 1661, to Lord Clarendon, in which he lays claim for ſervices in the royal cauſe; in one of his letters he ſays, "Nor

do I doubt but I ſhall, by y^r Lordſhip's favor, find the fruits as to ſomething extraordinary, ſince the ſervice was ſoe; not as to *what was known* to the world under my name, in order to vindicate the crowne and the church, *but what goes under the late bleſſed king's name, the* Εικων, *or portraiture of his majeſty in his ſolitudes and ſufferings. This work and figure was wholly and only my invention, making and deſigne; in order to vindicate the King's wiſdome, honor, and piety.* My wife indeed was conſcious to it, and had an hand in *diſguiſing the letters of that Copy which I ſent to the King in the Iſle of Wight*, by favour of the late Marquiſe of Hertford," &c. In anſwer to which, Lord Clarendon writes, March 13, 1661. "I do aſſure you I am more afflicted with you, and for you, then I can expreſſe; and the more ſenſibly, that it is the only charge of that kind is laid upon me, which in truth I do not think I do deſerve. *The particular which you often renewed, I do confeſſe was imparted to me under ſecrecy, and of which I did not take myſelf to be at liberty to take notice; and truly when it ceaſes to be a ſecret, I know nobody will be gladd of it but Mr. Milton; I have very often wiſhed I had never been truſted with it.*"—*Edinb. Rev.* vol. xliv. art. 1. In one of the MS. Journals of Carte the hiſtorian, there is a curious ſtory of Gauden's *wife's* knowledge of the authorſhip of this book.

P. xlix. Since the preſent Life of Milton has been printed, the writer has ſeen Mr. Joſeph Hunter's learned Tract "Milton, a Sheaf of Gleanings," &c. being No. iii. of his Critical and Hiſtorical Tracts, &c. He begs to refer the reader to it, particularly for the curious and intereſting inveſtigations relating to the Milton family—to the family of Milton's mother, and that of his three wives. Theſe genealogical inveſtigations conducted with Mr. Hunter's knowledge and care, will well repay the peruſal. There is a note alſo, pp. 50-51, on the expreſſion "Bayonna's hold" in Lycidas which may be conſulted with advantage.

P. lii. On Milton's ſonnet of "Tetrachordon," ſee Scott's Legend of Montroſe, in Tales of my Landlord, third ſeries, vol. iv. p. 148, note.

"Milton only," he ſays, "intends to ridicule the barbariſm of *Scottiſh* names in general, and quotes incidentally that of *Gilleſpie*, one of the Apoſtles of the Covenant, and that of *Colkitto* and *M'Donnel* (both belonging to one perſon), one of its bitterest enemies. Milton's book called 'Tetrachordon,' had been ridiculed by the divines aſſembled at Weſtminſter and others, on account of the hardneſs of the title, and Milton in his Sonnet retaliates upon the barbarous Scottiſh names which the Civil War had made familiar to Engliſh ears."

P. liv. "It was the uſual practice of Marchmont Needham, a

great crony of Milton, to abuſe *Salmaſius* in his public Mercury, called Politicus (as Milton had done before him in his Defenſio), by ſaying, among other things, that Chriſtina, Queen of Sweden, had caſhiered him her favour, by underſtanding that he was 'a pernicious paraſite and promoter of tyranny.'"—*Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 484.

P. lxii. The *Licenſing* Act, which had inadvertently been ſuffered to expire in 1679, and had been revived by James the Second's Parliament in 1685, was in 1692 continued till the end of the next Seſſion of Parliament. Was the experiment to be made, of truſting to the puniſhment of ſuch as publiſh anything dangerous to the public, or injurious to individuals? William, who had known the harmleſſneſs of a *free* preſs in his own country, took the liberal ſide; but the few Tory members of the cabinet very plauſibly urged that prevention was better than puniſhment, and that it was the duty of the ſtate to reſtrain, as far as poſſible, from the publication of libels as from the commiſſion of other crimes. *Somers* prevailed by pointing out not only the vexatiouſneſs, but the utter inefficiency of the deſired regulations, in ſpite of which there had been more libels publiſhed upon the government and on private character ſince the Revolution, than during any former period of our hiſtory. *Unlicenſed printing was then for ever eſtabliſhed in England*, and now we have only to be watchful that the preſs be not itſelf formed into an *engine of tyranny*. (See *Hallam's Conſtitutional Hiſtory*, vol. iii. p. 236.)

P. lxiv. Miſcellaneous Notes by T. Park in Milton's Poems, 1645. Marſhall's engraving before the poems, 1645, is the firſt head of *Milton*, ſays Mr. Granger, ever publiſhed. Salmaſius, in his Defenſio Regia, calls it "comptulam Iconem," and declares that it gave him a more advantageous idea of his perſon than he ever had before. But it appears from the Greek verſes underneath, that Milton himſelf was not pleaſed with it.—*Biog. Hiſt.* vol. ii. p. 295. 1775.

"Will any ſay that this portrait was the work of an ingenious hand; my very friends looking at my own natural countenance know not whom it repreſents, and laugh at the awkward imitation of the idiotic artiſt."—*Tranſlation.*

Milton was undoubtedly far from being pleaſed, or he would not have directed the unwitting artiſt to ſtamp a ſatirical brand on the forehead of his own work. Nor is it natural to ſuppoſe that Milton, who at college was reputed eminently beautiful, could be gratified by ſeeing himſelf depicted like a ſurly featured old fellow at the age of thirty-ſix. Hard ſtudy might, however, have induced a ſeverity of aſpect beyond what time had otherwiſe produced.

Moſeley's "Addreſs to the Reader" is entitled to praiſe for its early and confident eſtimation of Milton's poetic powers, and would have merited more diſtinction, had not a ſimilar laud been laviſhed upon Cartwright, before whoſe Poems, in 1651, is a copy of verſes addreſſed to the ſtationer by Jo. Leigh, enumerating the various Engliſh poets whoſe works had been publiſhed by Moſeley, but omitting to name thoſe of *Milton*.

R. Fletcher ſeems to glance in the oppoſite paſſage in a Preface before his "Ex otio negotium," 1656. "I am not of that number that dares challenge the ſharpe ſighted cenſure of the times; and conceive their papers as their perſons, beyond fault or defection."

1660, Jan. 31, Hum. Moſeley, the bookſeller, died in St. Paul's Churchyard; buried, 4 Feb. Smith's Catalogue.

At the ſale of Sir Wm. Muſgrave's duplicates, in Feb. 1798, this head of Milton, by Marſhall, ſold for 4*l.* 18*s.* Manſon is ſaid to have purchaſed it for the collection of Mr. Towneley. See Warton's deſcription of this print in Milton's Poems, p. 529.

P. 23. Picture of Marchioneſs of Wincheſter and her huſband, are in the dining-room at the Duke of Bolton's, Hackwood, Hants. See Warton's Milton, p. 301.

Epitaph on him by Dryden; on her by Milton.

P. 27. "The epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakeſpeare," is the firſt of Milton's poems that was publiſhed: it was prefixed to the ſecond folio of the plays, 1632, without name or initials.

P. 57. Juſta Edwardo King naufrago ab amicis mœrentibus. Camb. 1638. 4to. This contains the firſt publication of Milton's Lycidas.

P. lxv. "Mrs. Katharine Milton, wife to John Milton, Eſq. was buried in St. Margaret's Church, in Weſtminſter, Feb. 10, 1657. Reg. Book. Milton then lived in a new houſe in Petty France, when Mr. Harvey, ſon of Dr. Harvey, of Petty France, Weſtminſter, told me, Nov. 14, 1770, that old Mr. *Lownde* aſſured him, that when Mr. Milton buried his wife, he had the coffin ſhut down with twelve ſeveral locks, that had twelve ſeveral keys, and that he gave the keys to twelve ſeveral friends, and deſired the coffin might not be opened till they all met together. Kennet."—*Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 486.

P. lxvi. "The late Reverend Mr. Thomas Bradbury, an eminent diſſenting miniſter, uſed to ſay, that Jer. White, who had been chaplain to O. Cromwell, and whom he perſonally knew, had often told him that Milton was allowed by the Parliament a *weekly table* for the entertainment of foreign miniſters and perſons of learning, ſuch eſpecially as came from Proteſtant ſtates,

which allowance was alſo continued by Cromwell."—*Hollis's Note*, ſee *Newton's Life*, p. lvi.

P. lxxii. On "Alex. Morus ornatiſſimus," ſee *Valcknaëri Opera Critica*, vol. ii. p. 111.

P. lxxiii. The ſame unfounded calumny was ſpread regarding Chriſtina's treatment of Deſcartes, as that which has been mentioned of Salmaſius. Madame de Motteville in her Memoirs, vol. i. p. 309, ſays, — "La Reine Chriſtine au lieu de faire mourir d'amour les hommes, elle les faiſoit mourir de dépit, et de honte; et fut, diſoit on, depuis cauſe que le grand Philoſophe Deſcartes perdit la vie de cette ſorte, parcequ' elle n'avoit pas approuvé ſa manière de philoſopher." . . . "De pareils bruits étoient ſemés dans ce tems là, par les ennemis de Deſcartes. Le P. Sorbière rapporte dans deux de ſes lettres qu'on ſoupçonnoit du poiſon dans la maladie de Deſcartes." v. No. lxxii. p. 539, 632.

I will now extract a few paſſages from ſome contemporary works relating to this ſubject, which ought not to have remained ſo long under great miſconception, when ſo much evidence was at hand to remove it. "Avant que de quitter la Suède, la Reine lui (M. de Saumaiſe) fit des offres avantageuſes pour *le retenir* auprès d'elle, mais parcequ'il avoit donné ſa parole aux curateurs de l' univerſité de Leyde d'y retourner, il partit de Stockholm au mois de Septembre 1651, comblé de graces, et de liberalités de Chriſtine. Elle lui conſerva dans la ſuite ſa bienveillance, et voici en quels termes elle lui écrivit environ deux ans après ſon départ de Suède." v. *Arckenholtz*, *Mémoires de Chriſtine*, vol. i. p. 232.

The letter alluded to contained theſe expreſſions, — "Vous apprendrez du Sr. Bourdelot l'état ou je me trouve pour le preſent. Il vous informera des ſentimens d'eſtime que je *conſerve pour votre mérite*. Je vous prie d'en être entièrement aſſuré, et de croire que les conſerverai toute ma vie, comme vous les avez vû naitre par la connoiſſance que j'ai eüe de ce que vous valez. Conſervez moi votre amitié, et ſoiez certain qu'il n'y a perſonne qui vous eſtime l'égal de moi. Stockholm, 6 Juin, 1653." Salmaſius, it appears, was afraid of paſſing into England, in his way to Sweden. Boinebourgh alſo writes to Linker, — "Manebit Salmaſius in Suediâ quod propter defenſionem regiam ſuam, nuſquam tutus commorari poſſe credatur niſi inter Reges."—v. *Commerc. Epiſt. Leibnitz. Graberi Anecd. Boinebourgh.* i. 13. G. Patin ſays: "Saumaiſe lui avoit repondu, qu'il faiſoit trop froid en Suède, et *trop chaud en Angleterre*." v. *Lettres*, vol. i. p. 91 and 256.

It appears that Nic. Heinſius threw into the fire an Elegy which he had written againſt Salmaſius. Patin ſays, "Sive hoc

fecerit philosophicè, et Christianè, sive fecerit jubente et *imperante Suedorum reginâ quæ Salmasium, tanquam magnum fidum, coluit et serio reclamavit.*" v. *Patin's Letters*, lxxii. p. 382.

The only cause of misunderstanding between the Queen and the scholar was on account of Salmasius refusing to forgive Vossius, who had lent the son of Salmasius some money, which the father refused to repay. There is a manuscript letter of Bochart to Vossius, 24 May, 1653. But on this subject it is said in Menagiana, i. 350, "Pour surcroit de malheur pour Vossius, Christine aiant appris qu'il venoit écrire contre Saumaise, lui fit dire, *qu'elle ne voulut plus le voir.*" I trust that this "vexata quæstio" is now set at rest: and I shall end this note by extracting a temperate and altogether not unjust comparison between Salmasius and another great scholar of his day, which is to be found in a book of some rarity, *Vigneul Marville*, tom. i. p. 73, etc. "Le Cardinal Richelieu disoit qu'il ne connoissoit au monde que trois hommes souverainement sçavans, c'est à dire, M. de Saumaise, Grotius, et Bignon. Feu Monf. Peiresc disoit que Grotius valoit deux Saumaises. M. Basnage le nie, et dit, que Grotius égale seulement Scaliger et Saumaise. Je parierois bien pour M. Peiresc contre M. Basnage, et il y auroit bien des gens entr'autres Monf. Colomies, qui seroit de moitié avec moi. M. de Saumaise avoit l'esprit très vif, et la mémoire prodigieuse. Autant de livres de sa façon, autant d'impromptu. Mais il ne digeroit pas assez les matières qu'il traitoit, ce qu'il donnoit au public, il le donnoit tout cru avec dédain, et comme tout en colère. Il sembloit jetter son Grec, son Latin, et toute sa science à la tête des gens. Grotius au contraire, considère tout, digère tout l'ordonne, et la range sagement il respecte et ménage son lecteur, son érudition est comme un grand fleuve, qui se répand largement, et fait du bien à tout le monde. Autant d'ouvrages de Grotius, autant de chef d'œuvres en tout genre, ce qui est sans exemple chez les Anciens, et chez les Modernes. Jamais auteur n'a mieux choisi ses sujets d'ecrire, il s'agrandit avec eux, et ils s'agrandissent avec lui. *Crescit cum amplitudine rerum vis ingenii.*"

The defect, perhaps the sole one, in this great scholar, has been alluded to in the last extract, and is confirmed by another modern authority.—"Salmasius, in his exponendis *rectione quæsum tenere non potuit*, non nunquam tamen, pro subinde ad verum relapsus." v. Anecdota Hemsterhusiana ab J. Geel, p. 31.—Again, "Vix dubito quin memoria cui quantumvis felicissime sæpe nimis confidebat, viro magno fraudem fecerit." The critic is alluding to Salmasius giving the word Σμικρὸν as the title of one of the comedies of Menander.

P. lxxiv. To quote the Eulogies of Scholars on the erudition of Salmasius, would be to transcribe from almost every book of criticism from his day to the present. The reader however may be referred for the *elder* critics to the various Ana, and Baillet Jugemens des Savans, and Wolfii Conspectus Suppell. Epistol. p. 93. 227. Nor has the judgment of modern scholars withheld the palm of superiority so willingly granted by his contemporaries. I observe a late critic of eminence, in a letter on the Anthology, uses the language of the highest praise when he calls him "Cet Hercule littéraire qui pouvoit dompter tous les monstres et que personne ne revère plus que moi." (v. *Melanges de Critique et Philologie par Chardon de la Rochette*, tom. i. p. 297.) And the same scholar says, "Je rassemble depuis longtems tous les matériaux necessaires pour donner une *vie de Saumaise*, je possede deja le plus grand nombre et les plus precieux mais il me manque encore quelques articles importans." — Tom. iii. p. 308. See also Menage's Anti-Baillet, vol. xiv. p. 5. 9; ibid. vol. xv. p. 103. 268. 389. Merc. Grotianus, says "Si sit aliquid quod nesciat Salmasius, id non homini, sed Scientiæ deest." and Balzac applies to him the description of Virgil's Jupiter,

"Huic ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono,
Ingenium sine fine dedi."*

On the *faults* of Salmasius as a writer, see *Gesneri Isagoge*, vol. ii. p. 433. "Magnus Salmasius multis digressionibus fœdavit doctissimos libros suos, et fecit ut non legantur, &c. &c."

P. lxxvi. "There has not one great poet appeared in France since the beginning of Cardinal Richelieu's ministry, but he has been protected and encouraged, and his merit as fast as it could spread has been generally acknowledged. I wish I could as truly affirm the same thing of England. The great qualities of Milton were not generally known among his countrymen till the Paradise Lost had been published more than *thirty years*; but when that admirable poet was among the Italians, the greatness of his genius was known to them in the very bloom of his youth, even thirty years before that incomparable poem was written." — *Dennis's Letters*, p. 78.

"More people comprehend the excellency of Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, than the beauties of Martial and Cowley, though perhaps there are not ten persons living who know all the merit of Virgil; and Milton's Paradise Lost had been printed *forty years* before it was known to the greatest part of England that there barely was such a book." — *Dennis's Letters*, p. 173.

* St. Austin said of St. Hierome's knowledge in divinity, "Quod Hieronymus nescivit, nullus mortalium unquam scivit."

P. lxxvii. "Nor can I believe that ſeveral who pretend to be paſſionate admirers of *Milton* would treat him if living in any other manner, for the following reaſons.

"Becauſe they are ſo fond of nothing as of that ſoft and effeminate rhyme which makes the very reverſe of the harmony, and of the manly and powerful and noble enthuſiaſm of Milton.

"Becauſe the generality of poets and wits his contemporaries did not eſteem him, though they were by no means inferior in underſtanding to his pretended living admirers. Wilmot, Earl of Rocheſter, never ſo much as mentioned him in his Imitation of the Tenth Satire of the Firſt Book of Horace. When he came to imitate that paſſage, 'Forte epos acer ut nemo Varius ducit,' inſtead of Milton he names Waller; and when that noble peer was ſome years afterwards aſked by Dr. Burnet, ſince Biſhop of Saliſbury, for which of the modern poets he had moſt eſteem, he anſwered without the leaſt heſitation, for Boileau among the French, and Cowley among the Engliſh poets. Mr. Rymer, in his Firſt Book of Criticiſm, treated the Paradiſe Loſt with contempt, and the generality of the readers of poetry, for twenty years after it was publiſhed, knew no more of that exalted poem than if it had been written in Arabic. Mr. Dryden, in his Preface before the State of Innocence, appears to have been the firſt, thoſe gentlemen excepted whoſe verſes are before Milton's poem, who diſcovered in ſo public a manner an extraordinary opinion of Milton's extraordinary merit. And yet Mr. Dryden at that time knew not half the extent of his excellence, as more than twenty years afterwards he confeſſed to me, as is pretty plain from his writing the State of Innocence; for Mr. Dryden in that poem, which is founded on the Paradiſe Loſt, falls ſo infinitely ſhort of thoſe wonderful qualities, by which Milton has diſtinguiſhed that noble poem from all other poems, that one of theſe two things muſt be granted; either that Mr. Dryden knew not the extent of Milton's great qualities, or that he deſigned to be a foil to him. But they who knew Mr. Dryden know very well that he was not of a temper to deſign to be a foil to any one."—*Dennis's Letters*, p. 76.

P. lxxviii. "The moſt wonderful teſtimony in his [Bradſhawe's] favour is from *Milton*, who is ſaid to have been recommended by him to Cromwell for the place of Latin ſecretary. And in his Defenſio pro Populo Anglicano there extols him, &c."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of Chief Juſtices*, vol. i. p. 489.

P. lxxx. Jeanes, or Janes, publiſhed in the year 1651 an Anſwer to Milton's Iconoclaſtes. In the year of the Reſtoration, 1660, this book was brought out again under the title of "Salmaſius his Detection of the Diabolical Rebel Milton," intending thereby to paſs it off as a tranſlation of Salmaſius's poſthumous

work, Ad Johannem Miltonum Reſponſio. It is in fact the ſame work and the ſame edition as that brought out by Janes, with the exception of the title and a leaf of addreſs to the reader.

P. lxxxi. See South's Sermon on the 30th of January. "But others more knowing, inſiſt not ſo much upon the warrant of Scripture, but plead *providential diſpenſations*, and then God's *works* (it ſeems) muſt be regarded before his *words*. And the Latin Advocate (Mr. Milton), who, like a *blind adder*, has ſpit ſo much poyſon upon the King's perſon and cauſe, ſpeaks to the matter roundly. 'Deum ſecuti Ducem, et impreſſa paſſim divina veſtigia venerantes, Viam haud obſcuram ſed illuſtrem, et illius auſpiciis commonſtratam, et patefactam ingreſſi ſumus.' But muſt we read God's mind in his footſteps, or in his word? This is, as if when we have a man's hand-writing, we ſhould endeavour to take his meaning by the meaſure of his foot, &c. &c."

Perhaps South had an eye on *Milton* in the following paſſage in his Sermons, vol. viii. ſerm. 10, "What that particular ſin was, for which the angels were thrown down from their ſtation, is hard and perhaps impoſſible to be determined, yet men enquire after it, as freely as if it might, and ſome pitch it upon *pride*. Though in their confident aſſerting of that which is no where delivered, they ſeem *to diſcover no ſmall pride and arrogance themſelves*," &c. In vol. x. ſerm. 7, in his argument againſt David Paræus, South attacks Milton's poſition:—"Becauſe the kings of England take an oath at their coronation to govern by ſuch and ſuch laws, which in caſe they ſhould not, *Milton* and ſuch others, are ſo bold as to abſolve the ſubject from his allegiance; I ſhall, to daſh that *puritan*, *anti-monarchical tenet*, lay down this diſtinction, that it is *one thing* for a king to promiſe to manage his kingly office according to ſuch rules; and *another thing*, to take upon him the kingly office upon condition that he ſo governs; it is this latter only that would render him accountable to his people: but the former, if not fulfilled, is not breach of an antecedent condition, but only breach of a ſubſequent promiſe, for the ſin of which he is anſwerable only to God."

P. lxxxii. "For my part I have no notion, that a ſuffering Hero can be proper for epic poetry. Milton could make but very little even of a ſuffering god, who makes quite another impreſſion with his lightning and his thunder in *Paradiſe Loſt*, than with his meekneſs and his ſtoiciſm in *Paradiſe Regained*. That great ſpirit which heroic poetry requires, flows from great paſſions, and from great actions. If the ſuffering Hero remains inſenſible, the generality of readers will not be much concerned for one who is ſo little concerned for himſelf."—*Dennis's Letters*, p. 11.

P. lxxxiv. on note 41. I may mention that in a note to the Life of Milton in the Aldine edition, printed 1832, I mentioned that *Vavassor*, was the person alluded to by Dr. Johnson on the words; "Ker and *some one before him*" as having noticed Milton's mistake in the use of the word *Vapulandus*. I found the reference when reading Crenius's work alluded to. Since which I see Mr. Hallam has made the same remark in his History of Literature, but has not done me the favour of stating the source of his information. "Illud mirum pariter et festivum quod is quo loco et quibus plane verbis attribuit Salmasio solæcismos, iisdem ipse solæcismum aut solæcismo flagitium non minus admittat."—*Vavassor de Epigr.* cxxii. p. 144. *Crenii Anim. Philolog.* 12mo. p. 77.

P. xciii. "The estate which his father left him was but indifferent; yet by his frugality he made it serve him and his. Out of his secretary's salary he had saved two thousand pounds, which being lodged in the excise, and that bank failing at his majesty's restoration, he utterly lost that sum. By the great fire which happened in London in the beginning of September, 1666, he had a house in Bread Street burnt, which was all the real estate he had then left."—*Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 486.

To what does Fielding allude when he says, "It is to be hoped heedless people will be more cautious what they burn, or use to other vile purposes, especially when they consider the fate which had like to have befallen the *divine Milton*."—*Journey to the Next World*, p. 331.

P. xciv. We (says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1849, p. 163) should not have complained if Mr. Walcott had always, upon like occasion, been as diffuse as he is upon some of the streets in the neighbourhood of St. Margaret's church. Of these "York Street" is a specimen.

"In this street was Milton's study. He walked beneath the dappled shadows which the irregular houses still throw across the way. Upon the parapet of the present back—once the front—of No. 19 is a stone tablet bearing this inscription:—'Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets;' it was placed there by William Hazlitt, essayist, who rented the house in 1811, after his marriage.

"In 1651, the poet quitted his official residence in Scotland Yard, for this then 'pretty garden-house, next to Lord Scudamore's, and opening into the Park.' The sight of his left eye he lost late in the same year, and that of his right eye in 1653. His child Deborah was born here, on May 2, 1652, and from this house, 'sightless and dark,' the old man* followed in the

* Milton, born in Dec. 1608, was only in his fiftieth year when this wife died in Feb. 1657-8.—*Rev.*

sad procession which bore to her grave his beloved wife, whom he brought thither scarce a year before. During his residence here, while Andrew Marvel was his secretary, he wrote his 'Second Defence of the People of England,' and the 'Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes.'

"A cotton-willow tree, now separated by a wall from the humble dwelling, is said to have been planted by the poet's hand. Jeremy Bentham, to whom the house belonged, used frequently to make visitors kneel before it; but when he proposed to cut down the tree, William Hazlitt, scandalized by the 'contemplated profanation,' interfered, and commemorates his indignation in the 'Spirit of the Age.'

"At these windows the poet sat. The warm, balmy breath of summer, and the fragrance of flowers, stealing in through the open lattice, told him of the bright creation without, whose loveliness his sightless eyes might never see again, till they beheld unveiled the Better Land; while the soft low tones of the organ which he loved, and the conversation of his friends, attuned his heart to patience and resignation. There oft he mused, rich in thickly-crowding fancies that went forth over the wide earth, gathering from out its threefold kingdom fresh images of stately beauty; and now, upsoaring into the companies of spirits of good, tarried awhile amid the secrets of eternity, until they were stayed only before the throne of living light."

On turning to Mr. Cunningham's account of York Street, he will be found to give the greater part, but not the whole, of the same facts, compressed indeed within less than one-fourth the space: he differs in these respects, 1. he says the street received its name from the residence of Archbishop Sharp; 2. he says the tablet was set up by Bentham, before Hazlitt inhabited the house; and 3. he gives the inscription thus, "HERE LIVED JOHN MILTON, THE PRINCE OF POETS." But we have visited the spot, and find the words as Mr. Walcott gives them—

SACRED TO MILTON
Prince of Poets.

P. xcvii. On Milton's projected Poem of ARTHUR, see Hurd's Dialogues, vol. iii. p. 262 to p. 335.

P. xcviii. "Proclamation for Suppressing Milton's Defensio Populi Anglicani, The Answer to the Eicon Basilice, and Goodwin's Obstructor of Justice, and whereas the said John Milton and John Goodwin are both fled, or so obscure themselves, that no Endeavours used for their apprehensions can take effect, whereby they might be brought to Legal Tryal, and deservedly receive condign Punishment for their Treasons and Offences."

P. xcix. "Milton, after being detained in the custody of the

Serjeant at Arms, was releaſed by order of the Houſe. The Serjeant had exacted from his priſoner, *per letter*, the amount of 150*l.* a ſum which with great difficulty he had borrowed from his friends. *A. Marvell* brought the matter before the Houſe, and moved that the money ſhould be refunded. He was ſupported in the motion by Colonel King and Colonel Sharpeſt, two officers of undoubted loyalty as well as gallantry. But the Solicitor General Finch ſtrongly oppoſed it, ſaying, that 'this Mr. Milton had been Latin Secretary to Cromwell, and inſtead of paying 150*l.* well deſerved hanging.' However the matter was referred to a Committee of Privileges, *who therefore decided for the Poet.*"—See *Lord Campbell's Lives*, vol. iii. p. 382.

P. ci. "Philips, in his Life of Milton, ſays that ſoon after his third marriage, in 1662, he 'removed to a houſe in the Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields,' the houſe at which he finiſhed the Paradiſe Loſt, and from which he was buried. It is not eaſy to trace the ſpot. No ſuch place as Artillery Walk occurs in the elaborate map of London publiſhed by Ogilby, the tranſlator of Homer, in 1677, within three years after Milton's death. Aubrey, however, another original authority, tells us in his memoranda on the Life of Milton, that he 'died in Bunhill oppoſite the Artillery-garden-wall.' In Ogilby, and in various other maps, the name of Bunhill, without any addition, is given to a row of houſes occupying the ſite of the weſtern ſide of the ſouthern part of the preſent Bunhill *Row*, the oppoſite ſide of which, now another row of houſes, was then formed by one of the walls of the Artillery Ground, which were built, according to Highmore, the hiſtorian of the Artillery Company, about the time of the Reſtoration. This row might well be deſcribed as leading to Bunhill Fields, for it ſtill leads towards the well known Bunhill Fields burying-ground, the reſting-place of Dr. Watts, of Bunyan, and Defoe. It might well bear the name of the Artillery Walk, from its proximity to the Artillery Ground, and yet the name in common parlance be merged in that of Bunhill, as is the caſe with its preſent oppoſite neighbour, Artillery Place Weſt, which is only generally known as part of Bunhill Row. Here then, in all probability, in the row of houſes to the left of the paſſenger who turns northward from Chiſwell Street towards St. Luke's Hoſpital and Peerleſs Pool ſtood the houſe in which 'Paradiſe Loſt' was written. Many of the houſes now there are well-built, and by no means of a modern appearance; but unfortunately there is none ſufficiently antique to be aſſigned with ſafety to the time of Milton. The whole of Bunhill Row is in the preſent pariſh of St. Luke, Old Street, which then formed the 'Lordſhip part' of the pariſh of Cripplegate, whoſe church

of St. Giles's is memorable for the burial of Milton and the marriage of Cromwell. The next ſtreet to Bunhill Row, on the oppoſite ſide of Chiſwell Street, was the famous Grub Street, ſo long proverbial as the reſidence of hackney authors, which ſtill ſubſiſts, but with the name metamorphoſed, ſince about 1830, to the noble one of Milton Street, taken from its illuſtrious neighbour."—*Mr. Thomas Watts.*

P. cvii. The following is a curious notice from an obſcure contemporary writer of Poetry, who publiſhed his little volume ſoon after Paradiſe Loſt had appeared. " I was much taken with learned Mr. Milton's caſt and fancy in his book, namely, *Paradiſe Loſt.* Him I have followed much in his method, and have been otherwiſe beholden too, how much I leave them to judge, but I have uſed a more plain and familiar ſtyle, becauſe I conceive it moſt proper."—*Poems of Samuel Slater*, Pref. 1679.

P. cviii. See Sterling's Arts and Artiſts in Spain, vol. 3, p. 1048. "His (Medina's) Paintings ſeem almoſt confined to Scotland, where he reſided. He was knighted by the Lord High Commiſſioner Queenſbury, and was the laſt man on whom the honour was conferred before the Union. In a ſhort viſit to England he probably deſigned his twelve Plates for Somers' Milton, fo. 1705. In theſe he diſplayed no very high powers of appreciating his author, but they were thought worthy of being reproduced in a ſmaller form. He died 5 Oct. 1710. His picture is at the Gallery at Florence. He has received the ſomewhat dubious praiſe of being called the Kneller of the North." There is ſome miſtake in the date given by Mr. Sterling. The 4th edition, folio, 1699, was the firſt which had *Medina's* Plates. Book iv. has a Plate after B. Lens, Senr. and Book xii. one taken from Raphael's Bible.

P. cix. Mr. Hawkins has obſerved (vide Life of Milton, p. lxv. note) that the Angeleida of Eraſmus Valvaſone, 1590, a book Milton is ſuppoſed to have ſeen, attributes to the *Apoſtate Spirits the invention of Artillery.* I may add that in reading the Zodiacus Vitæ of Palingenius, 1559, I found the *ſame diſcovery given to the ſame fallen angels.* The paſſage is ſo curious, in this and other reſpects, as to deſerve quotation, eſpecially as it is not alluded to in Mr. Todd's edition. The poet is deſcribing, as Milton has, the various fallen Potentates.

*Sarcotheum*que vide, qui rex eſt primus, et idem
Peſſimus; hunc alii reges metuuntque coluntque
Huic ſervit quicquid tenet orbis dæmoniorum
A quo ceu quodam centro, genus omne malorum
Emicat, ut radii Solis de corpore manant.
Aſpexi hunc igitur, ſævum horribilemque, ſuperbo

Extantem Solio, sceleratasque Sceptra tenentem.
Sanguineæ cristæ huic surgunt, et cornua septem
Erecta, et totidem ingentes referentia turres.
Auribus atque oculis lucent, et naribus ignes
Oraque furiosas evolvunt grandia flammas.
Hæ quot habet secum comites, quantasque Phalanges,
Instructas telis, et bombiferis tormentis.
Iste tyrannus agit, tanquam perfringere cœlum.
Vellet, et æthereâ superos depellere ab aulâ,
Tunc mihi ductor ait—Fuit hic pulcherrimus olim
Supremoque Jovi charissimus: at mala Mentis
Conditio, et lætis cognata superbia rebus
Attulit exitium misero, *par namque volebat*
Esse Deo, cupiens æqualem sedis honorem;
Proinde relegari meruit, jussusque Michael
Constituit certos illi inter nubila fines.
Sæpe tamen priscæ laudis, veterumque bonorum
Non oblitus adhuc, et spe delusus inani
Bella movet superis, cœlumque irrumpere tentat.
Hinc fragor, hinc tonitrus, metuendaque fulmina fiunt
Horrificique ignes nigranti nube coruscant, &c."

Sagittarius, p. 289, ed. 1605.

It certainly strikes me that Milton took his descriptive account of the various leaders of the rebellious Angels, in the first book, from this book of Palingenius (*Sagittarius*), for they are enumerated in the same manner as each presiding over the *various vices that tempt and afflict mankind*. At any rate the passage is so curious and entertaining, as will well repay the reader's trouble in turning to it. Scaliger justly called Palingenius (Pier Angelo Mansoli) *Poeta non spernendus*. vide Scaligeriana, tom. P. cix. In Paradise Lost xi 495, we meet with an apparent mixture of imagery and expression, that might have called up the observation of some one of the numerous Commentators; but there is no note in Mr. Todd's edition.

"Sight so deform, what *heart of rock* could long
Dry-eyed behold?"

I may therefore observe that the Christian Poet Sedulius has the expression, "ut *Cordis oculos* interior caligo deseruit." See Sedulii Carm. ed Arntzenii, p. 3.

There is also an expression in Paradise Regained which, as none of the Commentators have touched on, I may be excused explaining and this place offers an opportunity.

"Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts,
On citron tables or *Atlantick stone*."—*P. R.* iv. 114.

Citron wood grew on Mount Atlas, and was held by the Romans

as valuable as gold. Martial, Ep. xiv. 89. "Accipe felices Atlantica munera, sylvas." "Atlantic stone," the Commentators say, was never heard of; nor can they explain the meaning of the expression.

I can find no account of Atlantic marble in the learned work of Cariophylus de Ant. Marmoribus. But I believe that I have detected the true meaning of "Atlantic stone," which has escaped the Commentators. Pliny mentions that the woods of Atlas were eagerly searched by the Romans for citron wood and ivory. *Hist. Nat.* lib. 5, c. 1. 1, p. 366, ed. Brot. "Quam luxuriæ cujus efficacissima vis sentitur atque maxima, cum ebori citroque silvæ exquirantur." Diod. Siculus joins them, lib. v. c. xlvi. vol. 3, p. 355, ed. Bip. "τα δε θυρώματα του ναοῦ θαυμαστας ἔχει τας κατασκευας ἐξ ἀργυρου καὶ χρυσοῦ καὶ ἐλεφαντος, ἔτι δὲ θύους δεδημιουργημενας;" so the author of the *Apocalypse*, xvii. 12, "πᾶν ξύλον θύϊνον, καὶ πᾶν σκεῦος ἐλεφάντινον;" Suidas and Pausanias also mention them together. We may therefore consider "Atlantic stone" to be a learned and poetical way for naming the "Ebur Atlanticum;" and Pliny also says that the forests in Mauritania were filled with elephants, lib. v. c. 1. 1. vol. 1. p. 364, the same forests which afforded the citron wood. Should "stone" be still thought a singular expression for ivory, it may be observed that fossil ivory might have been sought for; and that Pliny, lib. xxxvii. c. xxix. 18, vol. 6, p. 230, mentions a *mineral ivory, which he calls a stone.* "Citrus arbor in Atalante Mauritaniæ monte nascitur, ex qua olim faciebant lectos fores et *mensas*, quas *eboreis* pedibus fulcientes feminæ, viris contra margaritas regerebant. Cato in ea, quam habuit, oratione, ne quis consul bis fieret: Dicere possum, quibus villæ atque ædes ædificatæ atque expolitæ maximo opere, *citro*, atque *ebore*, atque *pavimentis Pœnicis stent.*"—*Aust. Popmæ Not. in Fragm. Varronis, ed. Bipont.* p. 349.

P. cix. "Think of the fathomless abyss, a gloom impervious, *fire without light*, in darkness burning, but not shining." See Basil, translated by Boyd, in his Select Passages, p. 237, 2nd ed. 1810. We now see from whom Milton derived that celebrated passage in the first book of his Paradise Lost—

"yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible." &c.

From a Correspondent.

P. cx. "He (Dr. Arnold) used frequently to dwell on this essentially *mix'd* character of all human things: as, for example, in his principle of the application of prophecy to human events or persons: so too his *characteristic dislike of Milton's representation of Satan.*" By giving a human likeness and representing him

as a bad man, you neceſſarily get ſome images of what is *good* as well as of what is *bad.* For no living man is entirely evil. Even Banditti have ſome generous qualities. Whereas the repreſentation of *the Devil ſhould be purely and entirely evil*, without a tinge of good, as that of God ſhould be purely and entirely good, without a tinge of evil: and you can no more get the one than the other from anything human. With the heathen it was different. Their *Gods* were themſelves made up of good and evil, and ſo might well be mix'd up with human aſſociations. The hoof and the horns and the tail are all uſeful in their way as giving you an image of ſomething altogether diſguſting. And ſo Mephiſtophiles in Fauſt, and the other contemptible and hateful character of the little monſter in Sintram, are *far more true than the Paradiſe Loſt.*'" —See *Life of Arnold*, ii. p. 408. To this I may add, that a ſtrong inſtance of this *mix'd* character given to Satan, as here obſerved on, may be found in Book iv. p. 387, where Satan is contemplating Adam and Eve in their ſtate of Paradiſiacal innocence, and utters ſentiments ſeemingly at variance with his loſt condition and his evil nature; at leaſt they have always appeared to me objectionable and unnatural.

"And ſhould I at your *harmleſs innocence*
Melt, as I do; yet public reaſon juſt
Honour and Empire, with revenge inlarged
By conquering this new World, *compels me now*
To do what elſe, tho' damnd, I ſhould abhor."

In a preceding verſe Satan alſo ſays,

"Thank him who puts me *loath* to this revenge!"

The reader is alſo referred to a moſt judicious note by Mr. *Hawkins.* 8vo. ed. of Newton's Milton, i. xcviii.

As regards the character of Satan in Paradiſe Regained, Mr. Coleridge ſays: "Milton has repreſented *Satan* as a *ſceptical Socinian.* See Book iv. ver. 196.

'Be not ſo ſore offended, Son of God,
Though ſons of God both angels are and men.'

Again verſe 500,

'Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.'

Milton has repreſented Satan as owning the Prophetic and Meſſianic character of Chriſt, but ſceptical as to higher claims."

P. cx. Mr. C. Carlyon in his *Early Years and Late Reflections*, quotes from Leſlie's Sermon on the words "There was war in Heaven," (Rev. xii.) and mentions the very *objectionable liberties* which had been taken with ſome important paſſages of Holy Writ, particularly inſtancing the 7th verſe of Pſ. xi. "The gravity and ſerioufneſs," he obſerves, "with which this ſubject ought

to be treated, has not been regarded in the adventurous flight of *Poets*, who have dreſſed angels in armour and put ſwords and guns into their hands, to fulminate battles in the plains of heaven; a ſort of heathen fancy. But the truth has been greatly hurt thereby.

"This is one reaſon why I have endeavoured to give a more ſerious repreſentation of that war in Heaven, and I hope I may ſay much better grounded than *Milton's groundleſs ſuppoſition*, who in the 5th Book of his Paradiſe Loſt makes the cauſe of the revolt of Lucifer and his Angels to have been,—*That God upon a certain day in Heaven, before the creation of this lower world, did ſummon all the Angels to attend, and then declared his Son to be their Lord and King*, and applies to that day the 7th verſe of the 2nd Pſalm,—'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.' The folly of this contrivance appears many ways. To make the Angels ignorant of the Bleſſed Trinity, and to take it ill to acknowledge Him for their King, whom they had always addreſſed as their God,—or as if the Son had not been their King, or had not been begotten till that day. This ſcheme of the Angels' revolt cannot anſwer either to the eternal generation of the Son, or to his temporal generation of the Bleſſed Virgin, *that* happening after the fall of the Angels," &c.

P. cx. On the difficulties of the *ſubject* of Paradiſe Loſt, ſee *Mr. Henry Taylor's Notes on Books*, p. 200-202. "We at leaſt cannot doubt that Milton's great Work is a continued ſtruggle with inſuperable difficulties, and that the victory gained is a victory, not *over the difficulties, but independently of them*;—a victory in which the faults of the deſign ſtand out unſubdued in the execution: and the triumphs all here are thoſe of unrivalled power of intellect deſtroying them: affording a ſlight compenſation for the faults, but not in any degree averting, not even diſguiſing them. Admire and applaud as we may, we cannot but be painfully ſenſible, as often as the ſupernatural agencies occur, that the author has ſet out on a fallacious plan and character from the firſt; and when mounting the flying ſteed and preſſing into the theme of heaven, he has evidently ſlighted the warning to which he himſelf alludes, and has in ſad truth fallen on the Aleïan field, erroneous there to wander! and the more relief and delight we find in the parts of the Poem which are bound in this viſible diurnal ſphere, and the more we find of ſurpaſſing excellence in the deſcriptive and collateral paſſages, the more we lament the miſtake of the Poet in adopting a ſcheme ſo utterly impracticable, exalting our imagination at the outſet, only to abaſe it as we proceed—a Scheme of ſuch celeſtial dignity in its aim and ſcope, that every detail is in derogation of it, and every realization felt to be falſe to the ideal," &c. &c.

P. cxiv. The late Thomas Amyot, Esq. in a letter to the Editor.

P. cxvii. "In Paradise Regained," says the Rev. C. Wordsworth, "the only topographical inaccuracy consists in the site of the Lycæum: it is there placed *within*, instead of *without* the walls.—Lib. iv. l. 253.

—— '*Within* the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages, his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lycæum there and painted Stoa next.'"

See *Wordsworth's Athens*, p. 177.

P. cxxi. Of *Milton*, Sir James Mackintosh thus speaks.—"Perhaps the subtle genius of Greece was in part withheld from indulging itself in ethical controversy by the influence of Socrates, who was much more a teacher of virtue than even a searcher after truth.

Whom well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men.

It was doubtless because he chose that better part that he was thus spoken of by the man whose commendation was glory, and who, from the loftiest eminence of moral genius ever reached by a mortal, was perhaps alone worthy to place a new crown on the brow of the Martyr of Virtue."—v. *Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, p. 18.

P. cxxvi. The following note was sent to me by a gentleman, and I subsequently saw the bust. The judgment of the public does not seem to have supported the opinion here given.

"The Rev. Charles Woodward, of 18, Thayer-street, Manchester-Square, possesses a bust of Milton about half the size of life in white marble in Florentine costume. It is an exquisite work of art and conveys a more beautiful likeness of the great Poet than any print known, but agrees with the head by Faithorne allowing for the difference of age. It was sent from Florence in 1827, and was called a bust of *Raphael* by the dealer. No doubt that is the identical bust mentioned by Thomas Warton in a note to the Minor Poems, p. 333, and in the Life to the Aldine ed. p. xx."

P. cxxix. In *Georgii Richteri Epistolæ Selectiores*, Norimb. 1662, 4to. is a letter from Christopher Arnold to him, dated from London 7 August, 1651, in which he gives a very interesting and entertaining account of the persons, parties, and objects of curiosity he met with. Among others he thus makes mention of MILTON.

"Hujusdem (Reipublicæ novæ) strenuus Defensor *Miltonus*, libenter se in sermonem dat, pura ejus elocutio est, et

ſcriptio terſiſſima. De antiquis Anglorum Theologis, horumque in S. Scripturæ libros commentariis (ipſam eruditionem teſtor) ſanè doctiſſimis durius ſaltem, ſi non iniquius judicare judicium, omninò is mihi videbatur."—p. 483. Again, "*Jo. Milton*, celebris ille Populi Anglicani defenſor, olim et Areopagitica conſignavit, A ſpeech for the Liberty of unlicenſed Printing to the Parlament of Engeland. i. Sermonem libertate ſive licentiâ imprimendi libros, ad Parlamentum Angliæ, contra hujus conſtitutionem qua non niſi cum licentia approbatos imprimere permiſſum erat. Percurioſus Scriptor iſte jam pridem hodiernam libertatem, hoc eſt, A. C. 1644, in Areopagiticis ſuis cogitaſſe mihi videtur.'—p. 491. This paſſage was brought to my notice by Thos. Watts, Eſq. of the Britiſh Muſeum, who alſo pointed out to me the paſſage I have quoted from the Dutch Tranſlation of *Paradiſe Loſt*.

P. cxxx. On the influence of *Plato* on Milton's genius, ſee Edinburgh Review, No. clxxvi. p. 335, &c.

P. cxxx. 17. I now add the Emendations, &c. in a Copy of ARATUS, in the hand writing *of Milton*, in the Britiſh Muſeum,

Αρατου Σολεως φαινομενα καὶ Διοσημεια, Θεωνος Σχολια, Λεοντιου Μηχανικου περι Αρατειας σφαιρας. Pariſiis 1559. 4° Apud G. Morelium.

[On the two ſides of Morel's device this line.]
"Cum ſolê et luna ſemper Aratus erit."
[in the fly leaf]
"Jo: Milton
pre: 2ª 6ᵈ
1631."

Paragraph 6, line 9, *ἀυὴν.*	*ἀυτὴν.*
Par. 8, l. 4. *Νώτῳ μεν στεφανος πελάει.*	*κεφαλῇ γέ μεν ἄκρῃ.* [the latter part of the line is added in manuſcript, with this note in the margin] "Ex aliis editionibus ſupplemus."
Par. 11, l. 5. *μὴν.*	*μὲν.* [with this note in the margin] *μὴν* niſi ſubſit mendum inuſitatè corripitur.
Par. 11, l. 12. *ἤδειδεν.*	[note in margin] *ἤδειξεν* pro *ἔδειξεν* ſic enim emendârat vir doctus aliquis in editione Lugdunenſi Degatiana.

Par. 11, l. 17. βόες ἄροτρα.	[in margin] legendum fortaſſe καὶ ἄροτρα.
Par. 11, l. 29. τ' ἐξείεσθε.	[in margin] τεξείεσθε Lugdun. a themate τέκω.
Par. 16, l. 3. οὖνὸν.	[in margin] οὔρανον Lugdun.
Par. 19, l. 8. προτέροισ'.	προτέροις.
Par. 19, l. 14. ἄκρως.	[in margin] ἄκρος Lugdun.

In the comment on paragraph 24 occurs this paſſage: φησὶ φεύγειν τὴν Ἠλέκτραν του μὴ ὑπομεῖναι ἰδεῖν τὸν ἥλιον ἁλίσκομένην καὶ τοὺς ἐκγονοὺς δυστυχοῦντας, &c. &c.—there is an aſteriſk after ἥλιον, and in the margin the words "ſupple τρόιαν."

Par. 28, l. 2. ῥύτῆρα.	ῥύτορα.
Par. 32, l. 1. Τοῖος καὶ.	[in margin] ἕου fortaſſe interponendum.
Par. 32, l. 5. δεινὴ.	δεινῷ Lugd.
Par. 39, l. 7. πρότερον.	πρότεροι.
Par. 43, l. 5. συνεργμένα.	συνεεργμένα.
Par. 44, l. 7. εἰ.	ἤ.
	the καὶ which follows ſtruck through, and this note in margin, "dele καὶ et lege τοῦτο pro τοῦθ'."
ὑποστὰς.	[in margin] παραστὰς videtur legiſſe Theon.
Par. 44, l. 11. μεγ' ἀμείνονες.	[in margin] μέγα μείονες. Lugd.
Par. 46, l. 6. τόξου.	τόξον.
Par. 56, l. 14. ἐλέειπτο.	ἐλέλειπτο.
Par. 58, l. 2. νεία.	νείατα.
Par. 64, l. 4. Οσον επισκιάζειν.	ὅσσον επισκιάειν.
Par. 65, l. 7. Η ἐτέων.	ἠὲ τέων. Stef.
Par. 66, l. 3. μέλει.	μέλοι. Stef.
Par. 73, l. 6. οὖνοθεν.	οὔρανόθεν.
Par. 85, l. 3. μάλακεν.	μάλα κεν.
Par. 88, l. 3. ἠῶ ἀσπίζων.	[in margin] ἠωα σπίζων, ſic emendatius legit Stephanus in Theſauro.
Par. 91, l. 1. ἄυζαι.	αὔξαι.
Par. 91, l. 4. ἄκρα.	ἄκρας.

P. cxxxi. Dr. Ireland ſays — " It may be obſerved here that Maſſinger was not unknown to Milton. The date of ſome of Milton's early poems indeed is not exactly aſcertained; but if the reader will compare the ſpeech of *Paulo*, with the *Penſeroſo*, he cannot fail to remark a ſimilarity in the cadences, as well as in the meaſure, and the ſolemnity of the thoughts. . . On many other occaſions, he certainly reſembles Maſſinger, and frequently in his repreſentations of female purity, and the commanding dignity of virtue." See *Gifford's Maſſinger*, v. iii. p. 107. Mr. Gifford had obſerved, vol. i. p. 141, that Milton has the ſame bold expreſſion as Maſſinger—" Sail-ſtretched Wings."—To which I may add Par. Reg. vol. iv. p. 267. " To the famous orators repair."—See *Emperor of the Eaſt.*—" The moſt *famous orators*, the nurſe of learning, Athens."—Indeed Milton's Reading may be traced through many of our old *Dramatic* writers. I have in a former publication many years ſince, remarked that the memorable and graphic expreſſion in Par. Reg. 1.

— Satan bowing low
His *grey Diſſimulation* thus began.

is from *Ford's Broken Heart*, act iv. ſc. 2.

Lay by thy whining *grey Diſſimulation.*

" The ſtyle of Maſſinger's plays," ſays Mr. Coleridge, " and the Samſon Agoniſtes are the two extremes of the arc within which the diction of Dramatic Poetry may oſcillate. Shakeſpeare in his great Plays is the midpoint. In the Samſon Agoniſtes all colloquial language is at the greateſt diſtance, yet ſomething of it is preſerved to render the dialogue probable; in Maſſinger the ſtyle is differenced, but differenced in the ſmalleſt degree poſſible from animated converſation by the vein of Poetry.—See *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 121.

P. cxxxiii. " It was the error of Milton, Sidney, and others of that age, to think it poſſible to conſtruct a purely ariſtocratical government, defecated of all paſſion and ignorance and ſordid motives. The truth is, that the government would be weak from its utter want of ſympathy with the people to be governed by it."—*Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 54.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, Sir T. Philips preſented them with extracts from a MS. *Letter of Milton to Cromwell*, purporting to be the ſketch of a republic which he had deviſed as a model of perfection.

P. cxxxvi. July 7. Three Judges, Powell, Holloway and Milton, diſmiſſed. This laſt was Sir Chriſtopher Milton, ſaid to have been the brother of the poet; in the letter Sir Chriſtopher is thus mentioned,—" The laſt [*i. e.* Milton], Catholic as he is, yet has the misfortune to be turned out, as ſome ſay, for inſuf-

ficiency and incapacity to dificharge the duties of his place, though others give it out that he defired it himfelf by reafon of his age and other infirmities."

P. cxxxvii. The following account of Chriftopher Milton has been obligingly furnifhed to the Editor by his friend D. E. Davy, Efq. of Ufford, Suffolk.

" Sir Chriftopher Milton was a lawyer, of, I believe, no great credit for knowledge of his profeffion. He was a ftrong royalift and a profeffed Papift. On the 24th of April, 1686, he was appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer, vice Neville. He did not hold his fituation long, and Dr. Johnfon admits that from weaknefs of conftitution he retired before he had done any difreputable act. He was knighted at Whitehall the 25th of April, 1686: he was then living at Rufhmere; but it feems he afterwards refided at Ipfwich, where he died, and was buried in the church of St. Nicholas there, 22 March, 1692. He was baptized at All Hallows, Bread Street, London, 3 December, 1615. He married Thomafine, daughter of William Webber, of London, who died before her hufband, and was buried in St. Nicholas church, Ipfwich. They had one fon, Thomas Milton, Efq. Deputy Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, who by his wife, Martha, daughter of Charles Fleetwood, of Northampton (remarried to William Coward, M. D. of London and Ipfwich), had a daughter, of Grofvenor Street, London, houfekeeper to Dr. Secker. She died 26 July, 1769.

" The authorities for the foregoing account are, *Evelyn's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 596; *Beatfon's Pol. Index*, vol. ii. p. 313; *Le Neve's Knights made by James II.*; MS. Brit. Muf.; *Malcolm's London*, vol. ii. p. 10; *Todd's Life of Milton*, 1809, p. 166; *Newton's Life of Milton*, vol. i. pp. lxxvii. and lxxviii.; *Gwillym*, p. 210.

" Four new judges were appointed, who had taken the royal teft by declaring their belief in the unlimited, illimitable, and eternal nature of the difpenfing power. One of thefe was the brother of the author of Paradife Loft and of the Defence of the People of England for putting Charles I. to death. Sir Chriftopher Milton, recommended by Herbert, was in all refpects a ftriking contraft to John, as he was not only a favourer of Popery, and a friend to arbitrary power, but the dulleft of mankind."—See *Lord Campbell's Chief Juftices*, vol. ii. p. 87. " Although not reconciled to Rome, he came fo near her, that he would not communicate with the Church of England." — See *Echard's Hiftory*, vol. iii. p. 797. *Kennet*, vol. iii. 451.

P. cxxxviii. In the preface to Paludanus's (or Vanden Broek's) Dutch tranflation of the Paradife Loft, publifhed in 1730, there is a circumftantial account of Addifon's vifit to Milton's daughter,

which Paludanus ſays he had heard from an Engliſh gentleman. It occupies about an octavo page, and contains ſome particulars which I have never ſeen in Engliſh.

"I ſhall conclude this preface with ſomething to the honour of Mr. Addiſon, which was told me by a gentleman who is a native of England. It is as follows:—Some years ago, Mr. Addiſon, whoſe reputation is as high for virtue and genius as for the ſervices he rendered the crown of Great Britain in various important ſtations, happened to hear that a daughter of Mr. Milton was ſtill living and reſident in London in one of the pooreſt parts of the town. He ſet off for the place in his carriage, and when on his arrival the door was knocked at and enquiry made if the daughter of Mr. Milton reſided within, the perſon who opened the door replied that ſhe herſelf was his daughter. Knowing from the biography of Milton, that ſometimes in his ſtudies and particularly in his blindneſs, during which his incomparable poem was compoſed, he had had Greek and Latin authors read to him aloud by his daughters, in the ſame manner as if they had been acquainted with the claſſical languages, Mr. Addiſon aſked Mrs. Milton if ſhe happened to have a Greek Homer at hand, and on her anſwering in the affirmative, requeſted her to let him ſee it. She brought it to him, and read ſome pages of the Iliad aloud in Greek, and in ſuch a manner that a perſon who was completely maſter of the Greek language could not have done it better. Mr. Addiſon ſeeing from this that ſhe was really a daughter of Milton's, expreſſed his regret that the offſpring of ſo great a man ſhould be reduced to narrow circumſtances, almoſt to poverty, and gave her at the ſame time a handful of gold with the promiſe that he would continue to ſupport her, a promiſe which this noble-minded man no doubt did not fail to perform till his own death or that of Mrs. Milton. This anecdote, reader, I thought myſelf bound to relate, in juſtice to Mr. Addiſon's memory, and to ſhow the ingratitude of the times which left in neglect the family of the moſt learned and perfect poet that England, or perhaps the whole world has ever produced."

P. cxlvi. Mr. Coleridge has proteſted againſt profaning the "awful name of Milton by aſſociating it with the epithet *Puritan*." Yet he would not have wholly departed from the opinion of a well known writer, now among us, who calls "this puritaniſm of ours,"—that is, the thing itſelf in its pure, rather than *puritanical* form, "among the nobleſt heroiſms that ever tranſacted itſelf on this earth."—v. *Appendix to Coleridge's Biographia Literaria*, vol. i. p. 11, p. 335. On the proper meaning of the word *Puritan*, ſee Burnet's Life of Bedell, p. 361. "Perhaps you have met with ſome more fanatical *Brownifts* or *Anabaptiſts*, whom here you call *Puritans*. But theſe that are

commonly so called, which differ from the Church of England about church-government and ceremonies *only*, give indeed too little to the authority of those how truly learned or ancient soever; which is their fault, and their great fault," &c.—*App.* p. 380. "That also is false in the assertion that the *Puritans* deny the Church of England to be a true church. Unless the *Puritans* and *Brownists* be with you all one, which you have made divers sects above, and then you were to blame thus to multiply names before, so now again to confound them."

P. clv. In the *Mélanges de Critique et Philologie par S. Chardon de la Rochette*, vol. ii. p. 302-332, is a very learned and interesting account of Leonard Philaras, the correspondent of Milton, whose name, M. de la Rochette says, does not appear in any Historical Dictionary.—"Aucun de nos dictionnaires historiques, aucun biographe n'a parlé de ce personnage qui pourtant a rempli des missions importantes en Europe, qui aimait et cultivait les lettres et qui était en relation avec les hommes les plus illustres de son temps," &c. He died in 1673. This name is not in the Onomasticon of Saxius.

P. clxxii. *note*. In the verses of Samuel Barrow, which are prefixed to most editions of Paradise Lost, I do not know why, in the first line,

Qui legis *Amissam Paradisum*, &c.

the Poet has made "Paradisum" of the feminine gender, the Greek Παράδεισος being masculine. Prudentius in Cathemerinon, x. 161.

Patet ceu fidelibus *ampli*
Via lucida jam *Paradisi*.

Paulinus, Poem 37, ad Severum ad Picturam Martyrum

"Inter *floriferi* cœleste nemus *Paradisi*."

And an auctor incertus de Bebiani Baptismo, who copies him,

"Manat et *ætherii* cœleste nemus *Paradisi*."

What authority there may be on the other side I am ignorant. I may here observe, that Milton, in Paradise Lost, iv. 143, has an expression describing Paradise, which has not met the attention of the commentators.

"Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous *wall* of Paradise upsprung."

But in the works of a Latin Poet of the Christian ages we find the same expression on the same subject.

"Illic floret humus semper sub vere perenni
Arboreis hinc inde comis vestitur amœne,
Frondibus intextis *ramorum murus opacus*
Stringitur, atque omni pendet ex arbore fructus."

See *Dracontii Carm. de Deo*, i. 185.

And being on the ſubject of Milton's poetical expreſſions, I may add, that in the deſcription of the Indian fig tree (the Banian) Mr. Todd, in his Variorum Editions, has not obſerved that the ſimilitude in the following line,

"Thoſe leaves
They gathered, broad as *Amazonian targe*,"

is taken from *Pliny*, *Nat. Hiſt.* xii. c. 5, deſcribing the ſame tree—"Foliarum latitudo *Peltæ* effigiem *Amazoniæ* habet." The leaves of this tree, however, are about the *ſize*, though not exactly the ſhape of the *laurel*. Neither Pliny nor Milton had ever ſeen the tree *which* they here deſcribe.

Additional Note.

P. lxiii. On the queſtion of 'Unlicenſed Printing,' in its benefits and its abuſes, we may trace the progreſs of opinion during nearly two centuries, which have elapſed ſince Milton's noble defence of a free preſs, in the following obſervations, to be found in a late work, of great merit and high authority, proceeding from one who now fills that eminent ſituation ſo long and ably held by him "who muſt be conſidered the moſt prominent legal character, and the brighteſt ornament to the profeſſion of the law that appeared in England during the paſt century."* "No one born in the reign of Queen Anne ought to be ſeverely blamed for entertaining apprehenſions for the ſafety of the ſtate from permitting juries to determine what publications are innocent or criminal. We ſhould recollect that Lord Somers and the leaders of the Revolution of 1688, would not venture for ſome years *to allow printing without a previous licenſe, and that in the opinion of many of the moſt enlightened men of the next generation, a licenſer could only be diſpenſed with upon the condition that the ſentence upon writings after they were publiſhed, ſhould be pronounced by permanent functionaries, whom the Crown ſhould ſelect for having a ſufficient horror of every thing approaching to ſedition.* It was not till after a ſtruggle of half a century, and under a miniſter then highly liberal (although he afterwards tried to hang a few of his brother reformers who continued ſteady in the cauſe) that the bill paſſed, directing that on a trial for libel, the jury, in giving their verdict, ſhould have a right to take into conſideration the character and the tendency of the paper alleged to be libellous. Still the truth of the facts ſtated in the publication complained of could not be inquired into; for half a century longer the maxim pleaded—'The greater the truth, the greater the libel,'—and it was only in the year 1845 that 'Lord Campbell's Libel

* Lord Mansfield.

Bill' paſſed, permitting the truth to be given in evidence, and referring it to the jury to decide whether the defendant was actuated by malice, or by a deſire for the good of the community. Theſe ſucceſſive alterations of the law are now admitted to have operated beneficially—not only being favourable to free diſcuſſion, but really tending to reſtrain the licentiouſneſs of the preſs. Candour however requires the confeſſion that they were attended with ſome hazard, and we muſt not confound exceſſive caution with bigotry or a love of arbitrary government. *The great problem for free ſtates now to conſider is, how journaliſm is to be rendered conſiſtent with public tranquillity and the ſtability of political inſtitutions.* A licenſer can never more be endured: and againſt a journal which daily excites to inſurrection and revolution, a proſecution of the proprietor or printer for a libel—to be heard before a jury after the lapſe of ſeveral months—affords no adequate remedy. If the great capitals of Europe are to be conſtantly in a 'ſtate of ſiege,' we may be driven to regret the quiet old times when Royal Gazettes, announcing court appointments, were the only periodicals."—See *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Juſtices* (*Lord Mansfield*), vol. ii. p. 544.

Fac-Simile of the Agreement between Milton and Mr. Symons.

THIS PRESENTS Made the 27th day of Aprill 1667 Between John Milton gent of Westminster
And Samuel Symons Printer of Aldersgate st. Witnesseth That the said John Milton in consideracon
of five pounds to him now paid by the said Samuel Symons & other the considerations herein
mentioned hath given granted and assigned, and by these presents doth give grant & assigne
unto the said Samuel Symons his executors and assignes All that Booke Copy or
Manuscript of a Poem intituled Paradise lost, or by whatsoever other title or name
the same is or shall be called or distinguished now lately perfected to be printed
together with the full benefitt profitt & advantage hereof or wch shall or may
arise thereby And the said John Milton for him his ex^rs & adm^rs doth covenant with
the said Samuel Symons his ex^rs & assigns That he and they shall at all times
hereafter have title and enjoy the same and all Impressions thereof accordingly
without the lett or hinderance of him the said John Milton ex^rs or adm^rs or any other
or others by them or their consent or privitie, And that he the said John Milton his ex^rs

John Fisher

Beniamin Greene servt to Mr Milton

John Milton

Engraved by J. Jenkins

APPENDIX.

" *Mr. Milton's Agreement with Mr. Symons for Paradise Lost. dated 27th April*, 1667. *(The original is in the possession of Mr. S. Rogers.)*

" THESE Presents made the 27th day of Aprill 1667 between John Milton, gent. of the one part, and Samuel Symons, printer, of the other part, wittness that the said John Milton in consideration of five pounds to him now paid by the said Samuel Symõns, and other the consideracõns herein mentioned, hath given, granted and assigned, and by these pñts doth give, grant and assign unto the said Sam^ll Symõns, his executors, and assignees, All that Booke, Copy, or Manuscript of a Poem intituled Paradise Lost, or by whatsoever other title or name the same is or shall be called or distinguished, now lately licensed to be printed, together wi^th the full benefitt, profit, and advantage thereof, or wch shall or may arise thereby. And the said John Milton for him, his ex^rs and adm^rs, doth covenant wth the said Sam^ll Symõns, his ex^rs and ass^s that he and they shall at all times hereafter have, hold and enjoy the same and all impressions thereof accordingly, without the lett or hindrance of him the said John Milton, his ex^rs or ass^s, or any person or persons by his or their consent or privity. And that he the said John Milton, his ex^rs or adm^rs or any other by his or their meanes or consent, shall not print or cause to be printed, or sell, dispose or publish the said book or manuscript, or any other book or manuscript of the same tenor or subject, without the consent of the said Sam^ll Symõns, his ex^rs or ass^s: In concideracon whereof the said Sam^ell Symõns for him, his ex^rs and adm^rs doth covenant with the said John Milton, his ex^rs, and ass^s well and truly to pay unto the said John Milton, his ex^rs, and adm^rs the sum of five pounds of lawfull english money at the end of the first Impression, which the said Sam^ll Symõns, his ex^rs, or ass^s shall make and publish of the said copy or manuscript, which impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred books of the said whole copy or manuscript imprinted, shall be sold and retailed off to particular reading customers. And shall also pay other five pounds, unto the said John Milton, or his ass^s at the end of the second impression to be accounted as aforesaid, And five pounds more at the end of the third impression, to be in like manner accounted. And that the said three first impressions shall not exceed fifteen

hundred books or volumes of the ſaid whole copy or manuſcript, a peice. And further, that he the ſaid Samuel Symons, and his ex^rs, adm^rs, and aſs^s ſhall be ready to make oath before a Maſter in Chancery concerning his or their knowledge and belief of or concerning the truth of the diſpoſing and ſelling the ſaid books by retail, as aforeſaid, whereby the ſaid Mr. Milton is too be entitled to his ſaid money from time to time, upon every reaſonable requeſt in that behalf, or in default thereof ſhall pay the ſaid five pounds agreed to be paid upon every impreſſion, as aforeſaid, as if the ſame were due, and for and in lieu thereof. In witneſs whereof, the ſaid parties have to this writing indented, interchangeably ſett their hands and ſeales the day and yeare firſt above written.

JOHN MILTON. (Seal).

Sealed and delivered in the preſence of us, } John Fiſher. Benjamin Greene, ſerv^t to Mr. Milton.

April 26. 1669.

Rec^d then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second five pounds to be paid—mentioned in the Covenant. I ſay rec^d by me,

JOHN MILTON.

Witneſs, Edmund Upton.

I do hereby acknowledge to have received of Samuel Symõnds Cittizen and Statõner of London, the Sum of Eight pounds: which is in full payment for all my right, title, or intereſt, which I have or ever had in the Coppy of a Poem Intitled Paradiſe Loſt in Twelve Bookes in 8vo—By John Milton, Gent. my late huſband. Wittneſs my hand this 21st day of December, 1680.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

Wittneſs, William Yopp, Ann Yopp.

Know all men by theſe pſſents that I Elizabeth Milton of London Widdow, late wife of John Milton of London Gent: deceaſed—have remiſſed releaſed and for ever quitt claimed And by theſe pſſents doe remiſe releaſe & for ever quitt clayme unto Samuel Symonds of London, Printer—his heirs Excut^rs and Adminiſtrators All and all manner of Accoñ and Accoñs Cauſe and Cauſes of Accoñ Suites Bills Bonds writinges obligatorie Debts dues duties Accompts Summe and Sumes of money Judgments Executions Extents Quarrells either in Law or Equity Controverſies and demands—And all & every other matter cauſe and thing whatſoever which againſt the

ſaid Samuel Symonds—I ever had and which I my heires Executors or Adminiſtrators ſhall or may have clayme & challenge or demand for or by reaſon or means of any matters cauſe or thing whatſoever from the beginning of the World unto the day of theſe pſſents. In witneſs whereof I have hereunto ſett my hand and ſeale the twenty ninth—day of Apriil in the thirty third Year of the Reigne of our Sovereign Lord Charles by the grace of God of England Scotland ffrance and Ireland King defender of the ffaith & Anno Dni. 1681.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

Signed and delivered in
the pſſence of
Joſ. Leigh Wm Wilkins.

(The above three articles are, I believe, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Dawſon Turner.)

Alterations by Milton from the firſt edition in ten Books, for the ſecond edition in twelve.

Book viii. V. 1.

" The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear,
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking; ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear:
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd."

The latter part of the verſe was taken from the line in the firſt edition—

" To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd"

Book xii. V. 1.

" As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on ſpeed: ſo here th' arch-angel pauſ'd,
Betwixt the world deſtroy'd, and world reſtor'd;
If Adam ought perhaps might interpoſe:
Then, with tranſition ſweet, new ſpeech reſumes."

Some few additions were alſo made to the Poem, the notice of which will intereſt the critical reader.

Book v. V. 637.

" They eat, they drink, and with refection ſweet
Are fill'd before th' all-bounteous king," &c.

were thus enlarged in the ſecond edition;

" They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality, and joy, (ſecure

Of ſurfeit, where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs) before th' all-bounteous king," &c.

Book xi. V. 484. after

" Inteſtine ſtone, and ulcer, cholic-pangs,"

theſe three verſes were added:

" Dæmoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy;
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting peſtilence."

And ver. 551, of the ſame book (which was originally thus:

Of rendring up. Michael to him reply'd)

received this addition:

" Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My diſſolution. Michael reply'd."

LETTERS.

No. i. ii. Greek letters of C. Deodati to Milton, formerly in the poſſeſſion of Toland, who ſays they are very handſomely written, now in the Britiſh Muſeum, additional MS. No. 5017*, folio 64, &c. (ſee *Toland's Life of Milton*, p. 23.)

No. iii. an Italian letter to Milton, from Florence, without the name of the author affixed. Carlo Dati was the principal correſpondent of Milton: and I ſhould have ſuppoſed that he had been the writer of this letter; but that he is repreſented as a nobleman of large fortune, and in this letter the writer ſpeaks of his being appointed to the profeſſorſhip of Belles Lettres in the academy of Florence, on the death of Doni. If not from Carlo Dati, I ſhould preſume it muſt be from Bonmattei, his other Florentine correſpondent. Since writing the above, I have diſcovered that Carlo Dati ſucceeded Doni in the profeſſorſhip. He therefore is the writer. Doni died Dec. 1647, aged fifty-three; he left C. Dati the office of publiſhing his works. Heinſius ſays, " DATIVM, amiciſſimum mihi juvenem Donius impenſe diligebat." C. Dati died in Jan. 1675, aged fifty-ſix. Dati took the name in the Acad. della Cruſca of " Smarrito." He wrote the Lives of the Antient Painters, 4to. 1667, and other ſmall works. See *Salvino Salvino in Faſt. Conſularibus*, p. 536, and *Bandini Comm. de vitâ Donii*, p. xci. very intereſting mention of C. Dati occurs repeatedly in the *Epiſtles of N. Heinſius*. Bayle ſays he was very *civil and officious to all learned travellers who went to Florence*. Chimentelli thus ſpeaks of him, " Clariſſimus et amiciſſimus Car. Datius, noſtræ flos illibatus urbis, ſuadæque Etruſcæ

medulla, quam omni literarum parata quotidie auget, atque illuſtrat." Nic. Heinſius dedicated a book of his Elegies to Carlo Dati, in which he mentions his acquaintance with Gaddi, Coltellini, Doni, Freſcobaldi and other of Milton's friends. Carlo Dati received him with the ſame hoſpitality, which he had ſhowed to Milton. He alſo mentions his reception by Chimentelli at Piſa. Among *Alex. Mori* Poemata is one to C. Dati. p. 166.

No. iv. Letter from Peter Heimbach. To this letter, an anſwer by Milton is found among his Epiſtles, p. 65. There is an addreſs to Cromwell in Latin written by Heimbach, printed in London, 1656. This letter was ſent after an interval of nine years in their correſpondence; and was an affectionate inquiry concerning Milton's ſafety, during the plague of the preceding year.

No. v. Letter from Leo ab Aitzema, informing Milton that he was cauſing a Dutch tranſlation of his book on Divorce to be made at the Hague, ſee Milton's anſwer, p. 42, Feb. 1654. Leo or Lieuwe van Aitzema was a gentleman of Frieſland, who was born at Doccum in 1600, and died at the Hague, where he was the reſident for the Hanſe towns, in 1669. He printed ſome Latin poems, and was the author of ſeveral works in Dutch; the moſt important of which is the "Saken van Staet en Oorlogh," a book of memoirs on the hiſtory of Holland, from 1621 onwards, of which there are two editions, in fourteen volumes quarto and in ten folio. The Britiſh Muſeum poſſeſſes both, and the folio copy, which formerly belonged to Southey, contains a very intereſting note on the fly-leaf, from the pen of the laureate. It is as follows: "The Lord Keeper Guildford learnt Dutch for the ſake of reading this book, Sir Peter Lely having recommended it to him, 'as if there needed no other to make men exquiſite ſcholars and politicians.' Roger North however is miſtaken in calling it 'ſuch a ſort of book as our Ruſhworth.' It is much better. Aitzema is as much above Ruſhworth as he is below Thuanus, but not leſs indiſpenſable in an hiſtorical library than either. R. S."—*Mr. Thos. Watts.*

No. I.

Θεόσδοτος Μίλτωνι ευφράινεσθαι.

(Condoling with him on the bad weather, and anticipating a meeting on the return of the fine.)

Ἡ μὲν παροῦσα κατάστασις τοῦ ἀέρος δοκεῖ φθονερώτερον διακεῖσθαι, πρὸς ἃ ἡμεῖς πρωὶ[1] διαλυόμενοι ἐθέμεθα, χειμάζοῦσα, καὶ ταρασσομένη

[1] πρωὶν in Marg. in *Milton's* handwriting.

δύο ἤδη ὅλας ἡμέρας, ἀλλ' ὅμως τοσοῦτον ἐπιθυμῶ τῆς σῆς συνδιαιτήσεως, ὥσθ' ὑπὸ ἐπιθυμίας ἤδη ἐυδίαν, καὶ γαλήνην, καὶ πάντα χρυσᾶ εἰς τὸν ἄυριον ὀνειρώττειν, καὶ μόνον ὀυ μαντεύεσθαι, ἵνα λόγων φιλοσόφων, καὶ πεπαιδευμένων ἐυωχώμεθα ἔξ αλλήλων, διὰ τοῦτο ὀῦν ἠβουλόμην πρὸς σὲ γράφειν, τοῦ προκάλεισθαί, καὶ ἀναθαρσύνειν χάριν, δέισας μὴ πρὸς ἕτερα ἄττα νοῦν προσέχῃς ἀπελπίσας ἡλιασμοὺς, καὶ ἡδυπαθείας, ἐις το παρόν γε ἀλλά συ θάρσει ὦ φίλε καὶ ἔμμενε τῷ δόξαντι συναμφοῖν, καὶ ἀναλάμβανε διάθεσιν τῆς ψυχῆς ἑορταστικὴν, καὶ φαιδροτέραν τῆς καθημερινῆς· καὶ γὰρ ἐσαύριον ἔσται πάντα καλῶς, καὶ ὁ αὴρ, καὶ ὁ ἥλιος, καὶ ὁ πόταμος, καὶ δένδρα καὶ ὀρνίθια, καὶ γῆ, καὶ ἄνθρωποι ἑορτάζουσιν ἡμῖν, συγγελασουσιν, καὶ συγχορεὺσουσι, τὸ δὴ ἀνεμέσητως λελέχθω· μόνον σὺ ἕτοιμος γίνου, ἤ κληθεὶς ἐξορμᾶσθαι, ἤ καὶ ἄκλητος ποθοῦντι ἐπέλθειν. Ἄυτομάτος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε[2] βοὴν ἀγαθος Μενέλαος. Ἔρρωσο.

No. II.

Θεοδοτος Μιλτωνι χαιρειν.

(Defcribes the pleafantnefs of his fituation, and of the feafon, and exhorts Milton to relax from his ftudies, and take recreation. This letter was probably fent from Chefhire to Milton at Horton, or in London; it muft have been written about May.)

Ὀυδὲν ἔχω ἐγκάλειν τῇ νῦν διαγωγῇ μοῦ, ἐκτὸς τοὐτου ἐνὸς, ὅτι στερίσκομαι ψυχῆς τίνος γενναίας λόγον ἄιτειν, καὶ διδόναι ἐπισταμένης, τοίην τοι κεφαλὴν ποθέω. τὰ δ' ἄλλα ἄφθονα πάντα ὑπάρχει ἐνταῦθα ἐν ἀγρῷ· τί γὰρ ἄν ἔτι λείποι, ὁπόταν ἤματα μακρὰ, τόποι κάλλιστοι ἄνθεσι, καὶ φύλλοις κυμῶντες, καὶ βρύοντες, ἐπὶ παντὶ κλάδῳ ἀηδὼν ἤ ἀκανθὶς, ἢ ἄλλο τὶ ὀρνιθιον ᾠδαῖς, καὶ μινυρισμοῖς ἐμφιλοτιμειται, περίπατοι ποικαλώτατοι, τράπεζα ὄυτε ἐνδεὴς, ὄυτε κατάκορος, ὕπνοι ἀθόρυβοι; ἐι ἐσθλὸν τίνα ἑταῖρον τόυτεστι πεπαιδευομένον, καὶ μεμνήμενον ἐπὶ τούτοις, ἐκτώμην,[3] τοῦ τῶν Περσῶν βασιλέως ἐυδαιμονέστερος ἄν γενοίμην· ἄλλ' ἐστιν ἄει τὶ ἐλλιπὲς ἐν τοῖς ἀνθρωπίνοις πράγμασι· πρὸς ὃ δεῖ μετριότητος. Σὺ δὲ ὦ θαυμάσιε, τι καταφρόνεις τῶν τῆς φύσεως δωρημάτων; τι καρτερεῖς ἀπροφασίστως βιβλίοις, καὶ λογιδίοις παννύχιον, πανήμαρ προσφυόμενος; ζῆ, γέλα, χρῷ τῇ νεότητι, καὶ ταῖς ὥραις, καὶ παυοῦ[4] ἀναγινώσκων τὰς σπόυδας, καὶ τὰς ἀνέσεις, καὶ ῥαστώνας τῶν πάλαι σοφῶν ἀυτὸς κατατριβόμενος τέως. Ἐγὼ μὲν ἐν ἅπασιν ἄλλοις ἥττων σοῦ ὑπαρχων, ἐν τούτῳ τῷ μέτρον πόνων εἰδέναι κρείττων, καὶ δοκῶ ἐμαυτῷ, καὶ ἔιμι. Ἔρρωσω, καὶ παῖζε, ἄλλ' ὀυ κάτα Σαρδανάπαλον τὸν ἐν σόλοις.

Note.—Thefe two Greek letters are printed in exact conformity with the original MS.

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[2] Vide *Hom. Il. B.* 408.

[3] ἐκτόμην—fo in MS.

[4] ἄφες, erafed in text.

No. III.

Illmo Sig. e. Pron Oſs°.

Fino l'anno paſſato riſpoſi alla corteſiſſima ed elegantiſſima lettera di V. S. Illma affettuoſamente ringraziandola della memoria che per ſua grazia ſi compiace tenere della mia oſſervanza. Scriſſi, come fo adeſſo in Toſcano, ſapendo che la mia lingua è a lei ſi cara, e familiare che nella ſua bocca non appariſce ſtraniera. Ho di poi ricevuto due copie delle ſue eruditiſſime poeſie delle quali non mi poteva arrivare donativo più caro, perchè quantunque piccolo, racchiude in ſe valore infinito per eſſer una gemma del teſoro del Signor Giov. Miltoni. E come diſſe Theocrito;

ἢ μεγάλα χάρις
δώρῳ ἐν ὀλιγῳ, πάντα δὲ τιμαῦτα τὰ παρ φίλων.

Gran pregio ha picciol dono, e merta onore
Ciò che vien da gl' amici.

Le rendo adunque quelle grazie che maggiori per me ſi poſſono e prego il Cielo che mi dia fortuna di poterle dimoſtrare la mia devozione verſo il ſuo merito. Non aſconderò alla benevolenza di V. S. Illma, alcune nuove che ſon certo, le ſaranno gratiſſime. Il Sereniſſimo Granduca mio Signore s' è compiaciuto conferirmi la cattedra, e lettura delle lettere umane dell' Academia fiorentina vacata per la morte dell' Eruditiſſimo Signor Gio. Doni gentiluomo Fiorentino. Queſta è carica onorevoliſſima, e ſempre eſercitata da gentiluomini e literati di queſta Patria, come già dal Poliziano, da' due Vettori,[5] e due Adriani[6] lumi delle Lettere. La paſſata Settimana, per la morte del Sereniſſimo Principe Lorenzo di Toſcana, Zio del Granduca Regnante, feci l' orazione funerale; come ella ſia publicata, ſarà mia cura inviarne copia a V. S. Illma. Ho alle mani diverſe opere, quali a Dio piacendo tirerò avanti per farne quello giudicheranno meglio i mie' dotti e amorevoli amici. Il Signor Valerio Chimentelli è ſtato eletto da S. Altezza per Profeſſore delle lettere Greche in Piſa, con grande eſpettazione del ſuo valore.

I Signori Freſcobaldi, Coltellini, Francini, Galilei,[7] et altri in-

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[5] Petrus, and, I believe, Franciſcus Victorius. See the *Life* of the latter by *Bandini*.

[6] The two Adriani were Marcello, and his ſon Giambattiſta, both profeſſors of literature at Florence, and both Secretaries of State. The father died in 1521, the ſon in 1570. Giambattiſta wrote the *Storia de' ſuoi Tempi*, a work highly praiſed by *De Thou*.

[7] The *great Galileo* died at Arcetri, 9 Jan. 1642, aged ſeventy-eight; he is ſaid to have been born at Piſa, the very day that M. Angelo died at Rome. The Galilei mentioned above was 'Vincenzo,' his natural ſon. There is

finiti unitamente le inviano affettuosi saluti, ed io, come più d'ogn' altro obbligato, con ricordarle il desiderio de' suoi comandi mi ratifico per sempre vivere.

Di V. S. Illma.

Firenze, 4 xbre 1648.

Extra.—All' Illmo Signor e Pron Oss°. Il Sig.
Giovanni Miltoni, Londra.

No. IV.

Viro supra laudem
Jano Miltonio suo salutem p. d.
Petrus Heimbachius.

Si citius constitisset nobis, te, Jane Miltoni, vir omni ex parte summe, mortalium cœtui interesse adhuc, citius quoque Londinum reversus, nostrum amicissimum animum testatus fuissem. Ferebant enim te nostris nugis exemptum, patrio cœlo redonatum esse, terrisque sublimiorem quavis nostra despicere. Ad hoc regnum, ut non datur aditus, sic calamum meum satis ad tui similes scripturientem hactenus cohibere, ac reprimere debui. Ego certe qui non tam virtutes ipsas quam virtutum diversarum conjugium in te admirabar, cum alia multa in te suspicio, tum quod gravitatis quam præ se fert dignissima viro facies, cum serenissima humanitate, charitatis cum prudentia, pietatis cum politica, politica cum immensa eruditione, sed, addo, generosi, nec minime timidi spiritus, etiam ubi juniores animos[8] laberentur, cum solicito pacis amore, raram omnino, et præter fas sæculi mixturam feceris.

Hinc Deum veneror, tibi ut omnia ex voto, et animi sententia rursum eveniant, sed uno excepto. Nam tu quidem[9] saturus annis, plenus honoribus, iis etiam quos recusasti nihil ultra exoptas quam quietis præmium, ac justitiæ coronam, tuumque idem, quod olim Simeonis videtur votum; Demitte, Domine, nunc servum tuum in pace. Ast nostrum longe ad hoc alienissimum est, nempe ut D. T. O. M. te diutissime interesse rebus nostris literariis, ac præesse patiatur. Sic vale, doctissime Miltoni, longum et feliciter cum omnibus tuis, plurimum a nobis salutatus. Dabam postridie nonas Junii vulgaris Æræ Christianæ cIↃ. Ↄc. lxvi. Clivopoli ubi Electorali solio vivimus à consiliis. Iterum vale,

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strong evidence that he was the first to apply the pendule to the clock. He seems to have done so in 1649, while Huygens' invention was of later date.

[8] Animi. [9] Satur.

et nos quod facis adamare perſevera, ac quam primum jucundiſſimo omnium reſponſo bea.

No. V.

S. P.

Partim quia Morus in ſuo ſcripto quædam tibi aſperſit ex libro tuo de divortiis Anglico, vir nobilis et cl: partim quia multi curioſe quæſiverunt de argumentis quibus opinionem adſtruis tuam: dedi cuidam tractulum illum totum in Hollandicum ſermonem vertendum: cum deſiderio, ut quanto ocius imprimatur. Neſcius autem an quicquam in eo correctum vel additum velis; non potui quin hoc verbo te admoneam et de animo tuo, ut me certiorem facias, rogem.

Vale, et Salve a

Hagæ die 29 Jan. 55. Tui Obſervantiſs. Leo Aizema.

Extra.—Nob. Cl. viro Dno Joh. Miltono Conſilio Status à Secretis Londini.

EXTRACT OF THE PASSAGES

In the Correſpondence of Nic. Heinſius and Iſaac Voſſius, where Milton is mentioned.

(v. Burmanni Syllogen, vol. iii.)

Letters of Heinſius.

P. 257. Juſſus ille (Iſ. Voſſius) *Miltonianum* ſcriptum, ſimul ac allatum in aulam eſſet, Salmaſio ſiſtere, quod invitus credo, fecerit. Quà fronte exceptum ſit, vellem ſimul monuiſſet amiciſſimus Wullenius, qui ejus rei certiorem me fecit.

P. 259. Salmaſius poſt acceptum *Miltoni* ſcriptum, fremit ac frendet, auctoremque ejus ſe cum toto parlamento perditurum palam minatur. Sed illos primos impetus ſufflaminabit credo, non nihil, reſpondendi moleſtia ac labor.

P. 267. Salmaſius in Miltono defricando totus eſt, quem a me ſubornatum inſtigatumque palam prædicat, magnumque mihi ac patri malum hoc nomine minatur in apologiâ quam parat, nobis tribus ſimul inſultaturus. Mira profecto eſt hæc hominis inſania, quam impune tamen non fecit. Vidi freneticam ejus epiſtolam, qua exiſtimationi noſtræ dira quævis portendit.

P. 270. *Scribonii Largi* (i. e. Salmaſii) atrox contra rempublicam Anglicanam ſcriptum, prælo Holmienſi jam commiſſum ferunt. Miſer iſte ſenecio prorſus delirat ac inſanit. Miſit duas

in hanc urbem nuper epiſtolas, rabiei ſycophanticæ non inanes, quibus omne ſe virus in me converſurum minatur, quod Miltoni ſcriptum probari a me intelligat. Ego vero, et dixi, et dicam porro, malam a *Miltono* cauſam tam bene actam, quam regis infeliciſſimi cauſam peſſimè egit Scribonius. Hanc meam libertatem ſi ferre non poteſt, rumpatur. Adulatoris a me partes, non eſt, quod exigat. Cum neſcire non debeat quam me ſervilis obſequii clientem hactenus non ſit expertus. Hoc etiam maligne et Salmaſiane quod regibus non minus ac *Miltonum* me infenſum fingit, cum publice jam bis teſtatus ſum, quid de parricidio Anglicano ſenſerim. Inter *regicidas*, ſi locum mihi dat, ut omni procul dubio daturus, videbis brevi pro meritis ornatum et depexum. Nihil neque ſenectuti ejus, neque valetudini adverſæ parcam. Ita illum excipiam, ut parentem meum ille jamdudum excepit, pejus etiam, ſi potero.

P. 271. Salmaſii in *Miltonum* invectivæ jam eduntur. Graſwinckelius noſter etiam regum cauſam ſuſcepit defendendam contra eundem Miltonum.

P. 276. Ludimagiſtrum vocat Scribonius paſſim *Miltonum*, qui tamen et nobili loco natus, ut ferunt, qui hominem norunt, et in re lautâ conſtitutus, variis peregrinationibus, aſſiduiſque ſtudiis privatus ætatem, quam quadraginta annis grandiorem vix numerat, exegiſſe narratur, donec a conſilio ſtatus Anglici ad ſcribæ provinciam in iſto collegio ſuſcipiendam invitatus eſt. Virum eſſe miti, comique ingenio aiunt, quique aliam non habuiſſe ſe cauſam profitetur, Scribonium acerbe inſectandi, quam quod ille et viros e maximis celeberrimiſque multis nihil benignius exceperit, et quod in univerſam Anglorum gentem, convitiis atrociſſimis injurius valde fuerit. Si quis Anglorum verſibus illis meis, quos tu noſti, aliquid reponeret, numquid ridiculus tibi viderer ſi illum a Scribonio inſtigatum aſſeverarem?

P. 286. *Miltoni* liber Londini auctior, et auguſta forma iteratur. Ingens rumorum materia diſceſſus eodem tempore τοῦ δεῖνα (Salmaſii) Freinſhemii, Boecleri, Moucheronis; exhauſtas arcas alii, alii gentis ferunt invidiam.

P. 303. Prodiit et "Clamor regii ſanguinis," ſine auctoris nomine, quem tamen intelligio facile eſſe *Morum* qui etſi vult videri ſe cauſæ id dediſſe, ſatis prodit ſe potius id dediſſe patrono hoſpiti, ut Miltono frigidam ſuffunderet in anteceſſum, dum alter mare, aut lacum criminum undique conductum parat.

P. 305. Æthiops (A. Morus) ſociennus ejus [Alaſtoris triumphum egit, ut audio, in amici ſui ædibus de ſubactis Britannis. Gazettæ certe Londinenſes fabellam narrant lepidiſſimam: palmam eam præreptam ſibi dolet Alaſtor quare ſimultates cum Æthiope nunc ſtrenuas exercet, ſiquid famæ creditur.

P. 307. 'Clamorem regii ſanguinis' ab Anglo ſcriptum neſcio quo, ſed a Moro editum intellexeram. Morum tamen parricidæ pro auctore ejus libri habent, ac egregie in Gazettis, ut vocant, Londinenſibus defricarunt, tanquam compreſſa ſit ab illo, Alaſtoris (Salmaſii) pediſequa addito hoc epigrammate.

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Bontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

Agnoſcis in illo Ouweiani acuminis ineptias, quod *Vlitius* heros mecum communicavit. Alaſtoris (Salmaſii) ſcriptum contra Anglos avide expecto; de meo enim tergo, quin illic comitia ſint habenda nullus dubito. Sic promiſit certe, cum Miltonum a me armatum perſuaderi ſibi paſſus ſit.

P. 323. Magnus ille Pan (Salmaſius) qui ſecundam Voſſio ex Suecia fugam minabatur, mihi quoque mala multa, ac ipſi dominæ exitium, niſi nos a ſe abigerit, ut ex Moro intelligebas nuper, nunc ad plures abiit. Alii Spadæ, alii Aquiſgrani in balneo mortuum ferunt. Trajecti ad Moſam ſepultum certe conſtat. Nimirum qui armis tantopere delectabatur, inter arma ſepeliri voluit. Hunc caſum accidiſſe mihi non valde lugubrem fateor, non quod minas hominis edentulas timerem, ſed quod tranquillitatem animi unice amem, quam ille mihi propriam ac perpetuam haud quaquam reliquiſſet. Erat etiam eâ ætate, ut nihil ſolidi aut eruditi ab eo amplius ſperari poſſet.

Letters of Voſſius.

P. 595. Liber *Miltoni* heri huc eſt allatus. Exemplar meum petiit a me regina. Ipſe non niſi curſim dum perluſtravi. Nihil tale ab Anglo expectaram, et certe niſi me animus fallit, placuit quoque, uno tantum excepto, incomparabili noſtræ Dominæ, Dicit tamen Salmaſius ſe perditurum auctorem cum toto parlamento.

P. 596. *Miltoni* apologiam pro parlamento ſuo, priori accepimus hebdomade. Legit iſtud ſcriptum incomparabilis noſtra domina, et, niſi fallor, valde ei placuit. Certe et ingenium iſtius viri, et ſcribendi genus, multis præſentibus collaudavit. Salmaſius jam ſeſe ad reſpondendum accingit quamvis necdum a diuturno morbo convaluerit, ira tamen ſatis ei ſuppeditabit roboris et armorum.

P. 600. Virulentum *Miltoni* librum jamdudum ad vos perlatum confido, ejus editiones quinque jam hîc vidimus: Belgicam etiam verſionem, Gallicam nunc adornari ferunt.

P. 603. Ex *Miltoniano* libro unicum tantum exemplar Holmiam perlatum miror, cum tria uno eodemque tempore, fuiſſe

missa sciam. Est hic liber in omnium hic manibus ob argumenti nobilitatem, et jam quatuor, præter Anglicanam, editiones vidimus, unam in quartâ ut vocant formâ Goudæ editum, tres in duodecima, quarum primam L. Elzevirius, secundam J. Jansenius, tertiam Trajectensis nescio quis edidit, quinta in octava sexta editio Hagæ sub prælo sudat ut monet Elzevirius. Belgicam versionem video etiam circumferri, Gallicam expectari ferunt. *Miltonus* ille quis sit non satis constat. Vidi qui adfirmarint, infimo loco natum, eruditum tamen, et plebeiorum factione ad maximam dignitatem promotum. L. Elzevirius adfirmat, certo sibi constare, hominem esse et nobili loco natum, et opulentum, a reipublicæ muniis negotiisque omnibus remotum, ac sibi in rure suo viventem. Refutavit Anglico sermone Iconem Basilicam, qui liber inter Parlamentarios maximo est in pretio. Poemata etiam Latina edidit, sed quæ in manus meas hactenus non pervenerunt. Si certiora cognovero, faciam ut ex me intelligas.

P. 605. Valde quoque gratum erit, si porro significaveris, quis et qualis sit iste *Miltonus*. Iconoclastem, si habeas, rogo ut transmittas.

P. 606. Salmasius totus est in meditatione operis contra *Miltonum*. Lepidum est, quod de Graswinckelio narras, male mulctabitur, si *Miltonum* adtigerit.

P. 607. Gronovii adversam valetudinem ægre admodum fero. At vero plus ægrotat Graswinckelius, si cum Anglo isto molosso, *Miltono* dico, sese commiserit.—Ipse (Salmasius) totus nunc est in confutando scripto *Miltoni*, cui totidem reddit convitia nec patietur, ut a minore, vel hâc in parte superetur.

P. 621. Graswinckelio interdictum esse, ne pergat in *Miltono* confutando, ægre fert Salmasius. Verum idem ex animo gaudet librum *Miltoni* Lutetiæ publice a carnifice esse combustum. Non opus, ut meum de hoc scripto interponam judicium, interim hoc scio, fatum esse bonorum fere librorum, ut hoc modo vel pereant vel periclitentur. Homines plerumque propter scelera et pravitatem manus carnificum subeunt, libri vero virtutis et præstantiæ ergo. Soli fatuorum labores tales non metuunt casus. Sed sane frustra sunt, qui se hoc modo exstirpare posse existimant *Miltoni* et aliorum scripta, cum potius flammis istis, mirum quantum clarescant et illustrentur. Quæ autem de Miltoni conditione, ad me scribis, illa convenire puto cum iis, quæ tibi ante hebdomades aliquot significavi.

P. 643. De motibus Anglicanis certiora procul dubio ex illo intelligere possis. Ego quippe raro in publicum prodeo, et non me multum immisceo publicis rumoribus. *Miltonum* cæcum esse factum, jam tibi significavi, addunt alii etiam mortuum.

P. 647. De Æthiope (Moro) et Anglâ (Bontiâ famulâ Salma-

fii) lepida ſunt et feſtiva quæ reponis. Sed nunc negant ea vera eſſe, et ſparſa eſſe ab malevolis quibuſdam. Sane conſtant mihi Anglam iſtam omnes Æthiopi (Moro), reddidiſſe amatorias ſuas. Inter ipſum et Salmaſium lis forte orietur (quænam inter tales poſſit eſſe diuturna concordia), propter librum quendam hîc excuſum, cui titulus "Clamor Sanguinis Regii in Cœlum." Scriptus ille videtur a quovis anonymo Anglo, tranſmiſſus vero Salmaſio, divulgatus vero ab Æthiope (Moro). Propter ſexaginta exemplaria, quæ permiſit typographus, inter ipſos eſt contentio, &c. &c.

P. 649. De "Moro" vero quæ ſcribis, quam ſunt ea lepida, quam venuſta. Auctor ſane ei ſim, ut nummum det cum hâc inſcriptione, "Subacta Britannia." Verum vide quam ingratus ſit iſte heros erga Æthiopem, cujus tamen clavæ iſtam debet victoriam: quoniam is non cupit eam uxorem ducere, acerrime nunc illum perſequitur. Mihi ſane Æthiops multo rectius facturus fuiſſe videtur, ſi ex Ovidii tui præcepto a Domina incipiſſet. Minor quidem voluptas iſta fuiſſet, ſed longe majorem iniviſſet gratiam. Divulgata eſt paſſim hæc fabella etiam in gazettis publicis Londinenſibus. Addita etiam epigrammata.

P. 651. De Salmaſio nihil omnino habeo, quod tibi ſignificem. Credo enim etiamnum cum ſolito ſuo malo conflictari. Retulit tamen non nemo, eum nunc meliuſcule valere. Lis ipſi eſt cum Moro. Cupit enim ut is Anglicanam ſuam in uxorem ducat, quod alter recuſat. Verum iſti duo boni amantes, qui nuper tam ſuaviter et amice oſcula jungebant, valde nunc ſibi invicem ſunt infenſi. Ante quatriduum ſiquidem, cum forte Maurus huic noſtræ occurreret in vaſtâ iſtâ areâ, quæ ædibus Salmaſii adjacet, ſtatim illa capillitium ejus invaſit, pluribuſque adfecit verberibus; neque eo contenta, etiam fuſte in illum ſævire conabatur, niſi bonus ille ſocius in horreum confugiſſet, ſuper ſtruicem quandam, jactuque ſe vindicaſſet cæſpitum. Huic ſpectaculo non defuit ingens ſpectatorum numerus, qui ex vicinia paſſim eo confluxerant. Vides quam omnes iis in ædibus ſunt γυναικοκρατούμενοι. Facile hinc poſſis conjicere, falſos fuiſſe rumores qui de "ſubacta Britannica" paſſim fuere ſparſi, cum illa potius Maurum ſubegerit, vel, ſi verus ſit rumor, adparet non ſatis fuiſſe ſubactam.

C. 662. Salmaſius totus eſt in reſponſo ad Miltonum. Cœptus eſt jam excudi, qui mole non erit minor priori. Miltonum paſſim *Catamitum* vocat, aitque cum in Italiâ viliſſimum fuiſſe ſcortum, et paucis nummis nates proſtituiſſe. Examinat quoque paſſim carmina ejus Latina. Diffidium vero quod exercet cum Moro, indies creſcit, preſertim poſtquam in jus vocavit Anglicam. Infenſus quoque eſt alio nomine, nempe quod ipſum Morus cornigerum vocarit.

P. 669. Miltonum mortuum credideram, ſic certe nunciaras. Sed præſtat in vivis illum eſſe, ut Sycophantæ cum Sycophantis committantur. Poemata ejus mihi oſtendit Holſtenius. *Nihil illa ad elegantiam apologiæ. In proſodiam peccavit frequenter.* Magnus igitur Salmaſianæ criſi campus hîc eſt apertus, ſed quâ fronte alienos iſte verſus notabit, cujus muſis nihil eſt cacatius? Quod ait adverſarium (Miltonum) nates Italis vendidiſſe, mera eſt calumnia. Utinam ejus malæ tam tutæ fuiſſent a pugnis uxoriis, quam poſticum *Miltoni* os a ſicariis Hetruſcis! Imo inviſus eſt Italis Anglus iſte, inter quos multo vixit tempore, ob mores nimis ſeveros, cum et de religione libenter diſputaret, ac multa in Pontificem Romanum acerbe effutiret, quavis occaſione.

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. *Per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.*

Of that ſort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd Tragedy.

TRAGEDY, as it was antiently compos'd, hath been ever held the graveſt, moraleſt, and moſt profitable of all other Poems: therefore ſaid by *Ariſtotle* to be of power by raiſing pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of thoſe and ſuch like paſſions, that is to temper and reduce them to juſt meaſure with a kind of delight, ſtirr'd up by reading or ſeeing thoſe paſſions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his aſſertion: for ſo in Phyſic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd againſt melancholy, ſowr againſt ſowr, ſalt to remove ſalt humours. Hence Philoſophers and other graveſt Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illuſtrate thir diſcourſe. The Apoſtle *Paul* himſelf thought it not unworthy to inſert a verſe of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* 15. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts diſtinguiſht each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Here-

tofore Men in higheſt dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compoſe a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionyſius* the elder was no leſs ambitious, then before of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Auguſtus Cæſar* alſo had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to pleaſe his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfiniſht. *Seneca* the Philoſopher is by ſome thought the Author of thoſe Tragedies (at leſt the beſt of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen* a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeſeeming the ſanctity of his perſon to write a Tragedy, which he entitl'd, *Chriſt ſuffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the ſmall eſteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic ſtuff with Tragic ſadneſs and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar perſons, which by all judicious hath bin counted abſurd; and brought in without diſcretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though antient Tragedy uſe no Prologue, yet uſing ſometimes, in caſe of ſelf defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epiſtle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the antient manner, much different from what among us paſſes for beſt, thus much before-hand may be Epiſtl'd; that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and ſtill in uſe among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reaſon, the Antients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and

ſame. The meaſure of Verſe us'd in the Chorus is of all ſorts, call'd by the Greeks *Monoſtrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antiſtrophe* or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Muſic, then us'd with the Chorus that ſung; not eſſential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauſes, they may be call'd *Allæoſtropha*. Diviſion into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It ſuffices if the whole Drama be found not produc't beyond the fift Act, of the ſtyle and uniformitie, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but ſuch œconomy, or diſpoſition of the fable as may ſtand beſt with veriſimilitude and decorum; they only will beſt judge who are not unacquainted with *Æſchulus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three Tragic Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the beſt rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumſcription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to antient rule, and beſt example, within the ſpace of 24 hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

SAMSON *made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at* Gaza, *there to labour as in a common work-house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father* Manoa, *who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the* Philistins *as a day of Thanksgiving for thir deliverance from the hands of* Samson, *which yet more troubles him.* Manoa *then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the* Philistian *Lords for* Samson's *redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in thir presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denyal to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place,* Manoa *returns full of joyful hope, to procure e're long his Sons deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste confusedly at first; and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what* Samson *had done to the* Philistins, *and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.*

THE PERSONS.

Samſon.
Manoa *the Father of* Samſon.
Dalila *his Wife.*
Harapha *of* Gath.
Publick Officer.
Meſſenger.
Chorus *of* Danites.

The Scene before the Priſon in Gaza.

Samſon Agoniſtes.

Samſon.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or ſhade,
There I am wont to ſit, when any chance
Relieves me from my taſk of ſervile toyl,
Daily in the common Priſon elſe enjoyn'd me,
Where I a Priſoner chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The air impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp,
Unwholſom draught: but here I feel amends, 9
The breath of Heav'n freſh-blowing, pure and ſweet,
With day-ſpring born; here leave me to reſpire.
This day a ſolemn Feaſt the people hold
To *Dagon* thir Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this reſt
Thir Superſtition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noiſe, I ſeek
This unfrequented place to find ſome eaſe,
Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind
From reſtleſs thoughts, that like a deadly ſwarm

Of Hornets arm'd, no ſooner found alone, 20
But ruſh upon me thronging, and preſent
Times paſt, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at laſt in ſight
Of both my Parents all in flames aſcended
From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His Godlike preſence, and from ſome great act
Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham*'s race?
Why was my breeding order'd and preſcrib'd 30
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits; if I muſt dye
Betray'd, Captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
Made of my Enemies the ſcorn and gaze;
To grind in Brazen Fetters under taſk
With this Heav'n-gifted ſtrength? O glorious
Put to the labour of a Beaſt, debas't [ſtrength
Lower then bondſlave! Promiſe was that I
Should *Iſrael* from *Philiſtian* yoke deliver;
Aſk for this great Deliverer now, and find him 40
Eyeleſs in *Gaza* at the Mill with ſlaves,
Himſelf in bonds under *Philiſtian* yoke;
Yet ſtay, let me not raſhly call in doubt
Divine Prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfilld but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but my ſelf?
Who this high gift of ſtrength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the Seal of ſilence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman muſt reveal it, 50
O'recome with importunity and tears.

O impotence of mind, in body ſtrong!
But what is ſtrength without a double ſhare
Of wiſdom, vaſt, unwieldy, burdenſom,
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt ſuttleties, not made to rule,
But to ſubſerve where wiſdom bears command.
God, when he gave me ſtrength, to ſhew withal
How ſlight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
But peace, I muſt not quarrel with the will 60
Of higheſt diſpenſation, which herein
Happ'ly had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me ſtrength is my bane,
And proves the ſourſe of all my miſeries;
So many, and ſo huge, that each apart
Would aſk a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loſs of ſight, of thee I moſt complain!
Blind among enemies, O worſe then chains,
Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct, 70
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferiour to the vileſt now become
Of man or worm; the vileſt here excel me,
They creep, yet ſee, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuſe and wrong,
Within doors, or without, ſtill as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more then half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipſe
Without all hope of day!
O firſt created Beam, and thou great Word,

Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And ſilent as the Moon,
When ſhe deſerts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light ſo neceſſary is to life, 90
And almoſt life it ſelf, if it be true
That light is in the Soul,
She all in every part; why was the ſight
To ſuch a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?
So obvious and ſo eaſie to be quench't,
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That ſhe might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
As in the land of darkneſs yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
And buried; but O yet more miſerable!
My ſelf, my Sepulcher, a moving Grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By priviledge of death and burial
From worſt of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miſeries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are theſe? for with joint pace I hear 110
The tread of many feet ſtearing this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to ſtare
At my affliction, and perhaps to inſult,
Thir daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; ſoftly a while,

Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelesly diffus'd,
With anguish't head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd, 120
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O're worn and soild;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be hee,
That Heroic, that Renown'd,
Irresistible *Samson?* whom unarm'd [withstand
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
Ran on embattelld Armies clad in Iron,
And weaponless himself, 130
Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean Proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanc't,
In scorn of thir proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Ascalonite*
Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd
Thir plated backs under his heel; 140
Or grovling soild thir crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of *Palestin*
In *Ramath-lechi* famous to this day: [bore
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders

The Gates of *Azza*, Poſt, and maſſie Bar
Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, ſeat of Giants old,
No journey of a Sabbath day, and loaded ſo; 149
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.
Which ſhall I firſt bewail,
Thy Bondage or loſt Sight,
Priſon within Priſon
Inſeparably dark?
Thou art become (O worſt impriſonment!)
The Dungeon of thy ſelf; thy Soul
(Which Men enjoying ſight oft without cauſe com-
Impriſon'd now indeed, [plain)
In real darkneſs of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light 160
To incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light alas
Puts forth no viſual beam.
O mirror of our fickle ſtate,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example ſtands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongeſt of mortal men,
To loweſt pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high eſtate 170
Whom long deſcent of birth
Or the ſphear of fortune raiſes;
But thee whoſe ſtrength, while vertue was her mate,
Might have ſubdu'd the Earth,
Univerſally crown'd with higheſt praiſes.

Sam. I hear the ſound of words, thir ſenſe the air
Diſſolves unjointed e're it reach my ear.

Chor. Hee ſpeaks, let us draw nigh. Matchleſs in might,

The glory late of *Iſrael*, now the grief; 179
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From *Eſhtaol* and *Zora's* fruitful Vale
To viſit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counſel or Conſolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have power to ſwage
The tumors of a troubl'd mind,
And are as Balm to feſter'd wounds.

Sam. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their Superſcription (of the moſt 190
I would be underſtood) in proſperous days
They ſwarm, but in adverſe withdraw their head
Not to be found, though ſought. Yee ſee, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worſt now leaſt afflicts me,
Blindneſs, for had I ſight, confus'd with ſhame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a fooliſh Pilot have ſhipwrack't,
My Veſſel truſted to me from above,
Gloriouſly rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200
Fool, have divulg'd the ſecret gift of God
To a deceitful Woman: tell me Friends,
Am I not ſung and proverbd for a Fool
In every ſtreet, do they not ſay, how well
Are come upon him his deſerts? yet why?
Immeaſurable ſtrength they might behold
In me, of wiſdom nothing more then mean;
This with the other ſhould, at leaſt, have paird,
Theſe two proportiond ill drove me tranſverſe.

Chor. Tax not divine diſpoſal, wiſeſt Men 210

Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;
And ſhall again, pretend they ne're ſo wiſe.
Deject not then ſo overmuch thy ſelf,
Who haſt of ſorrow thy full load beſides;
Yet truth to ſay, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou ſhouldſt wed *Philiſtian* women rather
Then of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,
At leaſt of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Sam. The firſt I ſaw at *Timna*, and ſhe pleas'd
Mee, not my Parents, that I ſought to wed, 220
The daughter of an Infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulſe, and therefore urg'd
The Marriage on; that by occaſion hence
I might begin *Iſrael's* Deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd;
She proving falſe, the next I took to Wife
(O that I never had! fond wiſh too late.)
Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,
That ſpecious Monſter, my accompliſht ſnare. 230
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the ſame end; ſtill watching to oppreſs
Iſrael's oppreſſours: of what now I ſuffer
She was not the prime cauſe, but I my ſelf,
Who vanquiſht with a peal of words (O weakneſs!)
Gave up my fort of ſilence to a Woman.

Chor. In ſeeking juſt occaſion to provoke
The *Philiſtine*, thy Countries Enemy,
Thou never waſt remiſs, I bear thee witneſs:
Yet *Iſrael* ſtill ſerves with all his Sons. 240

Sam. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On *Iſrael's* Governours, and Heads of Tribes,

Who ſeeing thoſe great acts which God had done
Singly by me againſt their Conquerours
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all conſider'd
Deliverance offerd: I on th' other ſide
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds, [dooer;
The deeds themſelves, though mute, ſpoke loud the
But they perſiſted deaf, and would not ſeem 249
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Thir Lords the *Philiſtines* with gather'd powers
Enterd *Judea* ſeeking mee, who then
Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-caſting in what place
To ſet upon them, what advantag'd beſt;
Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent
The harraſs of thir Land, beſet me round;
I willingly on ſome conditions came
Into thir hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey, 260
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds
Toucht with the flame: on thir whole Hoſt I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choiceſt youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
They had by this poſſeſs'd the Towers of *Gath*,
And lorded over them whom now they ſerve;
But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
And by thir vices brought to ſervitude,
Then to love Bondage more then Liberty, 270
Bondage with eaſe then ſtrenuous liberty;
And to deſpiſe, or envy, or ſuſpect
Whom God hath of his ſpecial favour rais'd
As thir Deliverer; if he aught begin,

How frequent to deſert him, and at laſt
To heap ingratitude on worthieſt deeds?
Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
Thir great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchleſs *Gideon* in purſuit 280
Of *Madian* and her vanquiſht Kings:
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
Not worſe then by his ſhield and ſpear
Defended *Iſrael* from the *Ammonite*,
Had not his proweſs quell'd thir pride
In that ſore battel when ſo many dy'd
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.
Sam. Of ſuch examples adde mee to the roul,
Mee eaſily indeed mine may neglect, 291
But Gods propos'd deliverance not ſo.
Chor. Juſt are the ways of God,
And juſtifiable to Men;
Unleſs there be who think not God at all,
If any be, they walk obſcure;
For of ſuch Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himſelf.
Yet more there be who doubt his ways not juſt,
As to his own edicts, found contradicting, 301
Then give the rains to wandring thought,
Regardleſs of his glories diminution;
Till by thir own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, ſtill leſs reſolv'd,
But never find ſelf-ſatisfying ſolution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt 310
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From National obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own Laws he can best dispence.
He would not else who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this Heroic *Nazarite*,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride, 320
Unclean, unchaste.
Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdit quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.
But see here comes thy reverend Sire
With careful step, Locks white as doune,
Old *Manoah*: advise
Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.
Sam. Ay me, another inward grief awak't, 330
With mention of that name renews th' assault.
Man. Brethren nad men of *Dan*, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.
Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,

As earſt in higheſt, behold him where he lies.
Man. O miſerable change! is this the man,
That invincible *Samſon*, far renown'd, 341
The dread of *Iſrael's* foes, who with a ſtrength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd thir ſtreets,
None offering fight; who ſingle combatant
Duell'd thir Armies rank't in proud array,
Himſelf an Army, now unequal match
To ſave himſelf againſt a coward arm'd
At one ſpears length. O ever failing
In mortal ſtrength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain! Nay what thing good 350
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenneſs
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
And ſuch a Son as all Men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a Father in my ſtead?
O wherefore did God grant me my requeſt,
And as a bleſſing with ſuch pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts deſirable, to tempt
Our earneſt Prayers, then giv'n with ſolemn hand
As Graces, draw a Scorpions tail behind? 360
For this did the Angel twice deſcend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
Select, and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
The miracle of men: then in an hour
Enſnar'd, aſſaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy Foes deriſion, Captive, Poor, and Blind
Into a Dungeon thruſt, to work with Slaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath choſen once
To worthieſt deeds, if he through frailty err,
He ſhould not ſo o'rewhelm, and as a thrall 370

Subject him to ſo foul indignities,
Be it but for honours ſake of former deeds.
Sam. Appoint not heavenly diſpoſition, Father,
Nothing of all theſe evils hath befall'n me
But juſtly; I my ſelf have brought them on,
Sole Author I, ſole cauſe; if aught ſeem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The myſtery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A *Canaanite*, my faithleſs enemy. 380
This well I knew, nor was at all ſurpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not ſhe
Of *Timna* firſt betray me, and reveal
The ſecret wreſted from me in her highth
Of Nuptial Love profeſt, carrying it ſtrait
To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
And Rivals? In this other was there found
More Faith? who alſo in her prime of love,
Spouſal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
Though offer'd only, by the ſent conceiv'd 390
Her ſpurious firſt-born; Treaſon againſt me?
Thrice ſhe aſſay'd with flattering prayers and ſighs,
And amorous reproaches to win from me
My capital ſecret, in what part my ſtrength
Lay ſtor'd, in what part ſumm'd, that ſhe might know:
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to ſport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worſe
Then undiſſembl'd hate) with what contempt 400
She ſought to make me Traytor to my ſelf;
Yet the fourth time, when muſtring all her wiles,

With blandiſht parlies, feminine aſſaults
Tongue-batteries, ſhe ſurceas'd not day nor night
To ſtorm me over-watch't, and wearied out.
At times when men ſeek moſt repoſe and reſt,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well reſolv'd
Might eaſily have ſhook off all her ſnares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok't 410
Her Bond-ſlave; O indignity, O blot
To Honour and Religion! ſervil mind
Rewarded well with ſervil puniſhment!
The baſe degree to which I now am fall'n,
Theſe rags, this grinding, is not yet ſo baſe
As was my former ſervitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True ſlavery, and that blindneſs worſe then this,
That ſaw not how degeneratly I ſerv'd. 419

Man. I cannot praiſe thy Marriage choiſes, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didſt plead
Divine impulſion prompting how thou might'ſt
Find ſome occaſion to infeſt our Foes.
I ſtate not that; this I am ſure; our Foes
Found ſoon occaſion thereby to make thee
Thir Captive, and thir triumph; thou the ſooner
Temptation found'ſt, or over-potent charms
To violate the ſacred truſt of ſilence
Depoſited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power; true; and thou bear'ſt
Enough, and more the burden of that fault; 431
Bitterly haſt thou paid, and ſtill art paying
That rigid ſcore. A worſe thing yet remains,
This day the *Philiſtines* a popular Feaſt

Here celebrate in *Gaza;* and proclaim
Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praiſes loud
To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee *Samſon* bound and blind into thir hands,
Them out of thine, who ſlew'ſt them many a ſlain.
So *Dagon* ſhall be magnifi'd, and God, 440
Beſides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
Diſglorifi'd, blaſphem'd, and had in ſcorn
By th' Idolatrous rout amidſt thir wine;
Which to have come to paſs by means of thee,
Samſon, of all thy ſufferings think the heavieſt,
Of all reproach the moſt with ſhame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy Fathers houſe.

Sam. Father, I do acknowledge and confeſs
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praiſes high 450
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Diſhonour, obloquie, and op't the mouths
Of Idoliſts, and Atheiſts; have brought ſcandal
To *Iſrael*, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propenſe anough before
To waver, or fall off and joyn with Idols;
Which is my chief affliction, ſhame and ſorrow,
The anguiſh of my Soul, that ſuffers not
Mine eie to harbour ſleep, or thoughts to reſt.
This only hope relieves me, that the ſtrife 460
With me hath end; all the conteſt is now
'Twixt God and *Dagon; Dagon* hath preſum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter liſts with God,
His Deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of *Abraham.* He, be ſure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,

But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall e're long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted Trophies won on me, 470
And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these [words
I as a Prophecy receive: for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or *Dagon*. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsom plight 480
Neglected. I already have made way
To some *Philistian* Lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfi'd thir utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse then death inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sam. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the [trouble
Of that sollicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How hainous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I Gods counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,

Weakly at leaſt, and ſhamefully: A ſin
That Gentiles in thir Parables condemn 500
To thir abyſs and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son,
Repent the ſin, but if the puniſhment
Thou canſt avoid, ſelf-preſervation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high diſpoſal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thy ſelf; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who evermore approves and more accepts 510
(Beſt pleas'd with humble and filial ſubmiſſion)
Him who imploring mercy ſues for life,
Then who ſelf-rigorous chooſes death as due;
Which argues over-juſt, and ſelf-diſpleas'd
For ſelf-offence, more then for God offended.
Reject not then what offerd means, who knows
But God hath ſet before us, to return thee
Home to thy countrey and his ſacred houſe,
Where thou mayſt bring thy off'rings, to avert
His further ire, with praiers and vows renew'd.

Sam. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end ſhould I ſeek it? when in ſtrength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine inſtinct, after ſome proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The Sons of *Anac*, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearleſs of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530

On hoſtile ground, none daring my affront.
Then ſwoll'n with pride into the ſnare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softn'd with pleaſure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my ſtrength in the laſcivious lap
Of a deceitful Concubine who ſhore me
Like a tame Weather, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, deſpoil'd,
Shav'n, and diſarm'd among my enemies. 540

Chor. Deſire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous Warriour overturns,
Thou couldſt repreſs, nor did the dancing Rubie
Sparkling, out-pow'rd, the flavor, or the ſmell,
Or taſte that cheers the heart of Gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool Cryſtalline ſtream.

Sam. Where ever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the Eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure.
With touch ætherial of Heav'ns fiery rod
I drank, from the clear milkie juice allaying 550
Thirſt, and refreſht; nor envy'd them the grape
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madneſs, to think uſe of ſtrongeſt wines
And ſtrongeſt drinks our chief ſupport of health,
When God with theſe forbid'n made choice to rear
His mighty Champion, ſtrong above compare,
Whoſe drink was only from the liquid brook.

Sam. But what avail'd this temperance, not com-
Againſt another object more enticing? [pleat
What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560
And at another to let in the foe
Effeminatly vanquiſh't? by which means,

Now blind, diſheartn'd, ſham'd, diſhonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be uſeful, wherein ſerve
My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But to ſit idle on the houſhold hearth,
A burdenous drone; to viſitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, theſe redundant locks
Robuſtious to no purpoſe cluſtring down,
Vain monument of ſtrength; till length of years
And ſedentary numneſs craze my limbs 571
To a contemptible old age obſcure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of ſervil food
Conſume me, and oft-invocated death
Haſt'n the welcom end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then ſerve the *Philiſtines* with that gift
Which was expreſly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unimploy'd, with age out-worn. 580
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to ſpring, thy thirſt to allay
After the brunt of battel, can as eaſie
Cauſe light again within thy eies to ſpring,
Wherewith to ſerve him better then thou haſt;
And I perſwade me ſo; why elſe this ſtrength
Miraculous yet remaining in thoſe locks?
His might continues in thee not for naught,
Nor ſhall his wondrous gifts be fruſtrate thus. 589

Sam. All otherwiſe to me my thoughts portend,
That theſe dark orbs no more ſhall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkneſs nigh at hand:

So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest. [ceed
Man. Believe not these suggestions which pro-
From anguish of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however 601
Must not omit a Fathers timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.
Sam. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the bodies wounds and sores
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find 610
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.
My griefs not only pain me
As a lingring disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less then wounds immedicable 620
Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tendereſt parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise

Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
Or medcinal liquor can aſſwage,
Nor breath of Vernal Air from ſnowy *Alp*.
Sleep hath forſook and giv'n me o're
To deaths benumming Opium as my only cure.
Thence faintings, ſwounings of deſpair, 631
And ſenſe of Heav'ns deſertion.
I was his nurſling once and choice delight,
His deſtin'd from the womb,
Promiſd by Heavenly meſſage twice deſcending.
Under his ſpecial eie
Abſtemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightieſt deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Againſt the uncircumcis'd, our enemies. 640
But now hath caſt me off as never known,
And to thoſe cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok't,
Left me all helpleſs with th' irreparable loſs
Of ſight, reſerv'd alive to be repeated
The ſubject of thir cruelty, or ſcorn.
Nor am I in the liſt of them that hope;
Hopeleſs are all my evils, all remedileſs;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, ſpeedy death, 650
The cloſe of all my miſeries, and the balm.
Chor. Many are the ſayings of the wiſe
In antient and in modern books enroll'd;
Extolling Patience as the trueſt fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to mans frail life
Conſolatories writ

With ſtudied argument, and much perſwaſion ſought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
But with th' afflicted in his pangs thir ſound 660
Little prevails, or rather ſeems a tune,
Harſh, and of diſſonant mood from his complaint,
Unleſs he feel within
Some ſourſe of conſolation from above;
Secret refreſhings, that repair his ſtrength,
And fainting ſpirits uphold.
God of our Fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand ſo various,
Or might I ſay contrarious, 669
Temperſt thy providence through his ſhort courſe,
Not evenly, as thou rul'ſt
The Angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandring looſe about
Grow up and periſh, as the ſummer flie,
Heads without name no more rememberd,
But ſuch as thou haſt ſolemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To ſome great work, thy glory, 680
And peoples ſafety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward theſe thus dignifi'd, thou oft
Amidſt thir highth of noon,
Changeſt thy countenance, and thy hand with no
Of higheſt favours paſt [regard
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.
Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower then thou didſt exalt them
high,

Unſeemly falls in human eie,
Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion, 691
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of Heathen and prophane, thir carkaſſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd:
Or to the unjuſt tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
If theſe they ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
In crude old age; 700
Though not diſordinate, yet cauſleſs ſuffring
The puniſhment of diſſolute days, in fine,
Juſt or unjuſt, alike ſeem miſerable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end. [pion,
So deal not with this once thy glorious Cham-
The Image of thy ſtrength, and mighty miniſter.
What do I beg? how haſt thou dealt already?
Behold him in this ſtate calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canſt, to peaceful end.
But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Femal of ſex it ſeems, 711
That ſo bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way ſailing
Like a ſtately Ship
Of *Tarſus*, bound for th' Iſles
Of *Javan* or *Gadier*
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An Amber ſent of odorous perfume 720
Her harbinger, a damſel train behind;

Some rich *Philiſtian* Matron ſhe may ſeem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than *Dalila* thy wife. [near me.
Sam. My Wife, my Traytreſs, let her not come
Cho. Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands & eies thee fixt,
About t' have ſpoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower ſurcharg'd with dew, ſhe weeps
And words addreſt ſeem into tears diſſolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her ſilk'n veil: 730
But now again ſhe makes addreſs to ſpeak.
Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering reſolution
I came, ſtill dreading thy diſpleaſure, *Samſon*,
Which to have merited, without excuſe,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverſe event then I foreſaw)
My penance hath not ſlack'n'd, though my pardon
No way aſſur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timerous doubt 740
Hath led me on deſirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy eſtate.
If aught in my ability may ſerve
To light'n what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in ſome part to recompenſe
My raſh but more unfortunate miſdeed.
Sam. Out, out *Hyæna;* theſe are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman falſe like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750
Then as repentant to ſubmit, beſeech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorſe,
Confeſs, and promiſe wonders in her change,

Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His vertue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd
With goodness principl'd not to reject 760
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangl'd with a poysnous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me *Samson;* not that I endeavour
To lesson or extenuate my offence,
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for naught, 779
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou shewdst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to womans frailty
E're I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parl

So near related, or the ſame of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may cenſure thine
The gentler, if ſeverely thou exact not
More ſtrength from me, then in thy ſelf was found.
And what if Love, which thou interpret'ſt hate,
The jealouſie of Love, powerful of ſway 791
In human hearts, nor leſs in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I ſaw thee mutable
Of fancy, feard leſt one day thou wouldſt leave me
As her at *Timna*, ſought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmeſt:
No better way I ſaw then by importuning
To learn thy ſecrets, get into my power
Thy key of ſtrength and ſafety: thou wilt ſay,
Why then reveal'd? I was aſſur'd by thoſe 800
Who tempted me, that nothing was deſign'd
Againſt thee but ſafe cuſtody, and hold:
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterpriſes,
While I at home ſate full of cares and fears
Wailing thy abſence in my widow'd bed;
Here I ſhould ſtill enjoy thee day and night
Mine and Loves priſoner, not the *Philiſtines*,
Whole to my ſelf, unhazarded abroad,
Fearleſs at home of partners in my love. 810
Theſe reaſons in Loves law have paſt for good,
Though fond and reaſonleſs to ſome perhaps;
And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not auſtere
As thou art ſtrong, inflexible as ſteel.
If thou in ſtrength all mortals doſt exceed,

In uncompaſſionate anger do not ſo.

Sam. How cunningly the ſorcereſs diſplays
Her own tranſgreſſions, to upbraid me mine? 820
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou ſay'ſt, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true,
I to my ſelf was falſe e're thou to me,
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed: which when thou ſeeſt
Impartial, ſelf-ſevere, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy ſeeking, and much rather
Confeſs it feign'd, weakneſs is thy excuſe,
And I believe it, weakneſs to reſiſt 830
Philiſtian gold: if weakneſs may excuſe,
What Murtherer, what Traytor, Parricide,
Inceſtuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedneſs is weakneſs: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remiſſion.
But Love conſtrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To ſatisfie thy luſt: Love ſeeks to have Love;
My love how couldſt thou hope, who tookſt the way
To raiſe in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I muſt, by thee betray'd? 840
In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to cover ſhame with ſhame,
Or by evaſions thy crime uncoverſt more.

Dal. Since thou determinſt weakneſs for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what aſſaults I had, what ſnares beſides,
What ſieges girt me round, e're I conſented;
Which might have aw'd the beſt reſolv'd of men.
The conſtanteſt to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'ſt,

That wrought with me: thou know'ſt the Ma-
giſtrates 850
And Princes of my countrey came in perſon,
Sollicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty
And of Religion, preſs'd how juſt it was,
How honourable, how glorious to entrap
A common enemy, who had deſtroy'd
Such numbers of our Nation: and the Prieſt
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to enſnare an irreligious 860
Diſhonourer of *Dagon:* what had I
To oppoſe againſt ſuch powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate;
And combated in ſilence all theſe reaſons
With hard conteſt: at length that grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wiſeſt men; that to the public good
Private reſpects muſt yield; with grave authority
Took full poſſeſſion of me and prevail'd; 869
Vertue, as I thought, truth, duty ſo enjoyning.

Sam. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
In feign'd Religion, ſmooth hypocriſie. [end;
But had thy love, ſtill odiouſly pretended,
Bin, as it ought, ſincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reaſonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my Tribe
And of my Nation choſe thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'ſt,
Too well, unboſom'd all my ſecrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-powr'd 880

By thy requeſt, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didſt thou at firſt receive me for thy huſband?
Then, as ſince then, thy countries foe profeſt:
Being once a wife, for me thou waſt to leave
Parents and countrey; nor was I their ſubject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught againſt my life
Thy countrey ſought of thee, it ſought unjuſtly,
Againſt the law of nature, law of nations, 890
No more thy countrey, but an impious crew
Of men conſpiring to uphold thir ſtate
By worſe then hoſtile deeds, violating the ends
For which our countrey is a name ſo dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To pleaſe thy gods thou didſt it; gods unable
To acquit themſelves and proſecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be: 899
Leſs therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd,
Theſe falſe pretexts and varniſh'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul muſt thou appear?

Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worſe, whatever be her cauſe.

Sam. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
Witneſs when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too raſh, and quite miſtaken
In what I thought would have ſucceeded beſt.
Let me obtain forgiveneſs of thee, *Samſon*,
Afford me place to ſhew what recompence 910
Towards thee I intend for what I have miſdone,

Miſguided; only what remains paſt cure
Bear not too ſenſibly, nor ſtill inſiſt
To afflict thy ſelf in vain: though ſight be loſt,
Life yet hath many ſolaces, enjoy'd
Where other ſenſes want not their delights
At home in leiſure and domeſtic eaſe,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-ſight expoſes daily men abroad.
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920
Thir favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathſom priſon-houſe, to abide
With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
With nurſing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful chear'd, and ſo ſuppli'd,
That what by me thou haſt loſt thou leaſt ſhalt miſs.

Sam. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long ſince are twain;
Nor think me ſo unwary or accurſt 930
To bring my feet again into the ſnare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
Though dearly to my coſt, thy ginns, and toyls;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
So much of Adders wiſdom I have learn't
To fence my ear againſt thy ſorceries.
If in my flower of youth and ſtrength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could hate me
Thy Huſband, ſlight me, ſell me, and forgo me;
How wouldſt thou uſe me now, blind, and thereby
Deceiveable, in moſt things as a child
Helpleſs, thence eaſily contemn'd, and ſcorn'd,

And laſt neglected? How wouldſt thou inſult
When I muſt live uxorious to thy will
In perfet thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
To gloſs upon, and cenſuring, frown or ſmile?
This Gaol I count the houſe of Liberty 949
To thine whoſe doors my feet ſhall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at leaſt, and touch thy hand.

Sam. Not for thy life, leſt fierce remembrance
My ſudden rage to tear thee joint by joint. [wake
At diſtance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falſhood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illuſtrious women, faithful wives:
Cheriſh thy haſt'n'd widowhood with the gold
Of Matrimonial treaſon: ſo farewel.

Dal. I ſee thou art implacable, more deaf 960
To prayers, then winds and ſeas, yet winds to ſeas
Are reconcil'd at length, and Sea to Shore:
Thy anger, unappeaſable, ſtill rages,
Eternal tempeſt never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus my ſelf, and ſuing
For peace, reap nothing but repulſe and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc't?
To mix with thy concernments I deſiſt
Henceforth, nor too much diſapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac't is double-mouth'd, 971
And with contrary blaſt proclaims moſt deeds,
On both his wings, one black, th' other white,
Bears greateſt names in his wild aerie flight.
My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd

In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,
To all poſterity may ſtand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falſhood moſt unconjugal traduc't.
But in my countrey where I moſt deſire, 980
In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Aſdod*, and in *Gath*
I ſhall be nam'd among the famouſeſt
Of Women, ſung at ſolemn feſtivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to ſave
Her countrey from a fierce deſtroyer, choſe
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours viſited and annual flowers.
Not leſs renown'd then in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhoſpitable guile
Smote *Siſera* ſleeping through the Temples nail'd.
Nor ſhall I count it hainous to enjoy 991
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my countrey I was judg'd to have ſhewn.
At this who ever envies or repines
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifeſt Serpent by her ſting
Diſcover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sam. So let her go, God ſent her to debaſe me,
And aggravate my folly who committed 1000
To ſuch a viper his moſt ſacred truſt
Of ſecreſie, my ſafety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath ſtrange
After offence returning, to regain [power,
Love once poſſeſt, nor can be eaſily
Repuls't, without much inward paſſion felt
And ſecret ſting of amorous remorſe.

Sam. Love-quarrels oft in pleaſing concord end,
Not wedlock-trechery endangering life. 1009
Cho. It is not vertue, wiſdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comlineſs of ſhape, or ampleſt merit
That womans love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to ſay,
Harder to hit,
(Which way ſoever men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, *Samſon*, in one day
Or ſeven, though one ſhould muſing ſit;
If any of theſe or all, the *Timnian* bride
Had not ſo ſoon preferr'd
Thy Paranymph, worthleſs to thee compar'd, 1020
Succeſſour in thy bed,
Nor both ſo looſly diſally'd
Thir nuptials, nor this laſt ſo trecherouſly
Had ſhorn the fatal harveſt of thy head.
Is it for that ſuch outward ornament
Was laviſh't on thir Sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haſt unfiniſh't, judgment ſcant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is beſt
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong? 1030
Or was too much of ſelf-love mixt,
Of conſtancy no root infixt,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
What e're it be, to wiſeſt men and beſt
Seeming at firſt all heavenly under virgin veil,
Soft, modeſt, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary ſhe proves, a thorn
Intestin, far within defenſive arms
A cleaving miſchief, in his way to vertue

Adverſe and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
Draws him awry enſlav'd
With dotage, and his ſenſe deprav'd
To folly and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.
What Pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck
Embarqu'd with ſuch a Stears-mate at the Helm?
Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
One vertuous rarely found,
That in domeſtic good combines:
Happy that houſe! his way to peace is ſmooth:
But vertue which breaks through all oppoſition,
And all temptation can remove, 1051
Moſt ſhines and moſt is acceptable above.
Therefore Gods univerſal Law
Gave to the man deſpotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile ſhe or lowre:
So ſhall he leaſt confuſion draw
On his whole life, not ſway'd
By female uſurpation, nor diſmay'd. 1060
But had we beſt retire, I ſee a ſtorm?
Sam. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempeſt brings.
Sam. Be leſs abſtruſe, my riddling days are paſt.
Chor. Look now for no inchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his ſtride,
The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I leſs conjecture then when firſt I ſaw 1071

'he ſumptuous *Dalila* floating this way:
Iis habit carries peace, his brow defiance.
Sam. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.
Chor. His fraught we ſoon ſhall know, he now
arrives.
Har. I come not *Samſon*, to condole thy chance,
ıs theſe perhaps, yet wiſh it had not been,
'hough for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
Ien call me *Harapha*, of ſtock renown'd
ıs *Og* or *Anak* and the *Emims* old 1080
'hat *Kiriathaim* held, thou knowſt me now
f thou at all art known. Much I have heard
)f thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
ncredible to me, in this diſpleas'd,
'hat I was never preſent on the place
)f thoſe encounters, where we might have tri'd
Each others force in camp or liſted field:
\nd now am come to ſee of whom ſuch noiſe
Iath walk'd about, and each limb to ſurvey,
f thy appearance anſwer loud report. 1090
Sam. The way to know were not to ſee but taſte.
Har. Doſt thou already ſingle me; I thought
Gives and the Mill had tam'd thee? O that fortune
Iad brought me to the field where thou art fam'd
'o have wrought ſuch wonders with an Aſſes Jaw;
ſhould have forc'd thee ſoon wiſh other arms,
)r left thy carkaſs where the Aſs lay thrown:
So had the glory of Proweſs been recover'd
'o *Paleſtine*, won by a *Philiſtine* 1099
From the unforeſkinn'd race, of whom thou bear'ſt
'he higheſt name for valiant Acts, that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,

I loſe, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do
Sam. Boaſt not of what thou wouldſt have done,
What then thou would'ſt, thou ſeeſt it in thy hand.
Har. To combat with a blind man I diſdain,
And thou haſt need much waſhing to be toucht.
Sam. Such uſage as your honourable Lords
Afford me aſſaſſinated and betray'd,
Who durſt not with thir whole united powers
In fight withſtand me ſingle and unarm'd, 1111
Nor in the houſe with chamber Ambuſhes
Cloſe-banded durſt attaque me, no not ſleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd ſhifts let be aſſign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where fight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of braſs, thy broad Habergeon,
Vant-braſs and Greves, and Gauntlet, add thy Spear
A Weavers beam, and ſeven-times-folded ſhield,
I only with an Oak'n ſtaff will meet thee,
And raiſe ſuch out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
Which long ſhall not with-hold mee from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft ſhalt wiſh thy ſelf at *Gath* to boaſt
Again in ſafety what thou wouldſt have done
To *Samſon*, but ſhalt never ſee *Gath* more. 1129
Har. Thou durſt not thus diſparage glorious arms
Which greateſt Heroes have in battel worn,
Thir ornament and ſafety, had not ſpells
And black enchantments, ſome Magicians Art

Arm'd thee or charm'd thee ſtrong, which thou
from Heaven
Feigndſt at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
Where ſtrength can leaſt abide, though all thy hairs
Were briſtles rang'd like thoſe that ridge the back
Of chaf't wild Boars, or ruffl'd Porcupines.
Sam. I know no Spells, uſe no forbidden Arts;
My truſt is in the living God who gave me 1140
At my Nativity this ſtrength, diffus'd
No leſs through all my ſinews, joints and bones,
Then thine, while I preſerv'd theſe locks unſhorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy god,
Go to his Temple, invocate his aid
With ſolemneſt devotion, ſpread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To fruſtrate and diſſolve theſe Magic ſpells,
Which I to be the power of *Iſrael's* God 1150
Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the teſt,
Offering to combat thee his Champion bold,
With th' utmoſt of his Godhead ſeconded:
Then thou ſhalt ſee, or rather to thy ſorrow
Soon feel, whoſe God is ſtrongeſt, thine or mine.
Har. Preſume not on thy God, what e're he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and delivered up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd ſend thee
Into the common Priſon, there to grind 1161
Among the Slaves and Aſſes thy comrades,
As good for nothing elſe, no better ſervice
With thoſe thy boyſt'rous locks, no worthy match

For valour to aſſail, nor by the ſword
Of noble Warriour, ſo to ſtain his honour,
But by the Barbers razor beſt ſubdu'd.

Sam. All theſe indignities, for ſuch they are
From thine, theſe evils I deſerve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Juſtly, yet deſpair not of his final pardon 1171
Whoſe ear is ever open; and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the ſuppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whoſe god is God,
Thine or whom I with *Iſrael's* Sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou doſt thy God, in [truſting
He will accept thee to defend his cauſe,
A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber. 1180

Sam. Tongue-doubtie Giant, how doſt thou
prove me theſe?

Har. Is not thy Nation ſubject to our Lords?
Thir Magiſtrates confeſt it, when they took thee
As a League-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadſt thou not committed
Notorious murder on thoſe thirty men
At *Aſkalon*, who never did thee harm,
Then like a Robber ſtripdſt them of thir robes?
The *Philiſtines*, when thou hadſt broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only ſeeking,
To others did no violence nor ſpoil. 1191

Sam. Among the Daughters of the *Philiſtines*
I choſe a Wife, which argu'd me no foe;
And in your City held my Nuptial Feaſt:
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,

Inder pretence of Bridal friends and guests,
.ppointed to await me thirty spies,
Vho threatning cruel death constrain'd the bride
'o wring from me and tell to them my secret,
'hat solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200
Vhen I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
.s on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
us'd hostility, and took thir spoil
'o pay my underminers in thir coin.
Ly Nation was subjected to your Lords.
t was the force of Conquest; force with force
s well ejected when the Conquer'd can.
ut I a private person, whom my Countrey
.s a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
ingle Rebellion and did Hostile Acts. 1210
was no private but a person rais'd
Vith strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
'o free my Countrey; if their servile minds
Ie their Deliverer sent would not receive,
ut to thir Masters gave me up for nought,
'h' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
.nd had perform'd it if my known offence
Iad not disabl'd me, not all your force:
'hese shifts refuted, answer thy appellant 1220
'hough by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Vho now defies thee thrice to single fight,
.s a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har. With thee a Man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,
)ue by the Law to capital punishment?
'o fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Sam. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,

To deſcant on my ſtrength, and give thy verdit?
Come nearer, part not hence ſo ſlight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand ſurvey not thee.

Har. O *Baal-zebub!* can my ears unus'd
Hear theſe diſhonours, and not render death?

Sam. No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy [hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fiſt is free.

Har. This inſolence other kind of anſwer fits.

Sam. Go baffl'd coward, leſt I run upon thee,
Though in theſe chains, bulk without ſpirit vaſt,
And with one buffet lay thy ſtructure low, 1239
Or ſwing thee in the Air, then daſh thee down
To the hazard of thy brains and ſhatter'd ſides.

Har. By *Aſtaroth* e're long thou ſhalt lament
Theſe braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantſhip is gone ſomewhat creſt- [fall'n,
Stalking with leſs unconſci'nable ſtrides,
And lower looks, but in a ſultrie chafe.

Sam. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
Though Fame divulge him Father of five Sons
All of Gigantic ſize, *Goliah* chief.

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malitious counſel ſtir them up 1251
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

Sam. He muſt allege ſome cauſe, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, leſt a queſtion riſe
Whether he durſt accept the offer or not,
And that he durſt not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction then already felt
They cannot well impoſe, nor I ſuſtain;
If they intend advantage of my labours

The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no ſmall profit daily to my owners. 1261
But come what will, my deadlieſt foe will prove
My ſpeedieſt friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worſt that he can give, to me the beſt.
Yet ſo it may fall out, becauſe thir end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw thir own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh how comely it is and how reviving
To the Spirits of juſt men long oppreſt!
When God into the hands of thir deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppreſſour,
The brute and boiſt'rous force of violent men
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
Tyrannic power, but raging to purſue
The righteous and all ſuch as honour Truth;
He all thir Ammunition
And feats of War defeats
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
And celeſtial vigour arm'd, 1280
Thir Armories and Magazins contemns,
Renders them uſeleſs, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who ſurpris'd
Loſe thir defence diſtracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exerciſe
Of Saints, the trial of thir fortitude,
Making them each his own Deliverer,
And Victor over all 1290
That tyrannie or fortune can inflict,

Either of theſe is in thy lot,
Samſon, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men; but ſight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with thoſe
Whom Patience finally muſt crown.
This Idols day hath bin to thee no day of reſt,
  Labouring thy mind
More then the working day thy hands,
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind. 1300
For I deſcry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A Scepter or quaint ſtaff he bears,
Comes on amain, ſpeed in his look.
By his habit I diſcern him now
A Public Officer, and now at hand.
His meſſage will be ſhort and voluble.
  Off. Ebrews, the Pris'ner *Samſon* here I ſeek.
  Chor. His manacles remark him, there he ſits.
  Off. Samſon, to thee our Lords thus bid me ſay;
This day to *Dagon* is a ſolemn Feaſt, 1311
With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games;
Thy ſtrength they know ſurpaſſing human rate,
And now ſome public proof thereof require
To honour this great Feaſt, and great Aſſembly;
Riſe therefore with all ſpeed and come along,
Where I will ſee thee heartn'd and freſh clad
To appear as fits before th' illuſtrious Lords.
  Sam. Thou knowſt I am an *Ebrew*, therefore
    tell them,
Our Law forbids at thir Religious Rites 1320
My preſence; for that cauſe I cannot come.
  Off. This anſwer, be aſſur'd, will not content them.

Sam. Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry ſort
Of Gymnic Artiſts, Wreſtlers, Riders, Runners,
Juglers and Dancers, Antics, Mummers, Mimics,
But they muſt pick me out with ſhackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at thir publick Mill,
To make them ſport with blind activity?
Do they not ſeek occaſion of new quarrels
On my refuſal to diſtreſs me more, 1330
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'ſt, I will not come.
Off. Regard thy ſelf, this will offend them highly.
Sam. My ſelf? my conſcience and internal peace.
Can they think me ſo broken, ſo debas'd
With corporal ſervitude, that my mind ever
Will condeſcend to ſuch abſurd commands?
Although thir drudge, to be thir fool or jeſter,
And in my midſt of ſorrow and heart-grief
To ſhew them feats, and play before thir god,
The worſt of all indignities, yet on me 1341
Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come.
Off. My meſſage was impos'd on me with ſpeed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy reſolution?
Sam. So take it with what ſpeed thy meſſage needs.
Off. I am ſorry what this ſtoutneſs will produce.
Sa. Perhaps thou ſhalt have cauſe to ſorrow indeed.
Chor. Conſider, *Samſon;* matters now are ſtrain'd
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? 1351
Expect another meſſage more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear.
Sam. Shall I abuſe this Conſecrated gift

Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to Idols;
A *Nazarite* in place abominable 1359
Vaunting my strength in honour to thir *Dagon?*
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Philistines*,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Sam. Not in thir Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in thir civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Sam. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds 1369
But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,
Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely; venturing to displease
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousie
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Sam. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rouzing motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this Messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour

Our Law, or ſtain my vow of *Nazarite*.
If there be aught of preſage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By ſome great act, or of my days the laſt. 1389
Chor. In time thou haſt reſolv'd, the man returns.
Off. *Samſon*, this ſecond meſſage from our Lords
To thee I am bid ſay. Art thou our Slave,
Our Captive, at the public Mill our drudge,
And dar'ſt thou at our ſending and command
Diſpute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we ſhall find ſuch Engines to aſſail
And hamper thee, as thou ſhalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier faſtn'd then a rock.
Sam. I could be well content to try thir Art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing thir advantages too many, 1401
Becauſe they ſhall not trail me through thir ſtreets
Like a wild Beaſt, I am content to go.
Maſters commands come with a power reſiſtleſs
To ſuch as owe them abſolute ſubjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpoſe?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be ſure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law. 1409
Off. I praiſe thy reſolution, doff theſe links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to ſet thee free.
Sam. Brethren farewel, your company along
I will not wiſh, leſt it perhaps offend them
To ſee me girt with Friends; and how the ſight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exaſperate them

I know not. Lords are Lordlieſt in thir wine;
And the well-feaſted Prieſt then ſooneſt fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion ſeem concern'd: 1420
No leſs the people on thir Holy-days
Impetuous, inſolent, unquenchable;
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing diſhonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or my ſelf,
The laſt of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of *Iſrael* be thy guide
To what may ſerve his glory beſt, & ſpread his name
Great among the Heathen round: 1430
Send thee the Angel of thy Birth, to ſtand
Faſt by thy ſide, who from thy Fathers field
Rode up in flames after his meſſage told
Of thy conception, and be now a ſhield
Of fire; that Spirit that firſt ruſht on thee
In the Camp of *Dan*
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from Heaven imparted
Meaſure of ſtrength ſo great to mortal ſeed,
As in thy wond'rous actions hath been ſeen. 1440
But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in ſuch haſt
With youthful ſteps? much livelier then e're while
He ſeems: ſuppoſing here to find his Son,
Or of him bringing to us ſome glad news?

Man. Peace with you brethren; my inducement
Was not at preſent here to find my Son, [hither
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at thir Feaſt.
I heard all as I came, the City rings

And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450
Leſt I ſhould ſee him forc't to things unſeemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good ſucceſs to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoyce us to partake
With thee; ſay reverend Sire, we thirſt to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high ſtreet paſſing,
With ſupplication prone and Fathers tears 1459
To accept of ranſom for my Son thir pris'ner,
Some much averſe I found and wondrous harſh,
Contemptuous, proud, ſet on revenge and ſpite;
That part moſt reverenc'd *Dagon* and his Prieſts,
Others more moderate ſeeming, but thir aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They eaſily would ſet to ſale, a third
More generous far and civil, who confeſs'd
They had anough reveng'd, having reduc't
Thir foe to miſery beneath thir fears,
The reſt was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If ſome convenient ranſom were propos'd.
What noiſe or ſhout was that? it tore the Skie.

Chor. Doubtleſs the people ſhouting to behold
Thir once great dread, captive, & blind before them,
Or at ſome proof of ſtrength before them ſhown.

Man. His ranſom, if my whole inheritance
May compaſs it, ſhall willingly be paid
And numberd down: much rather I ſhall chuſe
To live the pooreſt in my Tribe, then richeſt,
And he in that calamitous priſon left. 1480
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.

For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit: not wanting him, I ſhall want nothing.
Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for thir Sons,
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurſe thir Parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'ſt how to nurſe thy Son.
Made older then thy age through eye-ſight loſt.
Man. It ſhall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him ſitting in the houſe, enobl'd 1491
With all thoſe high exploits by him atchiev'd,
And on his ſhoulders waving down thoſe locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the ſtrength contain'd:
And I perſwade me God had not permitted
His ſtrength again to grow up with his hair
Garriſon'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Souldiery, were not his purpoſe
To uſe him further yet in ſome great ſervice,
Not to ſit idle with ſo great a gift 1500
Uſeleſs, and thence ridiculous about him.
And ſince his ſtrength with eye-ſight was not loſt,
God will reſtore him eye-ſight to his ſtrength.
Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor ſeem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Fathers love,
In both which we, as next participate. [noiſe!
Man. I know your friendly minds and—O what
Mercy of Heav'n what hideous noiſe was that!
Horribly loud unlike the former ſhout. 1510
Chor. Noiſe call you it or univerſal groan
As if the whole inhabitation periſh'd,
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noiſe,

Ruin, deſtruction at the utmoſt point.
Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noiſe,
Oh it continues, they have ſlain my Son.
Chor. Thy Son is rather ſlaying them, that outcry
From ſlaughter of one foe could not aſcend.
Man. Some diſmal accident it needs muſt be;
What ſhall we do, ſtay here or run and ſee? 1520
Cho. Beſt keep together here, leſt running thither
We unawares run into dangers mouth.
This evil on the *Philiſtines* is fall'n,
From whom could elſe a general cry be heard?
The ſufferers then will ſcarce moleſt us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-ſight (for to *Iſraels* God
Nothing is hard) by miracle reſtor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of ſlaughter'd walk his way? 1530
Man. That were a joy preſumptuous to be thought.
Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?
Man. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet Hope would fain ſubſcribe, and tempts Belief.
A little ſtay will bring ſome notice hither,
Chor. Of good or bad ſo great, of bad the ſooner;
For evil news rides poſt, while good news baits.
And to our wiſh I ſee one hither ſpeeding,
An *Ebrew*, as I gueſs, and of our Tribe. 1540
Meſſ. O whither ſhall I run, or which way flie
The ſight of this ſo horrid ſpectacle
Which earſt my eyes beheld and yet behold;
For dire imagination ſtill perſues me.
But providence or inſtinct of nature ſeems,

Or reaſon though diſturb'd, and ſcarſe conſulted
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee firſt reverend *Manoa*, and to theſe
My Countreymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at ſome diſtance from the place of horrour,
So in the ſad event too much concern'd. 1551

Man. The accident was loud, & here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
No Preface needs, thou ſeeſt we long to know.

Meſſ. It would burſt forth, but I recover breath
And ſenſe diſtract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the ſum, the circumſtance defer.

Meſſ. *Gaza* yet ſtands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou knowſt to *Iſraelites* not ſaddeſt
The deſolation of a Hoſtile City. 1561

Meſſ. Feed on that firſt, there may in grief be ſurfet.

Man. Relate by whom. *Meſſ.* By *Samſon.*

Man. That ſtill leſſens
The ſorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Meſſ. Ah *Manoa* I refrain, too ſuddenly
To utter what will come at laſt too ſoon;
Leſt evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear ſhould pierce too deep.

Man. Suſpenſe in news is torture, ſpeak them out.

Meſſ. Then take the worſt in brief, *Samſon* is dead.

Man. The worſt indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death who ſets all free
Hath paid his ranſom now and full diſcharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the firſt-born bloom of ſpring

Nipt with the lagging rear of winters froſt.
Yet e're I give the rains to grief, ſay firſt,
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or ſhame.
All by him fell thou ſay'ſt, by whom fell he,
What glorious hand gave *Samſon* his deaths wound?
Meſſ. Unwounded of his enemies he fell. [plain.
Man. Wearied with ſlaughter then or how? ex-
Meſſ. By his own hands. *Man.* Self-violence? what cauſe
Brought him ſo ſoon at variance with himſelf
Among his foes? *Meſſ.* Inevitable cauſe
At once both to deſtroy and be deſtroy'd;
The Edifice where all were met to ſee him
Upon thir heads and on his own he pull'd.
Man. O laſtly over-ſtrong againſt thy ſelf! 1590
A dreadful way thou took'ſt to thy revenge.
More then anough we know; but while things yet
Are in confuſion, give us if thou canſt,
Eye-witneſs of what firſt or laſt was done,
Relation more particular and diſtinct.
Meſſ. Occaſions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-riſe,
The morning Trumpets Feſtival proclaim'd
Through each high ſtreet: little I had diſpatch't
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 1600
Samſon ſhould be brought forth to ſhew the people
Proof of his mighty ſtrength in feats and games;
I ſorrow'd at his captive ſtate, but minded
Not to be abſent at that ſpectacle.
The building was a ſpacious Theatre
Half round on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With ſeats where all the Lords and each degree

Of ſort, might ſit in order to behold,
The other ſide was op'n, where the throng
On banks and ſcaffolds under Skie might ſtand;
I among theſe aloof obſcurely ſtood.
The Feaſt and noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd thir hearts with mirth, high chear, & wine,
When to thir ſports they turn'd. Immediately
Was *Samſon* as a public ſervant brought,
In thir ſtate Livery clad; before him Pipes
And Timbrels, on each ſide went armed guards,
Both horſe and foot before him and behind
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.
At ſight of him the people with a ſhout 1620
Rifted the Air clamouring thir god with praiſe,
Who had made thir dreadful enemy thir thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was ſet before him
Which without help of eye, might be aſſay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he ſtill perform'd
All with incredible, ſtupendious force,
None daring to appear Antagoniſt.
At length for intermiſſion ſake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requeſted 1630
(For ſo from ſuch as nearer ſtood we heard)
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on thoſe two maſſie Pillars
That to the arched roof gave main ſupport.
He unſuſpitious led him; which when *Samſon*
Felt in his arms, with head a while enclin'd,
And eyes faſt fixt he ſtood, as one who pray'd,
Or ſome great matter in his mind revolv'd.
At laſt with head erect thus cryed aloud,

itherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
ıave perform'd, as reaſon was, obeying, 1641
ɔt without wonder or delight beheld.
ɔw of my own accord ſuch other tryal
nean to ſhew you of my ſtrength, yet greater;
ı with amaze ſhall ſtrike all who behold.
ıis utter'd, ſtraining all his nerves he bow'd,
ı with the force of winds and waters pent,
'hen Mountains tremble, thoſe two maſſie Pillars
'ith horrible convulſion to and fro, 1649
ɛ tugg'd, he ſhook, till down they came and drew
ıe whole roof after them, with burſt of thunder
pon the heads of all who ſate beneath,
ɔrds, Ladies, Captains, Councellors, or Prieſts,
ıir choice nobility and flower, not only
f this but each *Philiſtian* City round
et from all parts to ſolemnize this Feaſt.
mſon with theſe immixt, inevitably
ılld down the ſame deſtruction on himſelf;
ıe vulgar only ſcap'd who ſtood without. 1659
Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
ving or dying thou haſt fulfill'd
he work for which thou waſt foretold
ɔ *Iſrael*, and now ly'ſt victorious
nong thy ſlain ſelf-kill'd
ot willingly, but tangl'd in the fold,
f dire neceſſity, whoſe law in death conjoin'd
hee with thy ſlaughter'd foes in number more
hen all thy life had ſlain before.
Semichor. While thir hearts were jocund and ſub-
runk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine, [lime,
ıd fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats, 1671

Chaunting thir Idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary:
Among them he a ſpirit of phrenzie ſent,
Who hurt thir minds,
And urg'd them on with mad deſire
To call in haſt for thir deſtroyer;
They only ſet on ſport and play
Unweetingly importun'd 1680
Thir own deſtruction to come ſpeedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As thir own ruin on themſelves to invite,
Inſenſate left, or to ſenſe reprobate,
And with blindneſs internal ſtruck.

Semichor. But he though blind of ſight,
Deſpis'd and thought extinguiſh't quite,
With inward eyes illuminated
His fierie vertue rouz'd 1690
From under aſhes into ſudden flame,
And as an ev'ning Dragon came,
Aſſailant on the perched rooſts,
And neſts in order rang'd
Of tame villatic Fowl; but as an Eagle
His cloudleſs thunder bolted on thir heads.
So vertue giv'n for loſt,
Depreſt, and overthrown, as ſeem'd,
Like that ſelf-begott'n bird
In the *Arabian* woods emboſt, 1700
That no ſecond knows nor third,
And lay e're while a Holocauſt,
From out her aſhie womb now teem'd,

Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause, *Samson* hath quit himself
Like *Samson*, and heroicly hath finish'd 1710
A life Heroic, on his Enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor*
Through all *Philistian* bounds. To *Israel*
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
To himself and Fathers house eternal fame;
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feard,
But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak't in his enemies blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
I will send for all my kindred, all my friends 1730
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequie and funeral train
Home to his Fathers house: there will I build him
A Monument, and plant it round with shade
Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,

With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or ſweet Lyric Song.
Thither ſhall all the valiant youth reſort,
And from his memory inflame thir breaſts
To matchleſs valour, and adventures high: 1740
The Virgins alſo ſhall on feaſtful days
Viſit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loſs of eyes.

Chor. All is beſt, though we oft doubt,
What th' unſearchable diſpoſe
Of higheſt wiſdom brings about,
And ever beſt found in the cloſe.
Oft he ſeems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns 1750
And to his faithful Champion hath in place
Bore witneſs glorioufly; whence *Gaza* mourns
And all that band them to reſiſt
His uncontroulable intent,
His ſervants he with new acquiſt
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and conſolation hath diſmiſt,
And calm of mind all paſſion ſpent.

The End.

A MASK

Presented at Ludlow-Castle, 1634, *before* John *Earl of* Bridgewater, *then President of* Wales.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of *Thyrsis*.
Comus with his crew.
The Lady.
1. Brother.
2. Brother.
Sabrina the Nymph.

The cheif persons which presented, were

The Lord *Bracly*,
Mr. *Thomas Egerton* his Brother,
The Lady *Alice Egerton*.

A Maſk.

The firſt Scene diſcovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit deſcends or enters.

BEFORE the ſtarry threſhold of *Joves* Court
My manſion is, where thoſe immortal [ſhapes
Of bright aereal Spirits live inſphear'd
In Regions milde of calm and ſerene Air,
Above the ſmoak and ſtirr of this dim ſpot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and peſter'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaveriſh being
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants 10
Amongſt the enthron'd gods on Sainted ſeats.
Yet ſom there be that by due ſteps aſpire
To lay their juſt hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
To ſuch my errand is, and but for ſuch,
I would not ſoil theſe pure Ambroſial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.
But to my taſk. *Neptune* beſides the ſway
Of every ſalt Flood, and each ebbing ſtream,

Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*, 20
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
The unadorned boofom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By courfe commits to feveral government,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
The greateft, and the beft of all the main
He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun 30
A noble Peer of mickle truft, and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-fpring nurs't in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Fathers ftate,
And new-entrufted Scepter, but their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whofe fhady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Paffinger.
And here their tender age might fuffer peril, 40
But that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*
I was difpatcht for their defence, and guard;
And liften why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.
Bacchus that firft from out the purple Grape,
Crufh't the fweet poyfon of mif-ufed Wine
After the *Tufcan* Mariners transform'd
Coafting the *Tyrrhene* fhore, as the winds lifted,
On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe* 50
The daughter of the Sun? Whofe charmed Cup

Whoever taſted, loſt his upright ſhape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his cluſtring locks,
With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore ſhe brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields, 60
At laſt betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick ſhelter of black ſhades imbowr'd,
Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offring to every weary Traveller,
His orient Liquor in a Cryſtal Glaſs,
To quench the drouth of *Phœbus*, which as they taſte
(For moſt do taſte through fond intemperate thirſt)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' expreſs reſemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into ſom brutiſh form of Woolf, or Bear, 70
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, ſo perfect is their miſery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boaſt themſelves more comely then before
And all their friends, and native home forget
To roule with pleaſure in a ſenſual ſtie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
Chances to paſs through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star, 80
I ſhoot from Heav'n to give him ſafe convoy,
As now I do: But firſt I muſt put off
Theſe my ſkie robes ſpun out of *Iris* Wooff,

And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs,
Who with his ſoft Pipe, and ſmooth dittied Song.
Well knows to ſtill the wilde winds when they roar,
And huſh the waving Woods, nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent ayd 90
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hatefull ſteps, I muſt be viewles now.

Comus *enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glaſs in the other, with him a rout of Monſters, headed like ſundry ſorts of wilde Beaſts, but otherwiſe like Men and Women, their Apparel gliſtering, they come in making a riotous and unruly noiſe, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the ſteep *Atlantick* ſtream,
And the ſlope Sun his upward beam
Shoots againſt the duſky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gole 100
Of his Chamber in the Eaſt.
Mean while welcom Joy, and Feaſt,
Midnight ſhout, and revelry,
Tipſie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with roſie Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gon to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,

Age, and ſowre Severity,
their grave Saws in ſlumber lie. 110
ıat are of purer fire
e the Starry Quire,
in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
ın ſwift round the Months and Years.
ounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
n the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
:he pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
npled Brook, and Fountain brim,
Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daiſies trim, 120
merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
hath night to do with ſleep?
: hath better ſweets to prove,
now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
let us our rights begin,
nely day-light that makes Sin
h theſe dun ſhades will ne're report,
Goddeſs of Nocturnal ſport
vail'd *Cotytto*, t' whom the ſecret flame 129
id-night Torches burns; myſterious Dame
ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
ygian darkneſs ſpets her thickeſt gloom,
nakes one blot of all the air,
hy cloudy Ebon chair,
in thou rid'ſt with *Hecat'*, and befriend
y vow'd Prieſts, till utmoſt end
l thy dues be done, and none left out,
ıe blabbing Eaſtern ſcout,
ıice Morn on th' *Indian* ſteep
her cabin'd loop-hole peep, 140

And to the tell-tale Sun diſcry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantaſtick round.

The Meaſure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
Of ſom chaſt footing near about this ground.
Run to your ſhrouds, within theſe Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Some Virgin ſure
(For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine Art)
Benighted in theſe Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I ſhall e're long 151
Be well ſtock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the ſpungy ayr,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,
And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place
And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,
And put the Damſel to ſuſpicious flight,
Which muſt not be, for that's againſt my courſe;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
And well plac't words of glozing courteſie
Baited with reaſons not unplauſible
Wind me into the eaſie-hearted man,
And hug him into ſnares. When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick duſt
I ſhall appear ſome harmles Villager
And hearken, if I may her buſines hear.
But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide.

The Lady enters.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,

My beſt guide now, me thought it was the ſound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment, 171
Such as the jocund Flute, or gameſom Pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the gods amiſs. I ſhould be loath
To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd inſolence
Of ſuch late Waſſailers; yet O where els
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood? 180
My Brothers when they ſaw me wearied out
With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
Under the ſpreading favour of theſe Pines,
Stept as they ſe'd to the next Thicket ſide
To bring me Berries, or ſuch cooling fruit
As the kind hoſpitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
Like a ſad Votariſt in Palmers weed
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of *Phœbus* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likelieſt
They had ingag'd their wandring ſteps too far,
And envious darknes, e're they could return,
Had ſtole them from me; els O theeviſh Night
Why ſhouldſt thou, but for ſom fellonious end,
In thy dark Lantern thus cloſe up the Stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlaſting oil, to give due light
To the miſled and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs, 200
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfet in my liſt'ning ear,

Yet nought but ſingle darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling ſhapes, and beckning ſhadows dire,
And airy tongues, that ſyllable mens names
On Sands, and Shoars, and deſert Wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended 210
By a ſtrong ſiding champion Conſcience.——
O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſh't form of Chaſtity,
I ſee ye viſibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance,
Would ſend a gliſtring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud 220
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, ſweeteſt Nymph that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy ſhell 230
By ſlow Meander's *margent green,*
And in the violet imbroider'd vale

Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad Song mourneth well.
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus *are?*
O if thou have
Hid them in ſom flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So maiſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies, 241
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
Breath ſuch Divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomthing holy lodges in that breſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtifie his hidd'n reſidence;
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall ſmoothing the Raven doune 250
Of darknes till it ſmil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amid'ſt the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
Culling their potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
Who as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in *Elyſium*, *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the ſenſe,
And in ſweet madnes rob'd it of it ſelf, 260
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs
I never heard till now. Ile ſpeak to her

And ſhe ſhall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed
Unleſs the Goddes that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by bleſt Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the proſperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſt to unattending Ears, 271
Not any boaſt of ſkill, but extreme ſhift
How to regain my ſever'd company
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me anſwer from her moſſie Couch.

Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darknes, and this leavie Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neer-uſhering guides?

La. They left me weary on a graſſie terf.

Co. By falſhood, or diſcourteſie, or why? 280

La. To ſeek i'th vally ſom cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair ſide all unguarded Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps fore-ſtalling night prevented them.

La. How eaſie my misfortune is to hit!

Co. Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?

La. No leſs then if I ſhould my brothers looſe.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As ſmooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labour'd Oxe
In his looſe traces from the furrow came, 291
And the ſwink't hedger at his Supper ſate;
I ſaw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots,
Their port was more then human, as they ſtood;
I took it for a faëry viſion
Of ſom gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the Rainbow live
And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-ſtrook,
And as I paſt, I worſhipt; if thoſe you ſeek 301
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager
What readieſt way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I ſuppoſe,
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtaſk the beſt Land-Pilots art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practiz'd feet.
Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wilde Wood, 311
And every boſky bourn from ſide to ſide
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your ſtray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low rooſted lark
From her thatch't pallat rowſe, if otherwiſe
I can conduct you Lady to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſie, 321
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoaky rafters, then in tapſtry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: In a place

Leſs warranted then this, or leſs ſecure
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it,
Eie me bleſt Providence, and ſquare my triall
To my proportion'd ſtrength. Shepherd lead on.—

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon
That wontſt to love the travellers benizon, 331
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit *Chaos*, that raigns here
In double night of darkneſs, and of ſhades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſom gentle taper
Though a ruſh Candle from the wicker hole
Of ſom clay habitation viſit us
With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light,
And thou ſhalt be our ſtar of *Arcady*, 340
Or *Tyrian* Cynoſure. 2 *Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the Lodge, or Village Cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be ſom ſolace yet ſom little chearing
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous bowes.
But O that haples virgin our loſt ſiſter 349
Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burrs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſom cold bank is her boulſter now
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſom broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with ſad fears,

What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or while we ſpeak within the direful graſp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?
Eld. Bro. Peace Brother, be not over-exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils; 359
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of Fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipl'd in vertues book,
And the ſweet peace that goodnes booſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not) 369
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſ-becoming plight.
Vertue could ſee to do what vertue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea ſunk. And Wiſdoms ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various buſſle of reſort
Were all to ruffl'd, and ſomtimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own cleer breſt 380
May ſit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.
2. *Bro.* Tis moſt true
That muſing meditation moſt affects

The penſive ſecrecy of deſert cell,
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a Senat houſe,
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Diſh, 390
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty like the fair Heſperian Tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well ſpred out the unſun'd heaps
Of Miſers treaſure by an out-laws den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity, 400
And let a ſingle helpleſs maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wilde ſurrounding waſt.
Of night, or lonelineſs it recks me not,
I fear the dred events that dog them both,
Leſt ſom ill greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned ſiſter.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Inferr, as if I thought my ſiſters ſtate
Secure without all doubt, or controverſie:
Yet where an equal poiſe of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is 410
That I encline to hope, rather then fear,
And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
My ſiſter is not ſo defenceleſs left
As you imagine, ſhe has a hidden ſtrength
Which you remember not.

2. *Bro.* What hidden ſtrength,

Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that?
Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chaſtity, my brother, chaſtity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat ſteel, 420
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forreſts, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and ſandy perilous wildes,
Where through the ſacred rayes of Chaſtity,
No ſavage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer
Will dare to ſoyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very deſolation dwels
By grots, and caverns ſhag'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench't majeſty,
Be it not don in pride, or in preſumption. 430
Som ſay no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blew meager Hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magick chains at *curfeu* time,
No Goblin, or ſwart Faëry of the mine,
Hath hurtfull power o're true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
To teſtifie the arms of Chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs *Dian* her dred bow 440
Fair ſilver-ſhafted Queen for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was queen oth' Woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed *Gorgon* ſheild

That wiſe *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherwith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone?
But rigid looks of Chaſt auſterity,
And noble grace that daſh't brute violence 450
With ſudden adoration, and blank aw.
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in cleer dream, and ſolemn viſion
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th'outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind, 460
And turns it by degrees to the ſouls eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when luſt
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by leud and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The ſoul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite looſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in Charnel vaults, and Sepulchers 470
Lingering, and ſitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And link't it ſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

2. *Bro.* How charming is divine Philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is *Apollo's* lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,

Where no crude ſurfet raigns. *Eld. Bro.* Liſt, liſt,
I hear
Som far of hallow break the ſilent Air. 480
2. *Bro.* Me thought ſo too; what ſhould it be?
Eld. Bro. For certain
Either ſom one like us night-founder'd here,
Or els ſom neighbour Wood-man, or at worſt,
Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.
2. *Bro.* Heav'n keep my ſiſter, agen, agen, and
Beſt draw, and ſtand upon our guard. [neer,
Eld. Bro. Ile hallow,
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cauſe, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I ſhould know, what are you? ſpeak;
Com not too neer, you fall on iron ſtakes elſe. 490
Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? ſpeak
agen.
2. *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd ſure.
Eld. Bro. *Thyrſis?* Whoſe artful ſtrains have oft
The hudling brook to hear his madrigal, [delaid
And ſweetn'd every muſkroſe of the dale,
How cam'ſt thou here good Swain? hath any Ram
Slipt from the fold, or young Kid loſt his dam,
Or ſtraggling Weather the pen't flock forſook?
How couldſt thou find this dark ſequeſter'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd Maſters heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on ſuch a trivial toy 501
As a ſtray'd Ewe, or to purſue the ſtealth
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich theſe Downs, is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my Virgin Lady, where is ſhe?
How chance ſhe is not in your company?
Eld. Bro. To tell thee ſadly Shepherd, without
Or our neglect, we loſt her as we came. [blame,
Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.
Eld. Bro. What fears good *Thyrſis?* Prethee briefly ſhew.
Spir. Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though ſo eſteem'd by ſhallow ignorance)
What the ſage Poets taught by th'heav'nly Muſe,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire *Chimera's* and inchanted Iles,
And rifted Rocks whoſe entrance leads to Hell,
For ſuch there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypreſs ſhades a Sorcerer dwels 520
Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep ſkill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thirſty wanderer,
By ſly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whoſe pleaſing poiſon
The viſage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenes of a beaſt
Fixes inſtead, unmoulding reaſons mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts, 530
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monſtrous rout are heard to howl
Like ſtabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obſcured haunts of inmoſt bowres,

Yet have they many baits, and guileful ſpells
To inveigle and invite th'unwary ſenſe
Of them that paſs unweeting by the way.
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'n their ſupper on the ſavoury Herb 540
Of Knot-graſs dew-beſprent, and were in fold,
I ſate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-ſuckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleaſing fit of melancholy
To meditate upon my rural minſtrelſie,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a cloſe
The wonted roar was up amidſt the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous diſſonance
At which I ceas't, and liſten'd them a while, 550
Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence
Gave reſpit to the drowſie frighted ſteeds
That draw the litter of cloſe curtain'd ſleep;
At laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſtream of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e're ſhe was ware, and wiſht ſhe might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be ſo diſplac't. I was all ear,
And took in ſtrains that might create a ſoul 560
Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moſt honour'd Lady, your dear ſiſter.
Amaz'd I ſtood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapleſs Nightingale thought I,
How ſweet thou ſing'ſt, how near the deadly ſnare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haſt

Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wiſard hid in ſly diſguiſe 570
(For ſo by certain ſignes I knew) had met
Already, ere my beſt ſpeed could prevent,
The aidleſs innocent Lady his wiſh't prey,
Who gently aſk't if he had ſeen ſuch two,
Suppoſing him ſom neighbour villager;
Longer I durſt not ſtay, but ſoon I gueſs't
Ye were the two ſhe mean't, with that I ſprung
Into ſwift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and ſhades,
How are ye joyn'd with Hell in tripple knot 580
Againſt th'unarm'd weakneſs of one Virgin
Alone, and helpleſs! is this the confidence
You gave me Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep
Lean on it ſafely, not a period [it ſtill,
Shall be unſaid for me: againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Vertue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjuſt force, but not enthrall'd,
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory. 591
But evil on it ſelf ſhall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſetl'd to it ſelf
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſum'd, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nneſs,
And earths baſe built on ſtubble. But com let's on.
Againſt th'oppoſing will and arm of Heav'n

May never this juſt ſword be lifted up, 600
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the greiſly legions that troop
Under the ſooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydra's*, or all the monſtrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,
And force him to reſtore his purchaſe back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Empriſe,
But here thy ſword can do thee little ſtead, 610
Far other arms, and other weapons muſt
Be thoſe that quell the might of helliſh charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy ſinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd
How durſt thou then thy ſelf approach ſo neer
As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmoſt ſhifts
How to ſecure the Lady from ſurpriſal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
Of ſmall regard to ſee to, yet well ſkill'd
In every vertuous plant and healing herb 620
That ſpreds her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me ſing,
Which when I did, he on the tender graſs
Would ſit, and hearken even to extaſie,
And in requital ope his leathern ſcrip,
And ſhew me ſimples of a thouſand names
Telling their ſtrange and vigorous faculties;
Amongſt the reſt a ſmall unſightly root,

But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkiſh, and had prickles on it, 630
But in another Countrey, as he ſaid,
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this ſoyl:
Unknown, and like eſteem'd, and the dull ſwain
Treads on it daily with his clouted ſhoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wiſe *Ulyſſes* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of ſov'ran uſe
'Gainſt all inchantments, mildew blaſt, or damp
Or gaſtly furies apparition; 640
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though diſguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his ſpells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the necromancers hall;
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood, 649
And brandiſh't blade ruſh on him, break his glaſs,
And ſhed the luſhious liquor on the ground,
But ſeaſe his wand, though he and his curſt crew
Fierce ſigne of battail make, and menace high,
Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit ſmoak,
Yet will they ſoon retire, if he but ſhrink.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrſis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
And ſom good angel bear a ſhield before us.

The Scene changes to a ſtately Palace, ſet out with all manner of delicioufneſs: ſoft Muſick, Tables ſpred with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the Lady ſet in an inchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glaſs, which ſhe puts by, and goes about to riſe.*

Comus. Nay Lady ſit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alablaſter,
And you a ſtatue, or as *Daphne* was 660
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo.*
La. Fool do not boaſt,
Thou canſt not touch the freedom of my minde
With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde
Thou haſte immanacl'd, while Heav'n ſees good.
Co. Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from theſe gates
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleaſures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns
Briſk as the *April* buds in Primroſe-ſeaſon. 670
And firſt behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his cryſtal bounds
With ſpirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone,*
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*
Is of ſuch power to ſtir up joy as this,
To life ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.
Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to your ſelf,
And to thoſe dainty limms which nature lent
For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy? 680
But you invert the cov'nants of her truſt,

And harſhly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty muſt ſubſiſt,
Refreſhment after toil, eaſe after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repaſt,
And timely reſt have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will reſtore all ſoon.

La. 'Twill not falſe traitor,
'Twill not reſtore the truth and honeſty 690
That thou haſt baniſh't from thy tongue with lies,
Was this the cottage, and the ſafe abode
Thou told'ſt me of? What grim aſpects are theſe,
Theſe oughly-headed Monſters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver,
Haſt thou betrai'd my credulous innocence
With viſor'd falſhood, and baſe forgery,
And would'ſt thou ſeek again to trap me here
With lickeriſh baits fit to enſnare a brute?
Were it a draft for *Juno* when ſhe banquets, 700
I would not taſte thy treaſonous offer; none
But ſuch as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wiſe appetite.

Co. O fooliſhnes of men! that lend their ears
To thoſe budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praiſing the lean and ſallow Abſtinence.
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,
With ſuch a full and unwithdrawing hand, 710
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with ſpawn innumerable,

But all to pleaſe, and ſate the curious taſte?
And ſet to work millions of ſpinning Worms,
That in their green ſhops weave the ſmooth-hair'd [ſilk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th'all-worſhipt ore, and precious gems
To ſtore her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulſe, 720
Drink the clear ſtream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet deſpis'd,
And we ſhould ſerve him as a grudging maſter,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Natures baſtards, not her ſons,
Who would be quite ſurcharg'd with her own [weight,
And ſtrangl'd with her waſte fertility;
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords, 730
The Sea o'refraught would ſwel, and th'unſought diamonds
Would ſo emblaze the forhead of the Deep,
And ſo beſtudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and com at laſt
To gaze upon the Sun with ſhameles brows.
Liſt Lady be not coy, and be not coſen'd
With that ſame vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is natures coyn, muſt not be hoorded,
But muſt be currant, and the good thereof
Conſiſts in mutual and partak'n bliſs, 740
Unſavoury in th'injoyment of it ſelf
If you let ſlip time, like a neglected roſe

It withers on the ſtalk with languiſh't head.
Beauty is natures brag, and muſt be ſhown
In courts, at feaſts, and high ſolemnities
Where moſt may wonder at the workmanſhip;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; courſe complexions
And cheeks of ſorry grain will ſerve to ply
The ſampler, and to teize the huſwifes wooll. 750
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
Love-darting eyes, or treſſes like the Morn?
There was another meaning in theſe gifts,
Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
Obtruding falſe rules pranckt in reaſons garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride: 760
Impoſtor do not charge moſt innocent nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous
With her abundance ſhe good cateres
Means her proviſion only to the good
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare Temperance:
If every juſt man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon ſom few with vaſt exceſs, 770
Natures full bleſſings would be well diſpenc't
In unſuperfluous eeven proportion,
And ſhe no whit encomber'd with her ſtore,
And then the giver would be better thank't,

His praiſe due paid, for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne're looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Cramms, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid anow? To him that dares 779
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Againſt the Sun-clad power of Chaſtity;
Fain would I ſomthing ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhouldſt not know
More happineſs then this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick 789
That hath ſo well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy ſelf convinc't;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rap't ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and ſhake,
Till all thy magick ſtructures rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o're thy falſe head.
Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words ſet off by ſom ſuperior power; 800
And though not mortal, yet a cold ſhuddring dew
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To ſom of *Saturns* crew. I muſt diſſemble,
And try her yet more ſtrongly. Com, no more,

This is meer moral babble, and direct
Againſt the canon laws of our foundation;
I muſt not ſuffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And ſetlings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all ſtreight, one ſip of this 810
Will bathe the drooping ſpirits in delight
Beyond the bliſs of dreams. Be wiſe, and taſte.

The Brothers ruſh in with Swords drawn, wreſt his Glaſs out of his hand, and break it againſt the ground; his rout make ſign of reſiſtance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the falſe Enchanter ſcape?
O ye miſtook, ye ſhould have ſnatcht his wand
And bound him faſt; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that ſits here
In ſtony fetters fixt, and motionleſs;
Yet ſtay; be not diſturb'd, now I bethink me,
Som other means I have which may be us'd, 820
Which once of *Melibœus* old I learnt
The ſootheſt Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.
There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moiſt curb ſways the ſmooth Severn [ſtream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom ſhe was the daughter of *Locrine*,
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
The guiltleſs damſel flying the mad purſuit
Of her enraged ſtepdam *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood 830
That ſtay'd her flight with his croſs-flowing courſe,

The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wriſts and took her in,
Bearing her ſtraight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ſtrew'd with Aſphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe
Dropt in Ambroſial Oils till ſhe reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change 840
Made Goddeſs of the River; ſtill ſhe retains
Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eeve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blaſts, and ill luck ſignes
That the ſhrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which ſhe with pretious viold liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their feſtivals
Carrol her goodnes lowd in ruſtick layes,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils. 850
And, as the old Swain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numming ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok't in warbled Song,
For maid'nhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a Virgin ſuch as was her ſelf
In hard beſetting need, this will I try
And adde the power of ſom adjuring verſe.

SONG.

Sabrina fair
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſie, cool, tranſlucent wave, 860
In twiſted braids of Lillies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honours sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrincled look, 870
And the *Carpathian* wisards hook,
By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,
And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks 880
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answerd have.
Listen and save.

Sabrina *rises, attended by water-Nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank, 889
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,

My ſliding Chariot ſtayes,
Thickſet with Agat, and the azurn ſheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channel ſtrayes,
Whilſt from off the waters fleet
Thus I ſet my printleſs feet
O'er the Cowſlips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle ſwain at thy requeſt
I am here. 900

Spir. Goddeſs dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here diſtreſt,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbleſt inchanter vile.
Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity;
Brighteſt Lady look on me,
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breſt 910
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of pretious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd ſeat
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold,
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;
And I muſt haſte ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite's* bowr. 920

Sabrina *deſcends, and the Lady riſes out of her ſeat.*

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Locrine*
Sprung of old *Anchiſes* line
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumbled down the ſnowy hills:
Summer drouth, or ſinged air
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,
Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood
Thy molten cryſtal fill with mudd, 930
May thy billows rowl aſhoar
The beryl, and the golden ore,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.
Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the Sorcerer us entice
With ſom other new device. 940
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound
Till we com to holier ground,
I ſhall be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Fathers reſidence,
Where this night are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate
His wiſh't preſence, and beſide
All the Swains that there abide, 950

With Jiggs, and rural dance reſort,
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere;
Com let us haſte, the Stars grow high,
But night ſits monarch yet in the mid ſky.

The Scene changes, preſenting Ludlow *Town and the Preſidents Caſtle, then com in Countrey-Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

Spir. *Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,*
Till next Sun-ſhine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod 960
Of lighter toes, and ſuch Court guiſe
As Mercury *did firſt deviſe*
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This ſecond Song preſents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold ſo goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth, 970
And ſent them here through hard aſſays
With a crown of deathleſs Praiſe,

To triumph in victorious dance
O'er ſenſual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And thoſe happy climes that ly
Where day never ſhuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the ſky:
There I ſuck the liquid air
All amidſt the Gardens fair
Of *Heſperus*, and his daughters three
That ſing about the golden tree:
Along the criſped ſhades and bowres
Revels the ſpruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the roſie-booſom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal Summer dwels,
And Weſt winds, with muſky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Caſſia's* balmy ſmels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with *Elyſian* dew
(Liſt mortals if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth*, and Roſes
Where young *Adonis* oft repoſes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft; and on the ground
Sadly ſits th'*Aſſyrian* Queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen

Celeſtial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc't,
Holds his dear *Pſyche* ſweet intranc't
After her wandring labours long, 20
Till free conſent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide
Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; ſo *Jove* hath ſworn. 1010
But now my taſk is ſmoothly don,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, ſhe alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Spheary chime; 1020
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it ſelf would ſtoop to her.

To triumt
O're ſenſ

Lycidas.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his paſſage from Cheſter *on the* Iriſh *Seas*, 1637. *And by occaſion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſear,
I com to pluck your Berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compells me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for *Lycidas?* he knew 10
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He muſt not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſom melodious tear.
Begin then, Siſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of *Jove* doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd Urn, 20
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhrowd.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock; by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that roſe, at Ev'ning, bright, 30
Toward Heav'ns deſcent had ſlop'd his weſtering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute;
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old *Damætas* lov'd to hear our ſong.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never muſt return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and deſert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn. 41
The Willows, and the Hazle Copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy ſoft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Roſe,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Froſt to Flowers, that their gay wardrob wear,
When firſt the White Thorn blows;

Such, *Lycidas*, thy loſs to Shepherds ear. [deep
Where were ye Nymphs when the remorſeleſs
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas?* 51
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, ly,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there—for what could that have don?
What could the Muſe her ſelf that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muſe her ſelf for her inchanting ſon
Whom Univerſal nature did lament, 60
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift *Hebrus* to the *Leſbian* ſhore.
Alaſs! What boots it with unceſſant care
To end the homely ſlighted Shepherds trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe,
Were it not better don as others uſe,
To ſport with *Amaryllis* in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpirit doth raiſe 70
(That laſt infirmity of Noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſtering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80

But lives and ſpreds aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfet witnes of all-judging *Jove;*
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O Fountain *Arethuſe*, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-ſliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune's* plea, 90
He aſk'd the Waves, and aſk'd the Fellon Winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory;
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage *Hippotades* their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark 100
Built in th'eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing ſlow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dereſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
Two maſſy Keyes he bore of metals twain, 110
(The Golden opes, the Iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his Miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake,

How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Anow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Then how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouthes! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the leaſt
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs! 121
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel Pipes of wretched ſtraw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoln with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſed,
But that two-handed engine at the door, 130
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; Return *Sicilian* Muſe,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thouſand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whiſpers uſe,
Of ſhades and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart Star ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes, 139
That on the green terf ſuck the honied ſhowres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primroſe that forſaken dies,

The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Geſſamine,
The white Pink, and the Panſie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Muſk-roſe, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty ſhed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To ſtrew the Laureat Herſe where *Lycid* lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ay me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding Seas
Waſh far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy *Hebrides*
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of *Bellerus* old, 160
Where the great viſion of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new ſpangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky: 171
So *Lycidas* ſunk low, but mounted high, [waves
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the
Where other groves, and other ſtreams along,

With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial Song,
In the bleſt Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In ſolemn troops, and ſweet Societies
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompenſe, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. [rills,
Thus ſang the uncouth Swain to th'Okes and
While the ſtill morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
And now the Sun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Weſtern Bay; 191
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to freſh Woods, and Paſtures new.

Il Penſeroſo.

HENCE vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus* train. 10
But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe Saintly viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of human ſight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black ſtaid Wiſdoms hue.
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem,
Prince *Memnons* ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd *Ethiope* Queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above 20
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Veſta* long of yore,
To ſolitary *Saturn* bore;

His daughter ſhe (in *Saturns* raign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody *Ida's* inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove.* 30
Com penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtick train,
And ſable ſtole of *Cipres* Lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With eev'n ſtep, and muſing gate,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes: 40
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thy ſelf to Marble, till
With a ſad Leaden downward caſt,
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring,
Ay round about *Joves* Altar ſing.
And adde to theſe retired leaſure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleaſure; 50
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song,

In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th'accuſtom'd Oke; 60
Sweet Bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt Melancholy!
Thee Chauntreſs oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding neer her higheſt noon,
Like one that had bin led aſtray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way; 70
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfeu* ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhoar,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Som ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all reſort of mirth.
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belmans drowſie charm,
To bleſs the dores from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unſphear

The ſpirit of *Plato* to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With Planet, or with Element.
Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com ſweeping by,
Preſenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine. 100
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buſkind ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe *Muſæus* from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of *Orpheus* ſing
Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of *Cambuſcan* bold, 110
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarſife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glaſs,
And of the wondrous Hors of Braſs,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought els, great *Bards* beſide,
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant then meets the ear, 120

Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited Morn appeer,
Not trickt and frounc't as ſhe was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or ·uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruffling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves. 130
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome Brook,
Where no prophaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from Day's gariſh eie,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth ſing,
And the Waters murmuring
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let ſom ſtrange myſterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy ſtream,
Of lively portrature diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
And as I wake, ſweet muſick breath
Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by ſom ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th'unſeen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale.
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dimm religious light. 16
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Moſſy Cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell 17
Of every Star that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And every Herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like Prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

L'Allegro.

HENCE loathed Melancholy
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt midnight [born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn.
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhreiks, and ſights [unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous [wings,
And the night-Raven ſings;
There under *Ebon* ſhades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* deſert ever dwell. 10
But com thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphroſyne*,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as ſom Sager ſing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying, 20
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And freſh-blown Roſes waſht in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckſom, blith, and debonair.

Haſte thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek; 30
Sport that wrincled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Com, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free; 40
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to com in ſpight of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twiſted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin, 50
And to the ſtack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly ſtruts his Dames before,
Oft liſt'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumbring morn,
From the ſide of ſom Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill.

Som time walking not unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right againſt the Eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate, 60
Roab'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thouſand Liveries dight,
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whiſtles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his ſithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the Lantſkip round it meaſures, 70
Ruſſet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt:
Meadows trim with Daiſies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it ſees
Booſom'd high in tufted Trees,
Wher perhaps ſom beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes. 80
Hard by, a Cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrſis* met,
Are at their ſavory dinner ſet
Of Hearbs, and other Country Meſſes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dreſſes;
And then in haſte her Bowre ſhe leaves,
With *Theſtylis* to bind the Sheaves;

Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead, 90
Some times with ſecure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunſhine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale, 100
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd ſhe ſed,
And by the Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* ſwet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His ſhadowy Flale hath threſh'd the Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend. 110
And ſtretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the firſt Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towred Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold, 120

With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the priſe,
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend,
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique Pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer eeves by haunted ſtream. 130
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If *Jonſons* learned Sock be on,
Or ſweeteſt *Shakeſpear* fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
And ever againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verſe
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of lincked ſweetneſs long drawn out, 140
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwiſting all the chains that ty
The hidden ſoul of harmony.
That *Orpheus* ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heapt *Elyſian* flowres, and hear
Such ſtreins as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd *Eurydice*. 150
Theſe delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Arcades.

Part of an Entertainment preſented to the Counteſs Dowager of Darby *at* Harefield, *by ſome Noble Perſons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Paſtoral Habit, moving toward the ſeat of State, with this Song.*

1. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What ſudden blaze of Majeſty
Is that which we from hence deſcry
Too divine to be miſtook:
This this is ſhe
To whom our vows and wiſhes bend,
Heer our ſolemn ſearch hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raiſe,
Seem'd erſt ſo laviſh and profuſe,
We may juſtly now accuſe
Of detraction from her praiſe,
Leſs then half we find expreſt,
Envy bid conceal the reſt.

Mark what radiant ſtate ſhe ſpreds,
In circle round her ſhining throne,
Shooting her beams like ſilver threds,
This this is ſhe alone,

Sitting like a Goddes bright,
In the center of her light.

Might ſhe the wiſe *Latona* be, 20
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dare's not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity ſo unparalel'd?

As they com forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, ſpeaks.

Gen. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this diſguiſe,
I ſee bright honour ſparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and ſprung
Of that renowned flood, ſo often ſung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by ſecret ſluſe, 30
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuſe*;
And ye the breathing Roſes of the Wood,
Fair ſilver-buſkin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this queſt of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment
To the great Miſtres of yon princely ſhrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful ſervice will comply
To further this nights glad ſolemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40
What ſhallow-ſearching *Fame* hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidſt theſe ſhades alone
Have ſate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,
To nurſe the Saplings tall, and curl the grove,
With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove.

And all my Plants I ſave from nightly ill,
Of noiſom winds, and blaſting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs bruſh off the evil dew, 50
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the croſs dire-looking Planet ſmites,
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning gray doth riſe, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the ſlumbring leaves, or taſſeld horn
Shakes the high thicket, haſte I all about,
Number my ranks, and viſit every ſprout 59
With puiſſant words, and murmurs made to bleſs,
But els in deep of night when drowſines
Hath lock't up mortal ſenſe, then liſten I
To the celeſtial *Sirens* harmony,
That ſit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
And ſing to thoſe that hold the vital ſhears,
And turn the Adamantine ſpindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick ly,
To lull the daughters of *Neceſſity*,
And keep unſteddy Nature to her law, 70
And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with groſs unpurged ear;
And yet ſuch muſick worthieſt were to blaze
The peerles height of her immortal praiſe,
Whoſe luſtre leads us, and for her moſt fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable ſounds, yet as we go,
What ere the ſkill of leſſer gods can ſhow,
I will aſſay, her worth to celebrate, 80

And ſo attend ye toward her glittering ſtate;
Where ye may all that are of noble ſtemm
Approach, and kiſs her ſacred veſtures hemm.

2. *SONG.*

O're the ſmooth enamel'd green
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring.
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching Elm-Star-proof.
Follow me, 90
I will bring you where ſhe ſits
Clad in ſplendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

3. *SONG.*

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By ſandy *Ladons* Lillied banks,
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loſs deplore, 100
A better ſoyl ſhall give ye thanks.
From the ſtony *Mænalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye ſhall have greater grace,
To ſerve the Lady of this place.
Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Miſtreſs were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

Miſcellaneous Poems.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough.

1.

O FAIREST flower no ſooner blown but blaſted,
Soft ſilken Primroſe fading timeleſſlie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadſt out-laſted,
Bleak winters force that made thy bloſſome drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiſs
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliſs.

2.

For ſince grim Aquilo his charioter
By boiſtrous rape th'Athenian damſel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer, 10
If likewiſe he ſome fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th'infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childleſs eld,
Which 'mongſt the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

3.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing aire
He wanderd long, till thee he ſpy'd from farr,
There ended was his queſt, there ceaſt his care.
Down he deſcended from his Snow-ſoft chaire,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace 20
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

4.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For ſo *Apollo*, with unweeting hand
Whilome did ſlay his dearly-loved mate
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota's* ſtrand
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack that ſo to change thee winter had no power.

5.

Yet can I not perſwade me thou art dead
Or that thy coarſe corrupts in earths dark wombe,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed, 31
Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;
Could Heav'n for pittie thee ſo ſtrictly doom?
Oh no? for ſomething in thy face did ſhine
Above mortalitie that ſhew'd thou waſt divine.

6.

Reſolve me then oh Soul moſt ſurely bleſt
(If ſo it be that thou theſe plaints doſt hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hovereſt
Whether above that high firſt-moving Spheare
Or in the Eliſian fields (if ſuch there were.) 40

Oh ſay me true if thou wert mortal wight
And why from us ſo quickly thou didſt take thy flight.

7.

Wert thou ſome Starr which from the ruin'd roofe
Of ſhak't Olympus by miſchance didſt fall;
Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe
Took up, and in fit place did reinſtall?
Or did of late earths Sonnes beſiege the wall
Of ſheenie Heav'n, and thou ſome goddeſs fled
Amongſt us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

8.

Or wert thou that juſt Maid who once before 50
Forſook the hated earth, O tell me ſooth
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?
Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling Youth!
Or that crown'd Matron ſage white-robed truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood [good.
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world ſome

9.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoaſt,
Who having clad thy ſelf in humane weed,
To earth from thy præfixed ſeat didſt poaſt,
And after ſhort abode flie back with ſpeed, 60
As if to ſhew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to ſet the hearts of men on fire
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto Heav'n aſpire.

10.

But oh why didſt thou not ſtay here below
To bleſs us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To ſlake his wrath whom ſin hath made our foe

To turn Swift-ruſhing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the ſlaughtering peſtilence,
  To ſtand 'twixt us and our deſerved ſmart
But thou canſt beſt perform that office where thou
    art. 70

II.

Then thou the mother of ſo ſweet a child
Her falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild;
Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
  This if thou do he will an off-ſpring give,
That till the worlds laſt-end ſhall make thy name
    to live.

Anno Ætatis 19.

At a Vacation Exerciſe in the Colledge, part *Latin*, part *Engliſh*. The *Latin* ſpeeches ended, the *Engliſh* thus began.

HAIL native Language, that by ſinews weak
  Didſt move my firſt endeavouring tongue
    to ſpeak,
And mad'ſt imperfect words with childiſh tripps,
Half unpronounc't, ſlide through my infant-lipps,
Driving dum ſilence from the portal dore,
Where he had mutely ſate two years before:
Here I ſalute thee and thy pardon aſk,
That now I uſe thee in my latter taſk:

Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee:
Thou needſt not be ambitious to be firſt, 11
Believe me I have thither packt the worſt:
And, if it happen as I did forecaſt,
The dainteſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:
But haſte thee ſtrait to do me once a Pleaſure,
And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefeſt treaſure;
Not thoſe new fangled toys, and triming ſlight
Which takes our late fantaſticks with delight, 20
But cull thoſe richeſt Robes, and gay'ſt attire
Which deepeſt Spirits, and choiceſt Wits deſire:
I have ſome naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their paſſage out;
And wearie of their place do only ſtay
Till thou haſt deck't them in thy beſt aray;
That ſo they may without ſuſpect or fears
Fly ſwiftly to this fair Aſſembly's ears;
Yet I had rather if I were to chuſe,
Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe, 30
Such as may make thee ſearch thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit ſound:
Such where the deep tranſported mind may ſoare
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore
Look in, and ſee each bliſsful Deitie
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Liſtening to what unſhorn *Apollo* ſings
To th'touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire: 39
Then paſſing through the Spherſe of watchful fire,

And miſtie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and loſts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'ns defiance muſtering all his waves;
Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,
Such as the wiſe *Demodocus* once told
In ſolemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feaſt,
While ſad *Uliſſes* ſoul and all the reſt 50
Are held with his melodious harmonie
In willing chains and ſweet captivitie.
But fie my wandring Muſe how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy Predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my Roome.

Then Ens *is repreſented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldeſt ſtood for* Subſtance *with his Canons, which* Ens *thus ſpeaking, explains.*

Good luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth
The Faiery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth; 60
Thy drowſie Nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didſt lie;
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy Bed
Strew all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhould'ſt
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible, [ſtill
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear,

For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wiſely could preſage, 70
And in times long and dark Proſpective Glaſs
Fore-ſaw what future dayes ſhould bring to paſs,
Your Son, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an Accident.
O're all his Brethren he ſhall Reign as King,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling,
And thoſe that cannot live from him aſunder
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he ſhall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he ſhall be below them; 80
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers ſhall depend for Cloathing.
To find a Foe it ſhall not be his hap,
And peace ſhall lull him in her flowry lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his dore
Devouring war ſhall never ceaſe to roare:
Yea it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity *and* Quality, *ſpake in Proſe,*
then Relation *was call'd by his Name.*

RIVERS ariſe; whether thou be the Son, 91
Of utmoſt *Tweed*, or *Ooſe*, or gulphie *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like ſome earth-born Giant ſpreads
His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,
Or ſullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* ſwift, guilty of Maidens death,

Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,
Or Coaly *Tine*, or antient hollowed *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* ſmooth, or Royal Towred *Thame*. 100

The reſt was Proſe.

On the Morning of Chriſt's Nativity.

1.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For ſo the holy Sages once did ſing,
That he our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

2.

That glorious Form, that Light unſufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majeſty, 9
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-Table,
To ſit the midſt of Trinal Unity,
He laid aſide; and here with us to be,
Forſook the Courts of everlaſting Day,
And choſe with us a darkſom Houſe of mortal Clay.

3.

Say Heav'nly Muſe, ſhall not thy ſacred vein
Afford a Preſent to the Infant God?

Haſt thou no verſe, no hymn, or ſolemn ſtrein,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
  Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
And all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons
    bright?

4.

See how from far upon the Eaſtern rode
The Star-led Wiſards haſte with odours ſweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet;
Have thou the honour firſt, thy Lord to greet,
  And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his ſecret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

1.

It was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born childe, 30
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
  With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the Sun her luſty Paramour.

2.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
  To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked ſhame, 40

Pollute with ſinfull blame,
  The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

3.

But he her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace,
  She crown'd with Olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning ſphear
His ready Harbinger,
  With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand, 51
She ſtrikes a univerſal Peace through Sea and Land.

4.

No War, or Battels ſound
Was heard the World around
  The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot ſtood
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
  The Trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng,
And Kings ſate ſtill with awfull eye,
As if they ſurely knew their ſovran Lord was by.

5.

But peacefull was the night 61
Wherein the Prince of light
  His raign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whiſt,
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
  Whiſpering new joyes to the milde Ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave, [wave.
While Birds of Calm ſit brooding on the charmed

6.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in ſtedfaſt gaze, 70
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himſelf beſpake, and bid them go.

7.

And though the ſhady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himſelf with-held his wonted ſpeed,
And hid his head for ſhame, 80
As his inferiour flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more ſhould need;
He ſaw a greater Sun appear [bear.
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could

8.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate ſimply chatting in a ruſtick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly come to live with them below; 90
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſie keep.

9.

When ſuch muſick ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice
Anſwering the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their ſouls in bliſsfull rapture took:
The Air ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe, [cloſe.
With thouſand echo's ſtill prolongs each heav'nly

10.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound 101
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia's* ſeat, the Airy region thrilling,
Nor was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

11.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A Globe of circular light, 110
That with long beams the ſhame-fac't night ar-
The helmed Cherubim [ray'd,
And ſworded Seraphim,
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſplaid,
Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,
With unexpreſſive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

12.

Such Muſick (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,

But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
While the Creator great 120
His Conſtellations ſet,
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep, [keep.
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel

13.

Ring out ye Cryſtall ſphears,
Once bleſs our humane ears,
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Baſe of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony 131
Make up full conſort to th'Angelike ſymphony.

14.

For if ſuch holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And ſpeckl'd vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous ſin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it ſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering day.

15.

Yea Truth, and Juſtice then 141
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will ſit between,
Thron'd in Celeſtial ſheen,

With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſtearing,
And Heav'n as at ſome Feſtivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

16.

But wiſeſt Fate ſayes no,
This muſt not yet be ſo, 150
The Babe lies yet in ſmiling Infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
So both himſelf and us to glorifie:
Yet firſt to thoſe ychain'd in ſleep, [the deep.
The wakeful trump of doom muſt thunder through

17.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang [brake:
While the red fire, and ſmouldring clouds out
The aged Earth agaſt 160
With terrour of that blaſt,
Shall from the ſurface to the center ſhake;
When at the worlds laſt ſeſſion, [throne.
The dreadful Judge in middle Air ſhall ſpread his

18.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfet is,
But now begins; for from this happy Day
Th'old Dragon under ground
In ſtraiter limits bound,
Not half ſo far caſts his uſurped ſway, 170
And wroth to ſee his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the ſcaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

19.

The Oracles are dum,
No voice or hideous humm
  Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his ſhrine
Can no more divine,
  With hollow ſhreik the ſteep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed ſpell, 179
Inſpires the pale-ey'd Prieſt from the prophetic cell.

20.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the reſounding ſhore,
  A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted ſpring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
  The parting Genius is with ſighing ſent,
With flowre-inwov'n treſſes torn [mourn.
The Nimphs in twilight ſhade of tangled thickets

21.

In conſecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth, 190
  The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight
In Urns, and Altars round, [plaint,
A drear and dying ſound
  Affrights the *Flamins* at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill Marble ſeems to ſweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted ſeat.

22.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
Forſake their Temples dim,

With that twice batter'd god of *Paleſtine*,
And mooned *Aſhtaroth*, 200
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,
Now ſits not girt with Tapers holy ſhine,
The Libyc *Hammon* ſhrinks his horn, [mourn.
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz*

23.

And ſullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the griſly King,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue; 210
The brutiſh gods of *Nile* as faſt,
Iſis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* haſt.

24.

Nor is *Oſiris* ſeen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unſhowr'd Graſs with lowings
Nor can he be at reſt [loud:
Within his ſacred cheſt,
Naught but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled Sorcerers bear his worſhipt Ark.

25.

He feels from *Juda's* Land 221
The dredded Infants hand,
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his duſky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beſide,
Longer dare abide,

Not *Typhon* huge ending in ſnaky twine:
Our Babe to ſhew his Godhead true, [crew.
Can in his ſwadling bands controul the damned

26.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale,
Troop to th'infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
And the yellow-ſkirted *Fayes*, [maze.
Fly after the Night-ſteeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd

27.

But ſee the Virgin bleſt,
Hath laid her Babe to reſt. [ing,
Time is our tedious Song ſhould here have end-
Heav'ns youngeſt teemed Star, 240
Hath fixt her poliſht Car, [ing:
Her ſleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attend-
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harneſt Angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

The Paſſion.

1.

ERE-WHILE of Muſick, and Ethereal mirth, [ring,
Wherewith the ſtage of Ayr and Earth did
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,

My muſe with Angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
  In Wintry ſolſtice like the ſhortn'd light
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living
    night.

2.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my Harp to notes of ſaddeſt wo,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeaſe er'e long, 10
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe then ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo.
  Moſt perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human
    wight.

3.

He ſov'ran Prieſt ſtooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Foor fleſhly Tabernacle entered,
His ſtarry front low-rooft beneath the ſkies;
O what a maſk was there, what a diſguiſe! 19
  Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide,
Then lies him meekly down faſt by his Brethrens
    ſide.

4.

Theſe lateſt ſcenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my *Phœbus* bound;
His Godlike acts; and his temptations fierce,
And former ſufferings other where are found;
Loud o're the reſt *Cremona's* Trump doth ſound;
  Me ſofter airs befit, and ſofter ſtrings
Of Lute, or Viol ſtill, more apt for mournful things.

5.

Befriend me night beſt Patroneſs of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickeſt mantle throw, 30
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves ſhould all be black wheron I write,
And letters where my tears have waſht a wanniſh white.

6.

See ſee the Chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My ſpirit ſom tranſporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* ſtood,
Once glorious Towers, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
There doth my ſoul in holy viſion ſit 41
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatick fit.

7.

Mine eye hath found that ſad Sepulchral rock
That was the Caſket of Heav'ns richeſt ſtore,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the ſoftned Quarry would I ſcore
My plaining vers as lively as before;
For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

8.

Or ſhould I thence hurried on viewles wing, 50
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their Echoes milde,

And I (for grief is eaſily beguild)
  Might think th'infection of my ſorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on ſom pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had, when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfiniſht.

On Time.

FLY envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
  Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping hours,
  Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy ſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is falſe and vain,
And meerly mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt entomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd, 10
Then long Eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And Joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love ſhall ever ſhine
About the ſupreme Throne
Of him, t'whoſe happy-making ſight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided ſoul ſhall clime,

Then all this Earthy groſneſs quit, 20
Attir'd with Stars, we ſhall for ever ſit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee
O Time.

Upon the Circumciſion.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erſt with Muſick, and triumphant ſong
Firſt heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So ſweetly ſung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſt'ning night;
Now mourn, and if ſad ſhare with us to bear
Your fiery eſſence can diſtill no tear,
Burn in your ſighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep ſorrow,
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear 10
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us eaſe;
Alas, how ſoon our ſin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to ſeaſe!
O more exceeding love or law more juſt?
Juſt law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediles
Were loſt in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in ſecret bliſs, for us frail duſt
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes; 20
And that great Cov'nant which we ſtill tranſgreſs
Intirely ſatisfi'd,

And the full wrath beſide
Of vengeful Juſtice bore for our exceſs,
And ſeals obedience firſt with wounding ſmart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and ſtrong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a ſolemn Muſick.

BLEST pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Siſters, Voice, [and Vers,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantaſie preſent,
That undiſturbed Song of pure concent,
Ay ſung before the ſaphire-colour'd throne
To him that ſits thereon
With Saintly ſhout, and ſolemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick hoſt in thouſand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Pſalms
Singing everlaſtingly;
That we on Earth with undiſcording voice
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin
Jarr'd againſt natures chime, and with harſh din

Broke the fair muſick that all creatures made 21
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
In perfet Diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celeſtial conſort us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endles morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioneſs of *Wincheſter.*

THIS rich Marble doth enterr
The honour'd Wife of *Wincheſter*,
A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,
Beſides what her vertues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More then ſhe could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight ſave one
She had told, alaſs too ſoon,
After ſo ſhort time of breath,
To houſe with darkneſs, and with death. 10
Yet had the number of her days
Bin as compleat as was her praiſe,
Nature and fate had had no ſtrife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces ſweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quire for her requeſt
The God that ſits at marriage feaſt;

He at their invoking came
But with a ſcarce-wel-lighted flame; 20
And in his Garland as he ſtood,
Ye might diſcern a Cypreſs bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely ſon,
And now with ſecond hope ſhe goes,
And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
But whether by miſchance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
And with remorſles cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30
The haples Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languiſht Mothers Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I ſeen ſome tender ſlip
Sav'd with care from Winters nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck't up by ſom unheedy ſwain,
Who onely thought to crop the flowr
New ſhot up from vernal ſhowr; 40
But the fair bloſſom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And thoſe Pearls of dew ſhe wears,
Prove to be preſaging tears
Which the ſad morn had let fall
On her haſt'ning funerall.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel ſore
Sweet reſt ſeaſe thee evermore, 50

That to give the world encreaſe,
Shortned haſt thy own lives leaſe;
Here, beſides the ſorrowing
That thy noble Houſe doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Weept for thee in *Helicon*,
And ſom Flowers, and ſome Bays,
For thy Hears to ſtrew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy vertuous name; 60
Whilſt thou bright Saint high ſit'ſt in glory.
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdeſs,
Who after yeers of barrenneſs,
The highly favour'd *Joſeph* bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the booſom bright
Of blazing Majeſty and Light, 70
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

Song. On *May* Morning.

NOW the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
Comes dancing from the Eaſt, and leads [with her
The Flowry *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowſlip, and the pale Primroſe.
Hail bounteous *May* that doſt inſpire
Mirth and youth and warm deſire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and Dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early Song,
And welcom thee, and wiſh thee long. 10

On *Shakeſpear*. 1630.

WHAT needs my *Shakeſpear* for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid?*
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thy ſelf a live-long Monument.
For whilſt to th'ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art,
Thy eaſie numbers flow, and that each heart 10
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,

Thoſe Delphick lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of it ſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us Marble with too much conceaving;
And ſo Sepulcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That Kings for ſuch a Tomb would wiſh to die.

On the Univerſity Carrier,
who ſickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to *London*, by reaſon of the Plague.

HERE lies old *Hobſon*, Death hath broke his girt,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or elſe the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten yeers full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.
And ſurely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd; 10
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had tane up his lateſt Inne,
In the kind office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
If any aſk for him, it ſhall be ſed,
Hobſon has ſupt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another on the ſame.

HERE lieth one who did moſt truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his deſtiny never to rot
While he might ſtill jogg on and keep his trot,
Made of ſphear-metal, never to decay
Untill his revolution was at ſtay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainſt old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceaſt, he ended ſtrait, 10
Reſt that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation haſtned on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away he ſickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
Nay, quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I may not carry, ſure I'le ne're be fetch'd,
But vow though the croſs Doctors all ſtood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make ſix bearers. 20
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He di'd for heavineſs that his Cart went light,
His leaſure told him that his time was com,
And lack of load, made his life burdenſom,
That even to his laſt breath (ther be that ſay't)
As he were preſt to death, he cry'd more waight;
But had his doings laſted as they were,

He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he ſpent his date
In cours reciprocal, and had his fate 30
Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Only remains this ſuperſcription.

The Fifth Ode of *Horace*. Lib. I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Roſa, *Rendred almoſt word for word without Rhyme according to the Latin Meaſure, as near as the Language will permit.*

WHAT ſlender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roſes in ſome pleaſant [Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bindſt thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatneſs; O how oft ſhall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire:
Who now enjoyes thee credulous, all Gold,
Who alwayes vacant alwayes amiable 10
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Hapleſs they
To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of Sea.

Geoffrey of *Monmouth.*

Brutus *thus addresses* Diana *in the country of* Leogecia.

GODDESS of Shades, and Huntress, who at will [through the deep,
Walk'st on the rowling Sphear, and
On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell
What Land, what Seat of rest thou bidst me seek,
What certain Seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with Temples vow'd, and Virgin quires.

To whom sleeping before the Altar, Diana *in a Vision that night thus answer'd,*

Brutus far to the West, in th' Ocean wide
Beyond the Realm of *Gaul,* a Land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy People; thether bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
There to thy Sons another *Troy* shall rise,
And *Kings* be born of thee, whose dredded might
Shall aw the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Dante.

AH *Constantine,* of how much ill was cause
Not thy Conversion, but those rich demains
That the first wealthy *Pope* receiv'd of thee.

Dante.

FOUNDED in chaſt and humble Poverty,
'Gainſt them that rais'd thee doſt thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whoore, where haſt thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy Adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?
Another *Conſtantine* comes not in haſt.

Arioſto.

THEN paſt he to a flowry Mountain green,
Which once ſmelt ſweet, now ſtinks as odiouſly;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That *Conſtantine* to good *Sylveſtro* gave.

Horace.

WHOM do we count a good man, whom but he
Who keeps the laws and ſtatutes of the Senate,
Who judges in great ſuits and controverſies,
Whoſe witneſs and opinion wins the cauſe?
But his own houſe, and the whole neighbourhood
Sees his foul inſide through his whited ſkin.

Horace.

THE Power that did create, can change the Scene
Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean:

The brighteſt Glory can eclipſe with Night;
And place the moſt obſcure in dazling Light.

Horace.

ALL barb'rous People, and their Princes too,
All Purple Tyrants honour you;
The very wandring *Scythians* do.
Support the Pillar of the *Roman* State,
Leſt all Men be involv'd in one Mans fate.
Continue us in Wealth and Peace;
Let Wars and Tumults ever ceaſe.

Catullus.

THE worſt of Poets, I my ſelf declare,
By how much you the beſt of Patrons are.

Ovid.

ABSTAIN, as Manhood you eſteem,
From *Salmacis* pernicious Stream:
If but one moment there you ſtay,
Too dear you'l for your Bathing pay.——
Depart nor Man nor Woman, but a Sight
Diſgracing both, a loath'd Hermaphrodite.

Euripides.

THIS is true Liberty, when free-born Men,
Having to adviſe the Public, may ſpeak free,

Which he who can, and will, deſerv's high praiſe;
Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace;
What can be juſter in a State then this?

Virgil.

NO *Eaſtern* Nation ever did adore
The Majeſty of Soveraign Princes more.

Virgil.

AND *Britains* interwove held the Purple Hangings.

Horace.

LAUGHING to teach the truth
What hinders? as ſome teachers give to Boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learne apace.

Horace.

JESTING decides great things
Stronglier, and better oft then earneſt can.

Sophocles.

'TIS you that ſay it, not I; you do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

Seneca.

THERE can be ſlaine
No ſacrifice to God more acceptable
Then an unjuſt and wicked King.

Terence.

IN ſilence now, and with attention wait,
That ye may learn what th'Eunuch has to prate.

Homer.

GLAUCUS, in *Lycia* we're ador'd like Gods:
What makes 'twixt us and others ſo great odds?

Epigram on *Salmaſius's* Hundreda.

WHO taught *Salmaſius*, that *French* chatt'ring Pye,
To aim at *Engliſh*, and HUNDREDA cry?
The ſtarving Raſcal, fluſht with juſt a *Hundred*
Engliſh Jacobuſſes, HUNDREDA blunder'd.
An out-law'd King's laſt ſtock. A hundred more,
Would make him pimp for th'Antichriſtian Whore;
And in *Rome's* praiſe Employ his poyſon'd Breath,
Who threatn'd once to ſtink the Pope to death.

On the new forcers of Conſcience under the Long *Parliament.*

BECAUSE you have thrown of your Prelate Lord, [turgie
And with ſtiff Vowes renounc'd his Li-
To ſeiſe the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whoſe ſin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword
To force our Conſciences that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford?*
Men whoſe Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high eſteem with *Paul*
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Hereticks 11
By ſhallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing wors then thoſe of *Trent*,
That ſo the Parliament
May with their wholſom and preventive Shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bauk your Ears,
And ſuccour our juſt Fears
When they ſhall read this clearly in your charge
New Preſbyter is but *Old Prieſt* writ Large.

Sonnets.

I.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy Spray [are ſtill,
Warbl'ſt at eeve, when all the Woods
Thou with freſh hope the Lovers heart doſt fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of Day,
Firſt heard before the ſhallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend ſucceſs in love; O if *Jove's* will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in ſom Grove ny:
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief; yet hadſt no reaſon why,
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore ſcarco
Qual tuo ſpirto gentil non innamora,

Che dolcemente moſtra ſi di fuora
De ſui atti ſoavi giamai parco,
E i don', che ſon d'amor ſaette ed arco.
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover poſſa duro alpeſtre legno, 10
Guardi ciaſcun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata chi di te ſi truova indegno;
Gratia ſola di ſu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diſio amoroſo al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

QUAL in colle aſpro, al imbrunir di ſera
L'avezza giovinetta paſtorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta ſtrana e bella
Che mal ſi ſpande a diſuſata ſpera
Fuor di ſua natia alma primavera,
Coſi amor meco inſu la lingua ſnella
Deſta il fior novo di ſtrania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzoſamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteſo
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. 10
Amor lo volſe, ed io a l'altrui peſo
Seppi ch' Amor coſa mai volſe indarno.
Deh! foſs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro ſeno
A chi pianta dal ciel ſi buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t' aspettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

DIODATI, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una, 10
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero

Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

V.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco 10
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso indubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,

Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe 10
Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetra ſonora, e delle muſe:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

VII.

HOW ſoon hath time the ſuttle theef of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer!
My haſting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late ſpring no bud or bloſſom ſhew'th.
Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near,
And inward ripenes doth much leſs appear,
That ſom more timely-happy ſpirits indu'th.
Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,
It ſhall be ſtill in ſtricteſt meaſure eev'n, 10
To that ſame lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to uſe it ſo,
As ever in my great taſk Maſters eye.

VIII.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whoſe chançe on theſe defenceleſs dores may ſeaſe,
If deed of honour did thee ever pleaſe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on ſuch gentle acts as theſe,
And he can ſpred thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
Lift not thy ſpear againſt the Muſes Bowre,
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid ſpare 10
The houſe of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of ſad *Electra's* Poet had the power
To ſave th'*Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

LADY that in the prime of earlieſt youth,
Wiſely haſt ſhun'd the broad way and the green,
And with thoſe few art eminently ſeen,
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*,
Choſen thou haſt, and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues fret their ſpleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt and zealouſly attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not ſhame. Therefore be ſure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feaſtfull [friends
Paſſes to bliſs at the mid hour of night,
Haſt gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wiſe and pure.

X.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once Preſident
Of *Englands* Counſel, and her Treaſury,
Who liv'd in both, unſtain'd with gold or fee.
And left them both, more in himſelf content,
Till the ſad breaking of that Parlament
Broke him, as that diſhoneſt victory
At *Chæronea*, fatal to liberty
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the dayes
Wherin your Father flouriſht, yet by you, 10
Madam, me thinks I ſee him living yet;
So well your words his noble vertues praiſe,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to poſſeſs them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

XI.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
And wov'n cloſe, both matter, form and ſtile;
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
Numbring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.
Cries the ſtall-reader, bleſs us! what a word on
A title page is this! and ſome in file
Stand ſpelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs then Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galaſp? [fleek
Thoſe rugged names to our like mouths grow
That would have made *Quintilian* ſtare and gaſp.

Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Aſp;
When thou taught'ſt *Cambridge*, and King *Edward* Greek.

XII. *On the ſame.*

I DID but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
By the known rules of antient libertie,
When ſtrait a barbarous noiſe environs me
Of Owles and Cuckoes, Aſſes, Apes and Doggs.
As when thoſe Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
Raild at *Latona's* twin-born progenie
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by caſting Pearl to Hoggs;
That bawle for freedom in their ſenceleſs mood,
And ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.
Licence they mean when they cry libertie;
For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good;
But from that mark how far they roave we ſee
For all this waſt of wealth, and loſs of blood.

XIII. *To Mr.* H. Lawes, *on his Aires.*

H*ARRY* whoſe tuneful and well meaſur'd Song
Firſt taught our Engliſh Muſick how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With *Midas* Ears, committing ſhort and long;
Thy worth and ſkill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man,

That with ſmooth aire couldſt humor beſt our tongue.
Thou honour'ſt Verſe, and Verſe muſt ſend her wing
To honour thee, the Prieſt of *Phœbus* Quire
That tun'ſt their happieſt lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante ſhall give Fame leave to ſet thee higher
Then his *Caſella*, whom he woo'd to ſing
Met in the milder ſhades of Purgatory.

XIV.

WHEN Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy juſt ſoul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didſt reſign this earthy load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth ſever.
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliſs for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them beſt
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams 10
And azure wings, that up they flew ſo dreſt,
And ſpeak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee reſt
And drink thy fill of pure immortal ſtreams.

XV. To my Lord *Fairfax*.

FAIRFAX, whoſe Name in Arms through *Europe* rings,
And fills all Mouths with Envy or with Praiſe,
And all her Jealous Monarchs with Amaze.
And Rumours loud which daunt remoteſt Kings,
Thy firm unſhaken Valour ever brings
Victory home, while new Rebellions raiſe
Their Hydra-heads, and the falſe *North* diſplays
Her broken League to Imp her Serpent Wings:
O yet! a Nobler taſk awaits thy Hand,
For what can War, but Acts of War ſtill breed,
Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed;
And publick Faith be reſcu'd from the Brand
Of publick Fraud; in vain doth Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine ſhares the Land.

XVI. To *Oliver Cromwell.*

CROMWELL our Chief of Men, that through a Croud,
Not of War only, but diſtractions rude;
Guided by Faith, and Matchleſs Fortitude:
To Peace and Truth, thy Glorious way haſt Plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Haſt rear'd God's Trophies, and his Work purſued,
While *Darwent* Streams with Blood of *Scots* [imbru'd;

And *Dunbarfield* reſound thy Praiſes loud,
And *Worceſter's* Laureat Wreath; yet much remains
To Conquer ſtill; Peace hath her Victories 10
No leſs than thoſe of War; new Foes ariſe
Threatning to bind our Souls in ſecular Chains,
Help us to ſave Free Conſcience from the paw
Of Hireling Wolves, whoſe Goſpel is their Maw.

XVII. To Sir *Henry Vane.*

VANE, Young in years, but in Sage Councels old,
Then whom a better Senator ne're held
The Helm of *Rome*, when Gowns, not Arms, repell'd
The fierce *Epirote*, and the *African* bold,
Whether to ſettle Peace, or to unfold
The Drift of hollow States, hard to be Spell'd;
Then to adviſe how War may beſt be upheld,
Mann'd by her Two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,
In all her Equipage: Beſides, to know
Both Spiritual and Civil, what each means,
What ſerves each, thou haſt learn'd, which few have done.
The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy Right hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee in chief her Eldeſt Son.

XVIII. *On the late Maſſacher in* Piemont.

AVENGE O Lord thy ſlaughter'd Saints, whoſe bones
Lie ſcatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth ſo pure of old
When all our Fathers worſhip't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groanes
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
Slayn by the bloody *Piemonteſe* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow
O're all th'*Italian* fields where ſtill doth ſway
The triple Tyrant: that from theſe may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

XIX.

WHEN I conſider how my light is ſpent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my Soul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leaſt he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly aſk; But patience to prevent

That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who beſt
Bear his milde yoak, they ſerve him beſt, his State
Is Kingly. Thouſands at his bidding ſpeed
And poſt o're Land and Ocean without reſt:
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and waite.

XX.

LAWRENCE of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſt a ſullen day; what may be won
From the hard Seaſon gaining: time will run
On ſmoother, till *Favonius* re-inſpire
The frozen earth; and cloth in freſh attire
The Lillie and Roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.
What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
Of Attick taſt, with Wine, whence we may riſe
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuſkan* Ayre?
He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

XXI.

CYRIACK, whoſe Grandſire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittiſh *Themis*, with no mean applauſe
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr ſo often wrench;

To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;
Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII. To Mr. *Cyriac Skinner*.

Upon his Blindness.

CYRIAC this Three years day, these Eyes though clear
To outward view of blemish or of Spot,
Bereft of Sight, their Seeing have forgot:
Nor to their idle Orbs doth day appear,
Or Sun, or Moon, or Star, throughout the Year;
Or Man, or Woman; yet I argue not
Against Heaven's Hand, or Will, nor bate one jot
Of Heart or Hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The Conscience, Friend, to have lost them over
In Liberties Defence, my noble task; [ply'd
Of which all *Europe* rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through this World's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no other Guide.

XXIII.

METHOUGHT I ſaw my late eſpouſed Saint
Brought to me like *Alceſtis* from the grave,
Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Huſband gave,
Reſcu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom waſht from ſpot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heaven without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied ſight,
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me ſhe enclin'd
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

Pſalms.

PSAL. I. *Done into Verſe*, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the wicked, and ith' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſate. But in the great
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry ſtreams, and in his ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall,
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all. 10
Not ſo the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
Nor ſinners in th'aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th'upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruine muſt.

PSAL. II. *Done* Aug. 8. 1653. *Terzetti.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Na-
tions [earth upſtand
Muſe a vain thing, the Kings of th'
With power, and Princes in their Congrega-
tions
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
Againſt the Lord and his Meſſiah dear.
Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear,
Their twiſted cords: he who in Heaven doth
dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
And fierce ire trouble them; but I ſaith hee
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath ſay'd
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
This day; aſk of me, and the grant is made;
As thy poſſeſſion I on thee beſtow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conqueſt to be ſway'd
Earths utmoſt bounds: them ſhalt thou bring full
low
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them diſperſe
Like to a potters veſſel ſhiver'd ſo. 21
And now be wiſe at length ye Kings averſe
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe

With trembling; kiſs the Son leaſt he appear
In anger and ye periſh in the way
If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere.
Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

PSAL. III. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Abſalom.

LORD how many are my foes
How many thoſe
That in arms againſt me riſe
Many are they
That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my ſhield my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count
Aloud I cry'd 10
Unto Jehovah, he full ſoon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not though incamping round about
They pitch againſt me their Pavillions.
Riſe Lord, ſave me my God for thou
Haſt ſmote ere now 20
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653.

ANSWER me when I call
God of my righteouſneſs
In ſtraights and in diſtreſs
Thou didſt me diſinthrall
And ſet at large; now ſpare,
Now pity me, and hear my earneſt prai'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in ſcorn
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity, 10
To love, to ſeek, to prize
Things falſe and vain and nothing elſe but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath choſe
Choſe to himſelf a part
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chuſe he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.
Be aw'd, and do not ſin,
Speak to your hearts alone, 20
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings juſt
Of righteouſneſs and in Jehovah truſt.
Many there be that ſay
Who yet will ſhew us good?
Talking like this worlds brood;
But Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light
  Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy 31
And gladneſs thou haſt put
Then when a year of glut
Their ſtores doth over-cloy
And from their plenteous grounds
  With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine abounds
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and ſleep
For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe where ere I lie 40
As in a rocky Cell
  Thou Lord alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEHOVAH to my words give ear
  My meditation waigh
  The voyce of my complaining hear
My King and God for unto thee I pray.
  Jehovah thou my early voyce
    Shalt in the morning hear
  Ith'morning I to thee with choyce
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
  For thou art not a God that takes
    In wickedneſs delight 10
  Evil with thee no biding makes
Fools or mad men ſtand not within thy ſight.
  All workers of iniquity
    Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt

Thou wilt deſtroy that ſpeak a ly
The bloodi' and guileful man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy houſe; I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worſhip low 20
Lord lead me in thy righteouſneſs
Lead me becauſe of thoſe
That do obſerve if I tranſgreſs,
Set thy wayes right before, where my ſtep goes.
For in his faltring mouth unſtable
No word is firm or ſooth
Their inſide, troubles miſerable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they ſmooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counſels quell'd; 30
Puſh them in their rebellions all
Still on; for againſt thee they have rebell'd;
Then all who truſt in thee ſhall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'ſt them, they ſhall ever ſing
And ſhall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bleſs the juſt man ſtill,
As with a ſhield thou wilt ſurround
Him with thy laſting favour and good will. 40

PSAL. VI. *Aug.* 13. 1653.

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me
Nor in thy hot diſpleaſure me correct;
Pity me Lord for I am much deject
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
For all my bones, that even with anguiſh ake,
Are troubled, yea my ſoul is troubled ſore
And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, reſtore
My ſoul, O ſave me for thy goodneſs ſake
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praiſe? 10
Wearied I am with ſighing out my dayes,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie
Through grief conſumes, is waxen old and dark
Ith' mid'ſt of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquitie.
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
My ſupplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh't 21
With much confuſion; then grow red with ſhame,
They ſhall return in haſt the way they came
And in a moment ſhall be quite abaſh't.

PSAL. VII. *Aug.* 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chuſh *the* Benjamite *againſt him.*

LORD my God to thee I flie
Save me and ſecure me under
Thy protection while I crie,
Leaſt as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haſt to tear my Soul aſunder
Tearing and no reſcue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedneſs
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace, 10
Or to him have render'd leſs,
And not fre'd my foe for naught;

Let th'enemy purſue my ſoul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and roul
In the duſt my glory dead,
In the duſt and there out ſpread
Lodge it with diſhonour foul.

Riſe Jehovah in thine ire
Rouze thy ſelf amidſt the rage 20
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their furi' aſſwage;
Judgment here thou didſt ingage
And command which I deſire.

So th' aſſemblies of each Nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the worlds foundation. 30

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe
Of evil men the wickedneſs
And their power that do amiſs.

But the juſt eſtabliſh faſt,
Since thou art the juſt God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is caſt
My defence, and in him lies 40
In him who both juſt and wiſe
Saves th' upright of Heart at laſt.

God is a juſt Judge and ſevere,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjuſt will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purpoſely made he
For them that perſecute.) Behold 50
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruine steep. 60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise
And sing the Name and Deitie
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
To stint th'enemy, and slack th'avengers brow
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast [set,
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot
That him thou visit'st and of him art found;
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'ſt him Lord,
  Thou haſt put all under his lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
  All beaſts that in the field or forreſt meet. 20

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fiſh that through the wet
  Sea-paths in ſhoals do ſlide. And know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
  And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Pſalms done into Metre, wherein all but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, tranſlated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

1

THOU Shepherd that doſt Iſrael *keep*
  Give ear *in time of need,*
Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
  Thy loved Joſephs ſeed,
That ſitt'ſt between the Cherubs *bright*
  Between their wings out-ſpread
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
  And on our foes thy dread
2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,
  And in Manaſſe's ſight 10
Awake[1] thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen*
  To ſave us *by thy might.*

[1] Gnorera.

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God *vouchſafe;*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
4 Lord God of Hoſts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy [2]ſmoaking wrath, *and angry brow*
Againſt thy peoples praire. 20
5 Thou feed'ſt them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'ſt them [3]largely drink the tears
Wherwith their cheeks are wet.
6 A ſtrife thou mak'ſt us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themſelves they [4]laugh, they [4]play,
And [4]flouts at us they throw
7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hoſts *vouchſafe* 30
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
8 A Vine from Ægypt thou haſt brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'ſt out Nations *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* Vine.
9 Thou did'ſt prepare for it a place
And root it deep and faſt
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land *at laſt.* 40
10 With her *green* ſhade *that* cover'd *all,*
The Hills were *over-ſpread*

---

[2] Gnaſhanta. [3] Shaliſh. [4] Jilgnagu.

Her Bows as *high as* Cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide*
Down to the Sea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12 Why haſt thou laid her Hedges low
And brok'n down her Fence, 50
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudeſt violence?
13 The *tuſked* Boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
While Beaſts there brouze, and make their food
Her Grapes and tender Shoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And viſit this *thy* Vine. 60
15 Viſit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thy ſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
16 But now it is conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with Axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadfull ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid,* 70
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thy ſelf haſt made.
18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To wayes of ſin and ſhame,

Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee
  Shall call upon thy Name.
Return us, *and thy grace divine*
  Lord God of Hoſts *voutſafe,*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
  And then we ſhall be ſafe. 80

PSAL. LXXXI.

1

TO God our ſtrength ſing loud, *and clear,*
  Sing loud to God *our King,*
  To Jacobs God, *that all may hear*
  Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song
  The Timbrel hither bring
  The *cheerfull* Pſaltry bring along
  And Harp *with* pleaſant *ſtring,*
3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new Moon
  With Trumpets *lofty ſound,* 10
  Th' appointed time, the day wheron
  Our ſolemn Feaſt *comes round.*
4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
  For Iſrael *to obſerve*
  A Law of Jacobs God, *to hold*
  From whence they might not ſwerve.
5 This he a Teſtimony ordain'd
  In Joſeph, *not to change,*
  When as he paſs'd through Ægypt land;
  The Tongue I heard, was ſtrange. 20
6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toyle*
  I ſet his ſhoulder free;

His hands from pots, *and mirie ſoyle*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſaile,
On me then didſt thou call,
And I to free thee *did not faile,*
And led thee out of thrall.
I anſwer'd thee in [1]thunder deep
With clouds encompaſs'd round; 30
I tri'd thee at the water *ſteep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*
8 Hear O my people, *hearк'n well,*
I teſtifie to thee
Thou antient ſtock of Iſrael,
If thou wilt liſt to mee,
9 Through out the land of thy abode
No alien God ſhall be
Nor ſhalt thou to a forein God
In honour bend thy knee. 40
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Ægypt land
Aſk large enough, and I, *beſought,*
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael *whom I lov'd ſo dear*
Miſlik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will
And to their wandring mind; 50
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill
Their own deviſes blind.

---

[1] Be Sether ragnam.

13 O that my people would *be wiſe*
To ſerve me *all their daies,*
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
To walk my *righteous* waies.
14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes
That now ſo proudly riſe,
And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
That are their enemies. 60
15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they, his People, ſhould remain,*
Their time ſhould have no end.
16 And He would feed them *from the ſhock*
With flowr of fineſt wheat,
And ſatisfie them from the rock
With Honey *for their Meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

1

GOD in the [1]great [1]aſſembly ſtands
Of Kings and lordly States,
[2]Among the gods [2]on both his hands
He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye [3]pervert the right
With [3]judgment falſe and wrong
Favouring the wicked *by your might.*
Who thence grow bold and ſtrong
3 [4]Regard the [4]weak and fatherleſs
[4]Diſpatch the [4]poor mans cauſe, 10

---

[1] Bagnadath-el. [2] Bekerev.
[3] Tiſhphetu gnavel. [4] Shiphtu-dal.

And [5]raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs
By [5]juſt and equal Lawes.
4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands
Of wicked men the low eſtate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on,
The Earths foundations all are [6]mov'd
And [6]out of order gon. 20
6 I ſaid that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God moſt high
7 But ye ſhall die like men, and fall
As other Princes *die.*
8 Riſe God, [7]judge thou the earth *in might,*
This *wicked* earth [7]redreſs,
For thou art he who ſhalt by right
The Nations all poſſeſs.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1
BE not thou ſilent *now at length*
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou ſtill O God of *ſtrength*
We cry and do not ceaſe.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* [1]ſwell
And [1]ſtorm outrageouſly,
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full hie.

---

[5] Hatzdiku. [6] Jimmotu. [7] Shiphta. [1] Jehemajun.

3 Againſt thy people they [2]contrive
  [3]Their Plots and Counſels deep, 10
 [4]Them to enſnare they chiefly ſtrive
  [5]Whom thou doſt hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off ſay they,
  Till they no Nation be
 That Iſraels name for ever may
  Be loſt in memory.
5 For they conſult [6]with all their might,
  And all as one in mind
 Themſelves againſt thee they unite
  And in firm union bind. 20
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
  Of *ſcornful* Iſhmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagars blood
  That in the Deſart dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conſpire,*
  And *hateful* Amalec,
 The Philiſtims, and they of Tyre
  Whoſe bounds the Sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Aſhur alſo bands
  And doth confirm the knot, 30
 All theſe have lent their armed hands
  To aid the Sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*
  That waſted all the Coaſt.
 To Siſera, and as *is told*
  Thou didſt to Jabins *hoaſt,*
 When at the brook of Kiſhon *old*
  They were repulſt and ſlain,

---

[2] Jagnarimu. [3] Sod. [4] Jithjagnatſu gnal.
[5] Tſephuneca. [6] Lev jachdau.

10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the plain. 40
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil ſped
So let their Princes ſpeed
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*
So let their Princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidſt their pride* have ſaid
By right now ſhall we ſeize
Gods houſes, and *will now invade*
[7]Their ſtately Palaces.
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel
No quiet let them find, 50
Giddy and *reſtleſs* let *them reel*
Like ſtubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a ſudden ſtraies,
The *greedy* flame runs hier and hier
Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them purſue,
And with thy tempeſt chaſe;
16 [8]And till they [8]yield thee honour due,
Lord fill with ſhame their face. 60
17 Aſham'd and troubl'd let them be,
Troubl'd and ſham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and ſo die
With ſhame, *and ſcape it never.*
18 Then ſhall they know that thou whoſe name
Jehova is alone,
Art the moſt high, *and thou the ſame*
O're all the earth *art one.*

---

[7] Neoth Elohim bears both. [8] They ſeek thy Name, *Heb.*

PSAL. LXXXIV.

1

HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hoaſts, how dear
The *pleaſant* Tabernacles are!
Where thou do'ſt dwell ſo near.
2 My Soul doth long and almoſt die
Thy Courts O Lord to ſee,
My heart and fleſh aloud do crie,
O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a houſe of *reſt,* 10
The Swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* neſt,
Ev'n *by* thy Altars Lord of Hoaſts
They find their ſafe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coaſts
Toward thee, My King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy houſe reſide
Where thee they ever praiſe,
5 Happy, whoſe ſtrength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy waies. 20
6 They paſs through Baca's *thirſtie* Vale,
That dry and barren ground
As through a fruitfull watry Dale
Where Springs and Showrs abound.
7 They journey on from ſtrength to ſtrength
With joy and gladſom cheer
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.

8 Lord God of Hoaſts hear *now* my praier
O Jacobs God give ear, 30
9 Thou God our ſhield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, *and more bleſt*
Then *in the joyes of Vanity,*
A thouſand daies *at beſt.*
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a dore,
Then dwell in Tents, *and rich abode*
With Sin *for evermore.* 40
11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory *bright,*
No good from them ſhall be with-held
Whoſe waies are juſt and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hoaſts *that raign'ſt on high,*
That man is *truly* bleſt,
Who *only* on thee doth relie,
And in thee only reſt.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1

THY Land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not Lord been ſlack,
Thou haſt from *hard* Captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve*
Haſt hid *where none ſhall know.*

3 Thine anger all thou hadſt remov'd,
And *calmly* didſt return 10
From thy [1]fierce wrath which we had prov'd
Far worſe then fire to burn.
4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore,
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us? 20
6 Wilt thou not [2]turn, and *hear our voice*
And us again [2]revive,
That ſo thy people may rejoyce
By thee preſerv'd alive.
7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew
Thy ſaving health to us afford
And life in us renew.
8 *And now* what God the Lord will ſpeak
I will *go ſtrait and* hear, 30
For to his people he ſpeaks peace
And to his Saints *full dear,*
To his dear Saints he will ſpeak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but ſurceaſe*
To treſpaſs as before.
9 Surely to ſuch as do him fear

[1] Heb. The burning heat of thy wrath.
[2] Heb. Turn to quicken us.

Salvation is at hand
And glory ſhall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our Land. 40
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miſs'd*
Now *joyfully* are met
Sweet Peace and Righteouſneſs have kiſs'd
And hand in hand are ſet.
11 Truth from the earth *like to a flowr*
Shall bud and bloſſom *then,*
And Juſtice from her heavenly bowr
Look down *on mortal men.*
12 The Lord will alſo then beſtow
Whatever thing is good 50
Our Land ſhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His Royal Harbinger,
Then [3]will he come, and not be ſlow
His footſteps cannot err.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1

HY *gracious* ear, O Lord, encline,
O hear me *I thee pray,*
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
With need, *and ſad decay.*
2 Preſerve my ſoul, for [1]I have trod
Thy waies, and love the juſt,

---

[3] Heb. He will ſet his ſteps to the way.
[1] Heb. I am good-loving, a doer of good and holy things.

Save thou thy ſervant O my God
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt.
3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee
I call; 4 O make rejoyce
Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my ſoul *and voice,*
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my ſupplication Lord
Give ear, and to the crie
Of my *inceſſant* praiers afford
Thy hearing graciouſly.
7 I in the day of my diſtreſs
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free acceſs*
And anſwer, *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the gods is none
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The Nations all whom thou haſt made
Shall come, *and all ſhall frame*
To bow them low before thee Lord,
And glorifie thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlaſting Seat*
Remaineſt God alone.
11 Teach me O Lord thy way *moſt right,*
I in thy truth will bide,

To fear thy name my heart unite
So ſhall it never ſlide 40
12 Thee will I praiſe O Lord my God
Thee honour, and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for ever more.
13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou haſt free'd my Soul
Ev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.
14 O God the proud againſt me riſe
And violent men are met 50
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.
15 But thou Lord art the God moſt mild
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtil'd*
Moſt mercifull, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy ſervant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy hand-maids Son. 60
17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou Lord
Do'ſt help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1

AMONG the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation faſt,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac't.
2 Sions *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Then all the dwellings *faire*
Of Jacobs *Land, though there be ſtore,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, moſt glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are ſpoke; 10
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our forefathers yoke,
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philiſtia *full of ſcorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmoſt ends,*
Lo this man there was born:
5 But *twiſe that praiſe ſhall in our ear*
Be ſaid of Sion *laſt*
This and this man was born in her,
High God ſhall fix her faſt. 20
6 The Lord ſhall write it in a Scrowle
That ne're ſhall be out-worn
When he the Nations doth enrowle
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who ſing, and they who dance
With ſacred Songs are there,
In thee *freſh brooks, and ſoft ſtreams glance*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1

HORD God that doſt me ſave and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long, before thee *weep*
Before thee *proſtrate lie.*
2 Into thy preſence let my praier
With ſighs devout aſcend
And to my cries, that *ceaſeleſs are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble ſtore
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie, 10
My life *at deaths uncherful dore*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reck'n'd I am with them that paſs
Down to the *diſmal* pit
I am a [1]man, but weak alas
And for that name unfit.
5 From life diſcharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead *to ſleep,*
And like the ſlain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep.* 20
Whom thou remembereſt no more,
Doſt never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
Deaths hideous houſe hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the loweſt pit *profound*
Haſt ſet me *all forlorn,*

---

[1] Heb. A man without manly ſtrength.

Where thickeſt darkneſs *hovers round,*
In horrid deeps *to mourn.*
7 Thy wrath *from which no ſhelter ſaves*
Full ſore doth preſs on me; 30
[2]Thou break'ſt upon me all thy waves,
[2]And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou doſt my friends from me eſtrange,
And mak'ſt me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change,*
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through ſorrow, and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I ſpread. 40
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceaſ'd ariſe
And praiſe thee *from their loathſom bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindneſs tell
On whom the grave *hath hold,*
Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*
Thy faithfulneſs *unfold?*
12 In darkneſs can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known, 50
Thy juſtice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee O Lord do cry
E're yet my life be ſpent,
And *up to thee* my praier *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.

---

[2] The Hebr. bears both.

14 Why wilt thou Lord my ſoul forſake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruis'd, and [3]ſhake
With terror ſent from thee; 60
Bruz'd, and afflicted and *ſo low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Aſtoniſh'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
Thy threatnings cut me through.
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me perſue.
18 Lover and friend thou haſt remov'd
And ſever'd from me far. 70
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkneſs are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Pſalm *were done by the Author at fifteen years old.*

WHEN the bleſt ſeed of *Terah's* faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And paſt from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the ſtrength of the Almighties hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Iſrael* ſhown,
His praiſe and glory was in *Iſrael* known.

---

[3] Heb. Præ Concuſſione.

That ſaw the troubled Sea, and ſhivering fled,
And ſought to hide his froth becurled head
Low in the earth, *Jordans* clear ſtreams recoil,
As a faint Hoſt that hath receiv'd the foil. 10
The high, huge-bellied Mountains ſkip like Rams
Amongſt their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why ſkipt the Mountains?
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chryſtal Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the preſence be agaſt
Of him that ever was, and ay ſhall laſt,
That glaſſy flouds from rugged rocks can cruſh,
And make ſoft rills from fiery flint-ſtones guſh.

PSAL. CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladſom mind
Praiſe the Lord, for he is kind
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever ſure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, *&c.*

O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathfull tyrants quell. 10
For his, *&c.*

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to ſhake.
For his, *&c.*

Who by his wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'ns ſo full of ſtate.
For his, *&c.*

Who did the ſolid Earth ordain
To riſe above the watry plain.
For his, *&c.* 20

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, *&c.*

And caus'd the Golden-treſſed Sun,
All the day long his courſe to run. 30
For his, *&c.*

The horned Moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.
For his, *&c.*

He with his thunder-claſping hand,
Smote the firſt-born of *Egypt* Land.
For his, *&c.* 40

And in deſpight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Iſrael.*
For, *&c.*

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* main.
For, *&c.*

The flouds ſtood ſtill like Walls of Glaſs,
While the Hebrew Bands did paſs. 50
For, *&c.*

But full ſoon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
  For, *&c.*

His choſen people he did bleſs
In the waſtfull Wilderneſs.
  For, *&c.* 60

In bloudy battel he brought down
Kings of proweſs and renown.
  For, *&c.*

He foild bold *Seon* and his hoſt
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coaſt.
  For, *&c.*

And large-limb'd *Og* he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew. 70
  For, *&c.*

And to his Servant *Iſrael,*
He gave their Land therein to dwell.
  For, *&c.*

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our miſery.
  For, *&c.* 80

And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy.
  For, *&c.*

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand ſupplies their need.
  For, *&c.*

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth. 90
For, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Joannis Miltoni Londinenſis Poemata.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum ætatis Vigeſimum conſcripſit.

HÆC quæ ſequuntur de Authore teſtimonia, tametſi ipſe intelligebat non tam de ſe quam ſupra ſe eſſe dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere ſolent laudare, ut omnia ſuis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in ſe voluntatem non eſſe notam; Cum alii præſertim ut id faceret magnopere ſuaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab ſe viribus amolitur, ſibique quod plus æquo eſt non attributum eſſe mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illuſtrium quin ſummo ſibi honori ducat, negare non poteſt.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus, Marchio Villenſis Neapolitanus ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

VT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi pietas ſic,
Non Anglus, *verùm hercle Angelus ipſe fores.*

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeſeos laurea coronandum *Græca* nimirum, *Latina*, atque *Hetruſca*, Epigramma Joannis Salſilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, *cedat depreſſa* Mincius *urna*;
Sebetus Taſſum *definat uſque loqui*;
At Thameſis *victor cunctis ferat altior undas*,
Nam per te, Milto, *par tribus unus erit*.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, *jactet ſibi* Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum *jactat utrique parem*.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Ingleſe.

ODE.

ERGIMI *all' Etra o* Clio
Perche di ſtelle intrecciero corona
Non piu del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, *e in* Elicona,
Dienſi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeſte virtu celeſti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore, 10
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtu m' addatti, e feriro la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia *riſiede*

Separata dal mondo,
Pero che il ſuo valor l' umano eccede:
Queſta feconda ſa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tra noi.

Alla virtu sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto, 20
Quella gli e ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, *e moſtra in tanto*
Con tua vera virtu, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinſe Zeuſi *l' induſtre ardente brama;*
Ch' udio d' Helena *il grido*
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle piu belle Idee traſſe il priu raro. 30

Coſi l' Ape Ingegnoſa
Trae con induſtria il ſuo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla roſa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce ſuon diverſe Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton *dal Ciel natio per varie parti*
Le peregrine piante
Volgeſti a ricercar ſcienze, ed arti; 40
Del Gallo *regnator vedeſti i Regni,*
E dell' Italia *ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.*

Fabro quaſi divino
Sol virtu rintracciando il tuo penſiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il ſentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo ſcegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtu l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tofco *appreſer l' arte,* 50
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Voleſti ricercar per tuo teſoro,
E parlaſti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuſe Giove *in vano,*
Che per varie favelle
Di ſe ſteſſa trofeo cadde ſu'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia *il ſuo piu degno Idioma*
Spagna, Francia, Toſcana, *e* Grecia *e* Roma. 60

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' a Ingegni ſovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ſerra,
Chiaramente conoſci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermiſi immoto, e in un fermin ſi gl' anni,
Che di virtu immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiurioſi a i danni; 70
Che s' opre degne di Poema e ſtoria
Furon gia, l' hai preſenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeſte ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e conceſſo
Per te ſuo cigno pareggiar Permeſſo.

I o che in riva del Arno
Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro 80
So che fatico indarno,

E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. Antonio Francini *gentilhuomo*
Fiorentino.

Joanni Miltoni Londinensi.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO *qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus* Ulysses *omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.*

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque, sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In Intellectu Sapientia: In voluntate ardor gloriæ: In ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos cœlestium Sphærarum sonitus Astronomia Duce audienti; Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra Philosophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assidua autorum Lectione.

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est. Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM

Liber Primus.

Elegia prima ad *Carolum Diodatum.*

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas,
Pertulit occiduâ *Devæ Ceſtrenſis* ab orâ
Vergivium prono quà petit amne ſalum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam *Thameſis* alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere *Camum*,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor. 20
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille *Tomitano* flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc *Jonio* quicquam ceſſiſſet *Homero*

Neve foret victo laus tibi prima *Maro*.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Mufis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feffum finuofi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plaufus garrula fcena fuos.
Seu catus auditur fenior, feu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut pofitâ caffide miles adeft, 30
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,
Sæpe vafer gnato fuccurrit fervus amanti,
Et nafum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid fit amor nefcit, dum quoque nefcit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiofa Tragœdia fceptrum
Quaffat, & effufis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, & fpecto, juvat & fpectaffe dolendo,
Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror ineft: 40
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat *Styga* criminis ultor
Confcia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mæret *Pelopeia* domus, feu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit inceftos aula *Creontis* avos.
Sed neque fub tecto femper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo
Atque fuburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50
Sæpius hic blandas fpirantia fydera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriiffe choros.
Ah quoties dignæ ftupui miracula formæ
Quæ poffit fenium vel reparare *Jovis*;
Ah quoties vidi fuperantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi *Pelopis* quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
  Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor. 60
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
  Purpura, & ipse tui floris, *Adoni*, rubor.
Cedite laudatæ toties *Heroides* olim,
  Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica *Jovem*.
Cedite *Achæmeniæ* turritâ fronte puellæ,
  Et quot Susa colunt, *Memnoniamque Ninon*.
Vos etiam *Danaæ* fasces submittite Nymphæ,
  Et vos *Iliacæ*, *Romuleæque* nurus.
Nec *Pompeianas Tarpëia* Musa columnas
  Jactet, & *Ausoniis* plena theatra stolis. 70
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima *Britannis*,
  Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs *Dardaniis Londinum* structa colonis
  Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
  Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno
  Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
  Per medias radiant turba videnda vias, 80
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
  Alma pharetrigero milite cincta *Venus*,
Huic *Cnidon*, & riguas *Simoentis* flumine valles,
  Huic *Paphon*, & roseam posthabitura *Cypron*.
Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
  Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia *Circes*
  Atria, divini *Molyos* usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas *Cami* remeare paludes,
  Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ. 90
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
  Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia ſecunda, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienſis.

TE, qui conſpicuus baculo fulgente ſolebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque ſæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe *Jovem*,
O dignus tamen *Hæmonio* juveneſcere ſucco,
Dignus in *Æſonios* vivere poſſe dies,
Dignus quem *Stygiis* medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte *Coronides*, ſæpe rogante dea. 10
Tu ſi juſſus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à *Phœbo* nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in *Iliacâ* ſtabat *Cyllenius* aula
Alipes, æthereâ miſſus ab arce Patris.
Talis & *Eurybates* ante ora furentis *Achillei*
Rettulit *Atridæ* juſſa ſevera ducis.
Magna ſepulchrorum regina, ſatelles *Averni*
Sæva nimis Muſis, *Palladi* ſæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem eſt telis iſta petenda tuis. 20
Veſtibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipſa modos querebunda Elegeia triſtes,
Perſonet & totis nænia mœſta ſcholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præſulis Wintonienſis.

MOESTUS eram, & tacitus nullo comitante ſedebam,
Hærebantque animo triſtia plura meo,
Protinus en ſubiit funeſtæ cladis Imago

Fecit in *Angliaco* quam *Libitina*[1] ſolo;
Dum procerum ingreſſa eſt ſplendentes marmore turres
Dira ſepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulſavitque auro gravidos & jaſpide muros,
Nec metuit ſatrapum ſternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratriſque verendi
Intempeſtivis oſſa cremata rogis. 10
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amiſſos *Belgia* tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi digniſſime præſul,
*Wintoniæ*que olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, & triſti ſic ore querebar,
Mors fera *Tartareo* diva ſecunda *Jovi*,
Nonne ſatis quod ſylva tuas perſentiat iras,
Et quod in herboſos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marceſcant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchræ *Cypridi* ſacra roſa, 20
Nec finis ut ſemper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapſus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi ſuccumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia ſylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum *Proteos* antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum ſit conceſſa poteſtas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuiſſe ſagittas,
Semideamque animam ſede fugâſſe ſuâ? 30
Talia dum lacrymans alto ſub pectore volvo,
Roſcidus occiduis *Heſperus* exit aquis,
Et *Tarteſſiaco* ſubmerſerat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab eöo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,

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[1] *Libitina*] The plague that now raged in *London*, and carried off 35,417 perſons. *Whitelock's* Mem. p. 2. *Warton.*

Condiderant oculos noxque ſoporque meos.
Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Et matutino cum juga ſole rubent. 40
Ac veluti cum pandit opes *Thaumantia* proles,
Veſtitu nituit multicolore ſolum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, *Zephyro Chloris* amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior *Heſperio* flavet arena *Tago*.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura ſub innumeris humida nata roſis.
Talis in extremis terræ *Gangetidis* oris
Luciferi regis fingitur eſſe domus. 50
Ipſe racemiferis dum denſas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi ſubito Præſul *Wintonius* aſtat,
Sydereum nitido fulſit in ore jubar;
Veſtis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Inſula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque ſenex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra ſono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cæleſtia pennis,
Pura triumphali perſonat æthra tubâ. 60
Quiſque novum amplexu comitem cantuque ſalutat,
Hoſque aliquis placido miſit ab ore ſonos;
Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulſa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice ſomnos,
Talia contingant ſomnia ſæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris Munere fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
I, pete *Teutonicos* læve per æquor agros,
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego *Sicanio* frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;
Cæruleamque suis comitatam *Dorida* Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus *Colchis* fugit ab ore viri. 10
Aut queis *Triptolemus Scythicas* devenit in oras
Gratus *Eleusinâ* missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi *Germanas* flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad *Hamburgæ* mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul *Christicolas* pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime *Graium*
Cliniadi, pronepos qui *Telamonis* erat.
Quâmque *Stagirites* generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit *Libyco Chaonis* alma *Jovi*.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis *Philyrëius* Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.

Primus ego *Aonios* illo præeunte receſſus
  Luſtrabam, & bifidi ſacra vireta jugi,
*Pierioſ*que hauſi latices, *Clio*que favente,
  Caſtalio ſparſi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at ſignum ter viderat arietis *Æthon*,
  Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Biſque novo terram ſparſiſti *Chlori* ſenilem
  Gramine, biſque tuas abſtulit Auſter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paſcere vultu,
  Aut linguæ dulces aure bibiſſe ſonos.
Vade igitur, curſuque Eurum præverte ſonorum,
  Quàm ſit opus monitis res docet, ipſa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte ſedentem,
  Mulcentem gremio pignora chara ſuo,
Forſitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
  Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei.
Cæleſtive animas ſaturantem rore tenellas,
  Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque ſolet, multam, ſit dicere cura ſalutem,
  Dicere quam decuit, ſi modo adeſſet, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modeſtos,
  Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, ſi teneris vacat inter prælia Muſis
  Mittit ab *Angliaco* littore fida manus.
Accipe ſinceram, quamvis ſit ſera, ſalutem;
  Fiat & hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, ſed vera fuit, quam caſta recepit
  Icaris a lento *Penelopeia* viro.
Aſt ego quid volui manifeſtum tollere crimen,
  Ipſe quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
  Et pudet officium deſeruiſſe ſuum.
Tu modò da veniam faſſo, veniamque roganti,
  Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, ſolent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,

Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe ſariſſiferi crudelia pectora *Thracis*
Supplicis ad mœſtas delicuere preces.
Extenſæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hoſtia parva Deos.
Jamque diu ſcripſiſſe tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere paſſus Amor. 70
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuàmque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam *Saxonicos* arma paraſſe duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur *Enyo*,
Et ſata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.
Germaniſque ſuum conceſſit *Thracia Martem*,
Illuc *Odryſios Mars* pater egit equos.
Perpetuóque comans jam defloreſcit oliva,
Fugit & æriſonam Diva peroſa tubam, 80
Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad ſuperas juſta volaſſe domos.
Te tamen intereà belli circumſonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto ſolus inópſque ſolo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & ſaxis ſævior albis
Spumea quæ pulſat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fætus;
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
Quæ via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?
Digna quidem *Stygiis* quæ vivas clauſa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ *Thesbitidis* olim
Preſſit inaſſueto devia teſqua pede,

Deſertaſque *Arabum* ſalebras, dum regis *Achabi*
  Effugit atque tuas, *Sidoni*[1] dira, manus. 100
Talis & horriſono laceratus membra flagello,
  Paulus ab *Æmathiâ* pellitur urbe *Cilix*.
Piſcoſæque ipſum *Gergeſſæ* civis *Jeſum*
  Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.
At tu ſume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis
  Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
  Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
  Deque tuo cuſpis nulla cruore bibet. 110
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus,
  Ille tibi cuſtos, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille *Sionææ* qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
  Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in *Samaritidas* oras
  Miſit ab antiquis priſca *Damaſcus* agris,
Terruit & denſas pavido cum rege cohortes,
  Aere dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
  Currus arenoſam dum quatit actus humum, 120
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
  Et ſtrepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſeri) ſperare memento,
  Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
  Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

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[1] *Sidoni*] *Jezebel*, the wife of *Ahab*, daughter of *Ethbaal*, king of the *Sidonians*. *Warton*.

Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi *Pyrenen* somnia nocte ferunt. 10
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intùs agit.
Delius ipse venit, video *Penëide* lauro
Implicitos crines, *Delius* ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur *Olympo*,
Nec fugiunt oculos *Tartara* cæca meos. 20
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus.
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc subeat Musa perennis opus. 30

Jam ſol *Æthiopas* fugiens *Tithonia*que arva,
  Flectit ad Arctòas aurea lora plagas.
Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ
  Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque *Lycaonius* plauſtrum cæleſte *Boötes*
  Non longâ ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum *Jovis* atria toto
  Excubias agitant ſydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte receſſit,
  Neve Giganteum Dii timuere ſcelus. 40
Forte aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
  Roſcida cum primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocte puellâ
  Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
  Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
  Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, *Phœbus* ait, thalamos *Aurora* ſeniles,
  Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro? 50
Te manet *Æolides* viridi venator in herba,
  Surge, tuos ignes altus *Hymettus* habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
  Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit inviſam *Tellus* rediviva ſenectam,
  Et cupit amplexus *Phœbe* ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna eſt, quid enim formoſius illâ,
  Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque *Arabum* ſpirat meſſes, & ab ore venuſto
  Mitia cum *Paphiis* fundit amoma roſis. 60
Ecce coronatur ſacro frons ardua luco,
  Cingit ut *Idæam* pinea turris *Opim*;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
  Floribus & viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.
Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos

Tenario placuit diva *Sicana* Deo.
Aſpice *Phœbe* tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, & hinc ticulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quòd ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coëmptus Amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoſo feſſus *Olympo*
In veſpertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem *Phœbe* diurno
Heſperiis recipit *Cærula* mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum *Tethy?* Quid cum *Tarteſſide* lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſalo?
Frigora *Phœbe* meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas. 90
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent *Semelëia* fata,
Nec *Phäetonteo* fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu *Phœbe* tuo ſapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic *Tellus* laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe *Cupido*,
Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triſte micant ferro tela coruſca novo. 100

Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperaſſe *Dianam*,
  Quæque ſedet ſacro *Veſta* pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat *Venus* annua formam,
  Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant *Hymenæe* per urbes,
  Litus io *Hymen*, & cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
  Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
  Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus. 110
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
  Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det *Cytherea* virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
  Et ſua quæ jungat carmina *Phyllis* habet.
Navita nocturno placat ſua ſydera cantu,
  *Delphinaſ*que leves ad vada ſumma vocat.
Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit *Olympo*,
  Convocat & famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam *Satyri* cum ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
  Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120
Sylvanuſque ſuâ *Cypariſſi* fronde revinctus,
  Semicaperque Deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus *Dryades* latuere vetuſtis
  Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque *Mænalius Pan*,
  Vix *Cybele* mater, vix ſibi tuta *Ceres*,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur *Oreada Faunus*,
  Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male tecta videri,
  Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipſa capi. 130
Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere ſylvas,
  Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
  Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miſeris te *Jupiter* aurea terris

Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age *Phœbe* jugales
Quà potes, & ſenſim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat & noſtro ſerior umbra polo. 140

Elegia ſexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cum idibus Decemb. ſcripſiſſet, & ſua carmina excuſari poſtulaſſet ſi ſolito minus eſſent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amiſis exceptus, haud ſatis felicem operam Muſis dare ſe poſſe affirmabat, hunc habuit reſponſum.

MITTO tibi ſanam non pleno ventre ſalutem,
Quâ tu diſtento forte carere potes.
At tua quid noſtram prolectat Muſa camœnam,
Nec ſinit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?
Carmine ſcire velis quám te redamémque colámque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas.
Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipſe pedes.
Quàm bene ſolennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
Feſtaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum, 10
Deliciaſque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Hauſtaque per lepidos *Gallica* muſta focos.
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibuſque poëſin?
Carmen amat *Bacchum*, Carmina *Bacchus* amat.
Nec puduit *Phœbum* virides geſtaſſe corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus *Euæ*
Miſta *Thyonêo* turba novena choro.
Naſo *Corallæis* mala carmina miſit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ non ſata vitis erat. 20

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque *Lyæum*
  Cantavit brevibus *Teïa* Musa modis,
Pindaricosque inflat numeros *Teumesius Evan*,
  Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum,
Dum gravis eversо currus crepat axe supinus,
  Et volat *Eléo* pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens *Lyricen Romanus Iaccho*
  Dulce canit *Glyceran*, flavicomamque *Chloen*.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
  Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
  Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima *Phœbum*
  Corda; favent uni *Bacchus*, *Apollo*, *Ceres*.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
  Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque *Thressa* tibi cælato barbitos auro
  Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
  Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
  Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
  Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere *Phœbum*,
  Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
  Irruet in totos lapsa *Thalia* sinus.
Namque Elegía levis multorum cura deorum est,
  Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos; 50
Liber adest elegis, *Erato*que, *Ceres*que, *Venus*que,
  Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus *Amor*.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
  Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto sub *Jove* cœlum,

Heroaſque pios, ſemideoſque duces,
Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperum conſulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè *Samii* pro more magiſtri
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic ſceleriſque vacans, & caſta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & ſine labe manus.
Qualis veſte nitens ſacrâ, & luſtralibus undis
Surgis ad infenſos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixiſſe ferunt poſt rapta ſagacem
Lumina *Tireſian*, *Ogygium*que *Linon*,
Et lare devoto profugum *Calchanta*, ſenemque
Orpheon edomitis ſola per antra feris; 70
Sic dapis exiguus, ſic rivi potor *Homerus*
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per Monſtrificam *Perſeiæ*[1] *Phœbados* aulam,
Et vada fœmineis inſidioſa ſonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi ſanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuiſſe greges.
Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divûmque ſacerdos,
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora *Jovem*.
At tu ſi quid agam, ſcitabere (ſi modò ſaltem
Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam) 80
Paciferum canimus cæleſti ſemine regem,
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere tecto
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit.
Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
Et ſubitò eliſos ad ſua fana Deos.

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[1] *Perſeiæ*] *Circe* was the daughter of the ſun, and as ſome ſay, of *Hecate*. *Ov.* Met. vii. 74. Rem. Amor. 263. *Warton.*

Dona quidem dedimus *Christi* natalibus illa
  Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
  Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris. 90

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges *Amathusia* nôram,
  Et *Paphio* vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
  Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, *Amor*.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
  Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
  Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ:
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
  Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros. 10
Non tulit hoc *Cyprius*, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
  Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ
  Attulerat primam lux tibi *Maie* diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
  Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat *Amor* lecto, pictis *Amor* impiger alis,
  Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
  Et quicquid puero, dignum & *Amore* fuit. 20
Talis in æterno juvenis *Sigeius Olympo*
  Miscet amatori pocula plena *Jovi*;
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
  Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus *Hylas*;
Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,
  Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,

Nunc mea quid poſſit dextera teſtis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere noſtras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30
Ipſe ego ſi neſcis ſtrato *Pythone* ſuperbum
Edomui *Phœbum*, ceſſit & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit *Peneidos*, ipſe fatetur
Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere *Parthus* eques.
*Cydoniuſ*que mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.
Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus *Orion*,
*Herculeæ*que manus, *Herculeuſ*que comes. 40
Jupiter ipſe licet ſua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri ſpicula noſtra *Jovis*.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te ſtulte tuæ poterunt defendere Muſæ,
Nec tibi *Phœbæus* porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone ſagittam,
Evolat in tepidos *Cypridos* ille ſinus.
At mihi riſuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat, 50
Et modò quà noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe *Quirites*
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, faciéque ſimillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruſcat,
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque *Phœbus* habet.
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus,
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia miſi
Neve oculos potui continuiſſe meos. 60
Unam forte aliis ſupereminuiſſe notabam,
Principium noſtri lux erat illa mali.

Sic *Venus* optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
  Sic regina Deûm conſpicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille *Cupido*,
  Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipſe vafer latuit, multæque ſagittæ,
  Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæſit, nunc virginis ori,
  Inſilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis: 70
Et quaſcunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
  Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus inſoliti ſubierunt corda furores,
  Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea miſero quæ jam mihi ſola placebat,
  Ablata eſt oculis non reditura meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
  Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, ſequitur pars altera votum,
  Raptaque tàm ſubitò gaudia flere juvat. 80
Sic dolet amiſſum proles *Junonia* cœlum,
  Inter *Lemniacos* præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum ſolem reſpexit, ad *Orcum*
  Vectus ab attonitis *Amphiaraus* equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
  Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve ſequi.
O utinam ſpectare ſemel mihi detur amatos
  Vultus, & coràm triſtia verba loqui!
Forſitan & duro non eſt adamante creata,
  Forte nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces. 90
Crede mihi nullus ſic infeliciter arſit,
  Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum ſis Deus ales amoris,
  Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,
  Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt noſtris altaria donis,

Solus & in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
Neſcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans: 100
Tu modo da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,
Cuſpis amaturos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino
Nequitiæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,
Indociliſque ætas prava magiſtra fuit.
Donec *Socraticos* umbroſa *Academia* rivos
Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.
Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe *Sagittis*,
Et *Diomedéam* vim timet ipſe *Venus*. 10

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM ſimul in regem nuper ſatrapaſque *Britannos*
Auſus es infandum perfide *Fauxe* nefas,
Fallor? an & mitis voluiſti ex parte videri,
Et penſare malâ cum pietate ſcelus;
Scilicet hos alti miſſurus ad atria cæli,
Sulphureo curru flammivoliſque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile *Parcis*
Liquit *Jordanios* turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SICCINE tentaſti cælo donâſſe *Jâcobum*
Quæ ſeptemgemino *Belua* monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis inſidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ſerus adivit
Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos *Roma* profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cæli vix bene ſcandet iter. 10

In eandem.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit *Iacobus* ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum *Latiale* coronâ
Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra *Britanne*,
Supplicium spretâ relligione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter.
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis! 10
Nam prope *Tartareo* sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

QUEM modò *Roma* suis devoverat impia diris,
Et *Styge* damnarât *Tænarioque* sinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem Bombardæ.

JAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen surtipuisse *Jovi*.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? *Leonora* tibi si gloria major,

Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua ſecretò guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
Senſim immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quòd ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet. 10

Ad eandem.

ALTERA *Torquatum* cepit *Leonora* Poëtam,
Cujus ab inſano ceſſit amore furens.
Ah miſer ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, & propter te *Leonora* foret!
Et te *Pieriâ* ſenſiſſet voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis *Dircæo* torſiſſet lumina *Pentheo*
Sævior, aut totus deſipuiſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine ſenſus
Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tuâ; 10
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

Ad eandem.

CREDULA quid liquidam *Sirena Neapoli* jactas,
Claraque *Parthenopes* fana *Achelöiados*,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora *Chalcidico* ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ *Tibridis* undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura *Pauſilipi*.
Illic *Romulidûm* ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

In Salmaſii Hundredam.

QUIS expedivit *Salmaſio* ſuam *Hundredam*,
Picamque docuit verba noſtra conari?
Magiſter artis venter, et *Jacobei*
Centum exulantis viſcera marſupii regis.
Quod ſi doloſi ſpes refulſerit nummi,
Ipſe, Antichriſti modo qui primatum Papæ
Minatus uno eſt diſſipare ſufflatu,
Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium melos.

In Salmaſium.

GAUDETE ſcombri, et quicquid eſt piſcium ſalo,
Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta!
Veſtrum miſertus ille *Salmaſius* Eques
Bonus, amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus, apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos, præferentes *Claudii*
Inſignia, nomenque et decus, *Salmaſii*:
Geſtetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, ſcriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capſulis, gratiſſimos. 10

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, *Pontia*, *Mori*,
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

Apologus de Ruſtico & Hero.

RUSTICUS ex *Malo* ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hic incredibili fructûs dulcedine Captus
Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.

Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
  Mota ſolo aſſueto, protinùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
  Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, Heu quantò ſatius fuit illa *Coloni*
  (Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo! 10
Poſſem Ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem:
  Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipſa parens.

Ad Chriſtinam Suecorum Reginam, nomine Cromwelli.

BELLIPOTENS virgo, ſeptem regina trionum,
  Chriſtina, *Arctoi* lucida ſtella poli!
Cernis, quas merui dura ſub caſſide rugas,
  Utque ſenex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,
  Exequor et populi fortia juſſa manu.
Aſt tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbra:
  Nec ſunt hi vultus regibus uſque truces.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellarii medici.

PARERE fati diſcite legibus,
Manuſque *Parcæ* jam date ſupplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos ſi relicto mors vaga *Tænaro*
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incaſſùm dolique;
Per tenebras *Stygis* ire certum eſt.
Si deſtinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus *Hercules* 10
Neſſi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuiſſet *Oetâ*.
Nec fraude turpi *Palladis* invidæ
Vidiſſet occiſum Illion *Hectora*, aut
Quem larva *Pelidis* peremit
Enſe *Locro*, *Jove* lacrymante.
Si triſte fatum verba *Hecatëia*
Fugare poſſint, *Telegoni* parens
Vixiſſet infamis, potentique
Ægiali ſoror uſa virgâ. 20
Numenque trinum fallere ſi queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,

Non gnarus herbarum *Machaon*
Eurypyli cecidiſſet haſtâ.
Læſiſſet & nec te *Philyreie*
Sagitta echidnæ perlita ſanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæſe puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major *Apolline*,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, 30
Frondoſa quem nunc *Cirrha* luget,
Et mediis *Helicon* in undis,
Jam præfuiſſes *Palladio* gregi
Lætus, ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloria,
Nec puppe luſtraſſes *Charontis*
Horribiles barathri receſſus.
At fila rupit *Perſephone* tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis. 40
Colende præſes, membra precor tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, & ex tuo
Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium *Æaci*,
Subrideatque *Ætnæa Proſerpina*,
Interque felices perennis
Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens *Iäcobus* ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra *Caledoniis* conjunxerat *Anglica Scotis*:
Pacificuſque novo felix diveſque ſedebat
In ſolio, occultique doli ſecurus & hoſtis:

Cum ferus ignifluo regnans *Acheronte* tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul *Olympo*,
Forte per immenſum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans ſceleris ſocios, vernaſque fideles, 10
Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros;
Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viſcera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoſcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
Tentat inacceſſum ſceleri corrumpere pectus,
Inſidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ſeu *Caſpia Tigris* 20
Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam
Nocte ſub illuni, & ſomno nictantibus aſtris.
Talibus infeſtat populos *Summanus*[1] & urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam *Neptunia* proles
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia ſæcula *Troiæ*. 30
At ſimul hanc opibuſque & feſtâ pace beatam
Aſpicit, & pingues donis *Cerealibus* agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia ſulphur.
Qualia *Trinacriâ* trux ab *Jove* clauſus in *Ætna*
Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore *Tiphæus*.
Igneſcunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuſpide cuſpis.

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[1] *Summanus*] i. e. *Pluto*. *Ov.* Faſt. vi. 731. *Warton.*

Atque pererrato ſolum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi ſola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, noſtrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt.
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat alpes,
Et tenet *Auſoniæ* fines, à parte ſiniſtrâ
Nimbifer *Appenninus* erat, priſcique *Sabini*, 50
Dextra veneficiis infamis *Hetruria*, nec non
Te furtiva *Tibris Thetidi* videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc *Mavortigenæ* conſiſtit in arce *Quirini*.
Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte *Petro*) fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat *Bromius*, *Bromii*que caterva,
Orgia cantantes in *Echionio Aracyntho*,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis *Aſopus* in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe *Cithæron*.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus *Erebi* taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiteſque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello, 70
Captum oculis *Typhlonta*, *Melanchætem*que ferocem,
Atque *Acherontæo* prognatam patre *Siopen*
Torpidam, & hirſutis horrentem *Phrica* capillis.
Interea regum domitor, *Phlegetontius* hæres,

Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)
At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, & ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrinxit fune ſalaces.
Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis uti fama eſt, vaſtâ *Franciſcus* eremo
Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, *Lybicoſ*que leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu 90
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura *Britanni:*
Surge, age, ſurge piger, *Latius* quem *Cæſar* adorat,
Cui referata patet convexi janua cæli,
Turgentes animos, & faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit, 100
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor *Heſperiæ* disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque *Iberorum* lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probroſæ,
Thermodoontéa nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,
Signaque *Aventino* ponet fulgentia colle:

Relliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit, 110
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleîs dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto *Marte* laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet *Anglia* fidos
Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquámne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ.
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſúmque ſtupentes
Invadat vel *Gallus* atrox, vel ſævus *Iberus*.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem *Mariana* redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis *Anglos*.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis. 130
Dixit & adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea *Eoas* pandens *Tithonia* portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mæſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ
Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata revolvens.
Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti, 140
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;

Hic Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes,
Exululant, tellus & ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat. 150
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque ſequente per antrum
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt ſontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
Hos pugiles *Romæ* per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes *Babylonius*, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu, 160
Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.
Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quà diſtat ab Aſide terra 170
Fertilis *Europe*, & ſpectat *Mareotidas* undas;
Hic turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ[1]
Ærea, lata, ſonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris
Quàm ſuperimpoſitum vel *Athos* vel *Pelion Oſſæ*
Mille fores adituſque patent, totidemque feneſtræ,
Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros;

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[1] *Titanidos Famæ*] *Fame* is the ſiſter of two of the *Titans*. *Æn.* iv. 179. *Warton.*

Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata ſuſurros;
Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen 180
Ipſa quidem ſummâ ſedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli. 190
Milleniſque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veráque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis ſermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memoraſſe pigebit
Carmine tam longo, ſervati ſcilicet *Angli*
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terrâque tremente: 200
Fama ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque *Britannos*,
Et nova ſceptrigero cædes meditata *Iäcobo:*
Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et ſatis antè fugax ſtridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat *Temeſæo* ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit: 210
Et primò *Angliacas* ſolito de more per urbes

Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effætique ſenes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubitò penetraverat omnem
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto 220
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque *Novembris*
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præſulis Elienſis.

ADHUC madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
Et ſicca nondum lumina;
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mæſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
Wintonienſis præſulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
Cladiſque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis *Britanniæ*,
Populoſque *Neptuno* ſatos, 10
Ceſſiſſe morti, & ferreis ſororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti in inſulâ

Quæ nomen *Anguillæ*[1] tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota *Naſo* in *Ibida*
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
*Graiuſ*que[2] vates parciùs
Turpem *Lycambis* execratus eſt dolum,
Sponſamque *Neobolen* ſuam.
At ecce diras ipſe dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audiſſe tales videor attonitus ſonos
Leni, ſub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita.
Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
Mors atra *Noctis* filia,
Erebóve patre creta, ſive *Erinnye*,
Vaſtóve nata ſub *Chao:*
Aſt illa cælo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
Meſſes ubique colligit;
Animaſque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
*Themidos Joviſ*que filiæ;
Et ſempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At juſta raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoſa *Tartari*,

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[1] *Anguillæ*] '*Ely*,' ſo called from its abundance of eels. *Warton.*

[2] *Graius*] *Archilochus. Warton.*

Sedeſque ſubterraneas
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
Auriga currus ignei,
Non me *Boötis* terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidoloſi *Scorpionis* brachia,
Non enſis *Orion* tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolis globum,
Longéque ſub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercebat ſuos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum ſyderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt *Olympi*, & regiam Chryſtallinam, &
Stratum ſmaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci, mihi
Sat eſt in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati ſenium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit
Avia mens hominum, tenebriſq; immerſa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & inciſas leges adamante perenni
Aſſimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſæclo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergóne marceſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo? 10
Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque
Sidera vexabunt? an & inſatiabile Tempus
Eſuriet Cælum, rapietque in viſcera patrem?
Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens *Jupiter* arces
Hoc contra munîſſe nefas, & temporis iſto
Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu 20
Stridat uterque polus, ſuperâque ut *Olympius* aulâ
Decidat, horribiliſque retectâ Gorgone *Pallas*.
Qualis in *Ægæam* proles *Junonia Lemnon*
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cæli.
Tu quoque *Phœbe* tui caſus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, ſubitáque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade *Nereus*,
Et dabit attonito feralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulſis ſedibus *Hæmi*
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro 30
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta *Ceraunia* Ditem
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius aſtris
Conſuluit rerum ſummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum juſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambitos ſociâ vertigine cælos.
Tardior haud ſolito *Saturnus*, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat criſtatâ caſſide *Mavors*. 40
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras

Devexo temone Deus; ſed ſemper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per ſigna rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formoſus ab *Indis*
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit *Olympo*
Mane vocans, & ferus agens in paſcua cœli,
Temporis & gemino diſpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno *Delia* cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50
Nec variant elementa fidem, ſolitóque fragore
Lurida perculſas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure *Corus*,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore *Gelonos*
Trux Aquilo, ſpiratque hyemem, nimboſque volutat.
Utque ſolet, *Siculi* diverberat ima *Pelori*
Rex maris, & raucâ circumſtrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani *Tubicen*, nec vaſtâ mole minorem
Ægæona ferunt dorſo *Balearica* cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi ſæcli vigor ille vetuſti 60
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum *Narciſſus* odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuuſque & *Cypri* tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vaſti culmina cæli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Ariſtoteles intellexit.

DICITE ſacrorum præſides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenſo procul

Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges *Jovis*,
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei? 10
Haud ille *Palladis* gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti *Jovis*;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad *Lethes* aquas: 20
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore syderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones[1] nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit *Assyrius*, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos *Nini*, 30
Priscumque *Belon*, inclytumque *Osiridem*.
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus *Hermes* (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit *Isidis* cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus

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[1] *Plëiones*] *Mercury*. *Ov. Heroid.* xv. 62. *Metam.* ii. 743. *Fast.* v. 83. 663. *Warton.*

(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxit ſcholis)
Jam jam pöetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea *Pierios* cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ poſſunt munera donis
Reſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint
Reſpondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis 10
Eſſe queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus iſtâ,
Quæ mihi ſunt nullæ, niſi quas dedit aurea *Clio*
Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,
Et nemoris laureta ſacri *Parnaſſides* umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & ſemina cæli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta *Promethéæ* retinens veſtigia flammæ. 20
Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundaque *Tartara* carmen
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phæbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſolennes pangit ad aras
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;

Seu cùm fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, & tepidis *Parcam* ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus *Olympum*, 30
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſydereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeſcit ſibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit *Orion*;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus *Mauruſius* Atlas. 40
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtæque immenſa vorago
Nota gulæ, & modico ſpumabat cœna *Lyæo*.
Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculeâ intonſos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,
Et chaos, & poſiti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum *Ætneo* quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit, 50
Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silveſtres decet iſte choros, non *Orphea* cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, *Arionii* meritò ſis nominis hæres. 60
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poëtam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine juncti

Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur:
Ipſe volens *Phœbus* ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi: 70
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum *Aoniæ* jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
Cùm mihi *Romuleæ* patuit facundia linguæ,
Et *Latii* veneres, & quæ *Jovis* ora decebant 80
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula *Graiis*,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat *Gallia* flores,
Et quam degeneri novus *Italus* ore loquelam
Fundit, *Barbaricos* teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque *Palæſtinus* loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotâque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube, 90
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libâſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, *Perüana*que regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuiſſent,

Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
In me triſte nihil fædiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu. 110
At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenſere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub *Orco*,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo. 120

Pſalm CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παιδὲς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβυ
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰοῦδα·
Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε, κ᾽ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐῤῥώησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὀδ' ἄρ' ἐςυφελίχθη
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,

Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι, 10
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐςυφελίχθης
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ', ὄρεα, σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότεραι τὶ δ' ἄρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο, γαῖα, τρέϋσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,
Γαῖα, θεὸν τρείϋσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο, 20
Ὅς τε κὴ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

Philoſophus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum & inſontem inter reos forte captum inſcius damnaverat τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, hæc ſubito miſit.

Ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕςερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
Τοιόνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μεν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων·
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
Γελᾶτε φαύλϋ δυσμίμημα ζωγράφϋ.

Ad Salſillum poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA greſſum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava *Dëiope* ſuras
Alternat aureum ante *Junonis* lectum,
Adeſdum & hæc s'is verba pauca *Salſillo*
Refer, camœna noſtra cui tantum eſt cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille *Londini Milto*,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum 10
Polique tractum, (peſſimus ubi ventorum,
Inſanientis impotenſque pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub *Jove* exercet flabra)
Venit feraces *Itali* ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa *Salſille*,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitùs ſanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnoſùm ſpirat. 20
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu *Romano*
Tam cultus ore *Lesbium* condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O ſalus *Hebes*
Germana! Tuque *Phœbe* morborum terror
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis *Pæan*
Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta *Fauni*, voſque rore vinoſo
Colles benigni, mitis *Evandri* ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,

Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30
Sic ille charis redditus rurſùm Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipſe inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis ſemper *Ægeriam* ſpectans.
Tumiduſque & ipſe *Tibris* hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges
Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum, 40
Aduſque curvi falſa regna *Portumni*.

Manſus.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis vir ingenii laude, tum literarum ſtudio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſalemme conquiſtata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo——

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſumma benevolentia proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆC quoque *Manſe* tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi *Manſe* choro notiſſime *Phœbi*,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,
Poſt *Galli* cineres, & *Mecænatis Hetruſci*.
Tu quoque ſi noſtræ tantùm valet aura *Camœnæ*,
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia *Taſſo*
Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.

Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum, 10
Dum canit *Aſſyrios* divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis & *Auſonias* ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere *Orco*,
Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & variâ ſub ſorte peractam 20
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona *Minervæ*;
Æmulus illius *Mycalen* qui natus ad altam
Rettulit *Æolii* vitam facundus *Homeri*.
Ergo ego te *Cliûs* & magni nomine *Phœbi*
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum
Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabere muſam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens *Italas* auſa eſt volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos 30
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,
Quà *Thameſis* late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit *Tityrus* oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile *Phœbo*,
Quà plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte *Boöten*.
Nos etiam colimus *Phœbum*, nos munera *Phœbo*
Flaventes ſpicas, & lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas) 40
Miſimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua ſacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)

Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ *Graiæ* de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant *Corinëida Loxo*,
Fatidicamque *Upin*, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
Nuda *Caledonio* variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama *Marini*,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura *Pheretiadæ* cœlo fugitivus *Apollo*;
Ille licet magnum *Alciden* susceperat hospes;
Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit *Chironis* in antrum, 60
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,
Saxa stetere loco, nutat *Trachinia* rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te *Jupiter* æquus oportet 70
Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine *Phœbus*,
*Atlantis*que nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, & *Æsonios* lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum

Phœbæos decorâſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80
Arturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo ſpiritus ad ſit)
Frangam *Saxonicas Britonum* ſub *Marte* phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aſtaret ocellis,
Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam ſim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ. 90
Forſitan & noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut *Paphiâ* myrti aut *Parnaſſide* lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecurâ pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
Ipſe ego cælicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata ſinunt) & totâ mente ſerenùm
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus *Olympo*. 100

Epitaphium Damonis.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & *Damon* ejusdem viciniæ Pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. *Thyrsis* animi causa profectus peregrè de obitu *Damonis* nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. *Damonis* autem sub persona hic intelligitur *Carolus Deodatus* ex urbe *Hetruriæ Luca* Paterno genere oriundus, cætera *Anglus*; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos & *Daphnin* & [*Hylan*,
Et plorata diu meministis fata *Bionis*)
Dicite *Sicelicum Thamesina* per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura *Thyrsis*,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur *Damona*, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10
Ex quo summa dies tulerat *Damona* sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat *Thyrsis*; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ *Thusca* retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ sedítque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere *Damon*; 20
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?

At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Iſta velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè niſi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longúmque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo 30
Solvere poſt *Daphnin*, poſt *Daphnin* dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura *Pales*, dum *Faunus* amabit:
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piúmque,
Palladiáſque artes, ſociúmque habuiſſe canorum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia *Damon*;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu ſæpe ſolebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido ſub ſole, ſiti morientibus herbis? 40
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
Aut avidos terrere lupos præſepibus altis;
Quis fando ſopire diem, cantuque ſolebit?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm ſibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus ſtrepitat focus, at malus auſter
Miſcet cuncta foris, & deſuper intonat ulmo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 50
Aut æſtate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum *Pan* æſculeâ ſomnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt ſub aquis ſibi nota ſedilia nymphæ.
Paſtoreſque latent, ſtertit ſub ſepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiáſque tuas, quis tum mihi riſus,
*Cecropio*ſque ſales referet, cultoſque lepores?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat agni.

At jam ſolus agros, jam paſcua ſolus oberro,
Sicubi ramoſæ denſantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic ſerum expecto, ſupra caput imber & *Eurus* 60
Triſte ſonant, fractæque agitata crepuſcula ſilvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipſa ſitu ſeges alta fatiſcit!
Innuba neglecto marceſcit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque ſuum convertunt ora magiſtrum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, *Alpheſibœus* ad ornos,
Ad ſalices *Aegon*, ad flumina pulcher *Amyntas*, 70
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina muſco,
Hîc *Zephiri*, hîc placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas;
Iſta canunt ſurdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas, & ſydera *Mopſus*)
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improbabilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè faſcinat aſtrum,
Saturni grave ſæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo. 80
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te *Thyrſi* futurum eſt?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri,
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, & ſemper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit *Hyas*, *Dryopé*que, & filia *Baucidis Aegle*
Docta modos, citharæque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
Venit *Idumanii*[1] *Chloris* vicina fluenti; 90

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[1] *Idumanii*] The river *Chelmer* in *Eſſex*. *Warton*.

Nil me blanditiæ, nil me ſolantia verba,
Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum
De grege, ſic denſi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirſuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deſerto in littore *Proteus*
Agmina Phocarum numerat, viliſque volucrum
Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, ſerò ſua tecta reviſens,
Quem ſi fors letho objecit, ſeu milvus adunco
Fata tulit roſtro, ſeu ſtravit arundine foſſor,
Protinus ille alium ſocio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore diſcors,
Vix ſibi quiſque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut ſi ſors dederit tandem non aſpera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non ſperaveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in ſæcula damnum.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ite per aëreas rupes, *Alpem*que nivoſam!
Ecquid erat tanti *Romam* vidiſſe ſepultam?
Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viſeret olim,
Tityrus ipſe ſuas & oves & rura reliquit;
Ut te tam dulci poſſem caruiſſe ſodale,
Poſſem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot ſylvas, tot ſaxa tibi, fluvioſque ſonantes.
Ah certè extremùm licuiſſet tangere dextram,
Et bene compoſitos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixiſſe vale, noſtri memor ibis ad aſtra.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam veſtri nunquam meminiſſe pigebit

Paſtores *Thuſci*, Muſis operata juventus,
Hic *Charis*, atque *Lepos*; & *Thuſcus* tu quoque *Damon*.
Antiquâ genus unde petis *Lucumonis* ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad *Arni*
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba, 130
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,
Et potui *Lycidæ* certantem audire *Menalcam*.
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec puto multùm
Diſplicui, nam ſunt & apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ; calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & noſtra ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et *Datis*, & *Francinus*, erant & vocibus ambo
Et ſtudiis noti, *Lydorum* ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna, 140
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia *Damon*,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus;
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præſentia finxi;
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas *Colni*, aut ubi jugera *Caſſibelauni*?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos, 150
Helleborúmque, humiléſque crocos, foliúmque hyacinthi,
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm,
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecere magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecimâ jam lux eſt altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos, dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite ſilvæ. 160

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego *Dardanias Rutupina* per æquora puppes
Dicam, & *Pandrasidos* regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
*Brennùm*que *Arviragúm*que duces, priscùmque *Belinum*,
Et tandem *Armoricos Britonum* sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam *Arturo* fatali fraude *Jogernen*
Mendaces vultus, assumptáque *Gorlöis* arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis 170
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitúsque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat *Usa*, & potor *Alauni*,
Vorticibúsque frequens *Abra*, & nemus omne *Treantæ*,
Et *Thamesis* meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me discant *Orcades* undis.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180
Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula *Mansus*,
Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circùm gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
Littora longa *Arabum*, & sudantes balsama silvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus *Olympus*; 190
Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúsque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes

Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica *Damon*,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctáque ſimplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus? 200
Nec te *Lethæo* fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera *Damon*,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divóſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore Sacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris *Damon*, ſive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylviſque vocabere *Damon*.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Letáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Eternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrſo.

Jan. 23, 1646.

Ad Joannem Rouſium Oxonienſis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amiſſo, quem ille ſibi denuo mitti poſtulabat, ut cum aliis noſtris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEMELLE cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operoſâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetæ;
Dum vagus *Auſonias* nunc per umbras
Nunc *Britannica* per vireta luſit
Inſons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulſit patrio, mox itidem pectine *Daunio* 10
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antiſtrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obſecrante amico,
Illuſtre tendebas iter
Thameſis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi 20
Aonidum, thyaſuſque ſacer

Orbi notus per immenſos
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus 30
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
Jam penè totis finibus *Angligenûm*;
Immundaſque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat *Apollineâ* pharetrâ,
*Phinéam*que abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaſéo.

Antiſtrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus, 40
Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde vili
Callo teréris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In *Jovis* aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te *Roüſius* ſui
Optat peculî, numeróque juſto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,

Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta 50
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ :
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi quibus & ipſe præſidet
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit *Iön*
Clarus *Erechtheides*
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque *Delphica*
Iön Actæa genitus *Creuſâ.* 60

Antiſtrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque *Phœbi* rurſus ibis in domum
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo poſthabitâ,
Bifidóque *Parnaſſi* jugo :
Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina 70
Authorum, *Graiæ* ſimul & *Latinæ*
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus *Hermes*
Et tutela dabit ſolers *Roüſi*,
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè

Turba legentum prava faceſſet; 80
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antiſtrophis unà demum epodo clauſis, quas, tametſi omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus, commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ σχέσιν, partim ἀπολελευμένα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt, ſpondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

End of Vol. I.

C. Whittingham, Chiswick.

MAY 21 1930